

Gimme yr little quiet

Aisha Sasha John

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Sorry K, I made fun of your hair
I just don't know why it is so long
and it's true it is also lustrous.
Who do you go home to and
yes, you are beautiful
making this a
nice time
to awaken to my own
ordinary and
delicate human beauty.
And I am she who you love as you love
your fellow
as you love your coworker desk neighbour
I am she
and as you stop –
it's November and it's cold; it's Toronto and it's sunny
and your eyes are hot
yolks for me
as you love me
as I am
your you.

I would tell myself about you
and your wide
expanse.
I want to tell my self that
story so
many times. Also,
the story of you that intersects with you and you
that day like an axis
when you three collided
making a star what I want
what I want
is to gather the past in my arms
and let there be a bend
in my elbows while I do that but the past
is fat as a wall

If you sift
gather the juices into a line you have a story.
You can put perfume on that line but I'm not
anymore a liar.
I want to smell the armpits of the line

honesty in a body or from your digits
how the unit of a poem is your mouth

the end.

This is the ordinance of the evening –

there's no
salvation here:

all I got was a gap
between what I am and what it was thought
I am
or it wasn't understood
and now I understand
that it wasn't understood
and I'm lonely.

Book you're
no more a friend than my thighs.

Colophon

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