

Disbound

Two weeks following the dream

a last province falls

a coward

president

renounces the country

midair

the dream

follows the fall of a last

province

mid-week

flees

a coward

two fellows renounce their bodies

mid

dream

for a delicate passage

precedes the scene

of fall

extreme mist

an imagine

I examine

amounts

to

nothing

This June in the Bronx with my partner and his oldest friend
we watched one episode of *✓ / / / /*

soon

The documents affixed themselves to the members of my family
haunting me in ways unbeknownst to my lover or the old friend

Disbound

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

terror jackets

spit motherfucker

air-striker

curse

blood

sewage

I am

that lucky bird

Frying Pan Park

The foundation two years before the takeover registers
that four in ten would leave given the opportunity

by opportunity

many, possibly, mean a dignified manner of conveyance
dignity, an intriguing practice

to be off tarmac a given dignity a
singular opportunity

for those whose command of a foreign language is found to be useful

to write requisition after requisition
claims such as “my so and so” “deserve” a) and b) also c)
hereby I promise not causing you an injury

and for those whose eyes must behold heart-wrenching capture

plane after plane taking off
the burial ground of locals
leaving behind most

concurrent misfortune

That intangible item, in and out of focus, hope like a sign of change that everyone talks about, lives underground. It's not uncommon for it to persist or have little resistance to a flow of despair.

I try to grasp—is it a possibility to bring them:

My patient question ciphers irregularly.

Like neutrality amassing only to blow up in anger.

Despite the predictable tendencies, I'm sorry.

For up until the last flight, I was worried about my persons.

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The plural scattered and in silence chanted in support of an army
whose bodies were left in four hundred beds the nemesis press releases
cannot differentiate the dead's roots from its belongings

It's almost November

Two and half months of two-point-o

My husband whom I married in that invasive
August mentions in passing:

.
.

The world's wildest ideological practices

on that infamous
site
of

experimentation

I rehearse the sum of all interferences
and my own insignificance:

my forms oppose irresponsible innovations

as a colleague describes they self-emerge and self-suffice

Bare
and humbled by the bombardments
with no expectation of idiosyncratic
declarations

this poem:

fourteen hundred words plant the pledge
re-do, re-do

And even though I have stranded
many architectures of you

always there lingers an outline
of something I must get back to

When my father died

the constables were poets

a cruel variant was traveling through the houses

—we had no procession of mourners
the killer banned all trends of grieving—

Outside, maps of the opponents were advancing

his gravestone on the long list of

soon-to-be-carved

if I ever go back

I will find him

lying next to my mother

nameless, at last

Disbound

I want to go back
my father has died
their poets have traveled
to the outer maps
their killers have banned
all trends of advancing
constables' cruel variant
fled from the country
a coward
carved a gravestone
for each house
to grieve a long list
of mourners
who had no procession

Disbound, ().

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