

## Glass and stich

On the Calaisian shore, that's it, I'm here, with others too, all riveted on  
the coast opposite, waiting, hoods of the sweaters pulled over to hide from the spider drones  
That weave webs of fire aiming at us, heads of migrants  
It puts us in boxes, images crammed into their file dating our exiles, and on the beach a fire is prepared and I rove in my thoughts  
how many joys are counted on my fingers, hardly, and not enough hands  
to name them, my sorrows, and the sand runs that I let fall  
like a filament, the grain so fine like the universe in my hand which collapses  
in the black hole of the shadow the sun draws between my legs, did I eat space images on the telescope of my phone searching  
where to thread a path to join the smugglers,

like with this woman,  
there, whom I look at in fits and starts of her attractive beauty, that I return to with the roll of my eyes towards her whole person  
without her seeing me with my improvised hourglass in my hand, I veer off my head towards the other exile guys  
standing, vaguely smoking  
and me and my shyness, I think of melting it into the sand, like making glass, in my new life I'd love to make glass,  
fire and paste, to blow, this is what I'll tell the woman who is sewing with  
a needle the dress right on her, to make light of my shy gait towards her, I whistle a tune  
and look behind me, as if it were the origin  
of my footsteps on a new land, the sand from yesteryear where I come from wraps around  
my head, I conjugate the weight of my sorrows by whistling with full cheeks as if nothing had happened  
and in the same stride, the sun shoots its last rays pouring hot pinks and oranges, and that woman welcomes me a linen  
thread in her hand,  
which country will you aim for, she says  
I don't know, and you, you're a seamstress? I say  
yes, but where I'm going, I'll become a lace-maker, she says, I'm leaving tomorrow for the Italian shores  
and threading, then me too, if you want, we will be two, it's better  
like drawn in the sky, we talk and talking as we have so many things  
To say, in common, and so much so much that we marry our mouths as soon as  
the moon creamy light rises with its golden edges, and then our bodies rise  
with the moisture, every grain of sand on the skin a stitch of lace  
suspended in the firmament of a night a honeycomb of love, a glistening night  
with the taste of salt on your skin of spices.  
it eroticizes my dissolved tongue, we spin  
like two pearls in the pearly hollow of a celestial shell into

which the liquids of the moon fall, spilling in filaments of glass above  
the tall grass and rocks of the beach, in the secret of the night  
our luminescent footprints leave a filigree path of coral  
as my floating head dreams of you here on the Calaisian coast, each evening I replay

that one night braided with elation on the African shore,  
forgetting the Mediterranean capsizing the blue boat, wedged to the bottom,

An hour ago, yesterday, or maybe a month ago, swallowing your dreams, and transparent  
on the glass plate of my memory, palimpsests of you are printing

stay, stay in me for a long time, like the land I come from, stay in me  
Nestled in my secret alveoli  
and in my silence, as I walk along the shore towards the lighted fire, a shooting thought penetrates me,  
what if I were to settle somewhere near the lacemaker.