

A skin that fits us

By Rebeca Chu

I keep thinking
about the sounds
that dress me, this
mantra dresses
me, this metallic
sound dresses me
in silver, I keep
thinking about
what I want to do
with that sound; I
want to take this
sound for a walk to
make a trail under
my footprints, to
leave a silver trail
under my feet
above the floor; I
want to walk with
this sound around
my neck like a belt
that protects my
voice, yes, I have a
voice; I want that
silver sound
whispered in my
right ear, sliding
down my neck,
sliding around my
waist, sex, my
inner thighs, my
knee, I want the
sound to go down
my knee and slide
down to my heel, I
want a shoe of that
sound, a silver
sandal of that
sound that
transports me
floating to the
ground; I want to
keep this sound in
the closet to open
the closet door and
smell the white
jasmine smell of
this sound, and the
white almond taste
of this sound, this

sound that in my
garden is a lonely
rose like a woman
dressed in silver
waiting for a party;
this metallic sound
is smooth, like the
beats it makes
within this mantra;
the beats of this
mantra I want to
wear, I want a skin
made of the beats
of this mantra that
I don't want to
lend to anyone; I
don't lend the
beats of this
mantra that I want
to wear, nor the
metallic sound that
I've already worn, I
don't lend it to
anyone; but I can
give it as a gift to
someone, I can give
that metallic sound
as a gift, now,
passing through
these transparent
wires that connect
me to all the others
without them
knowing, I want to
gift that silver
sound to the ears
that heard me in
the past, for the
ears that listened
to me today, for
the shoulders that
relaxed my head,
for the eyes that
heard me in the
back-and-forth of
any day-to-day; I
want to give this
sound as a gift to
the ears that I will
still come to know,
for the shoulders
that will still relax
my head, for the

eyes that will still
tell me "come to
bed"; we cannot
control what we
receive, but we can
give infinitely, not
the infinite in itself,
but what is infinite
in us; like that
silver sound that I
wear, that I wear
even to sleep, like
the beats of this
mantra that slide
my body like the
hands of a
masseuse; when
we give, especially
a sound, it only
increases, it grows,
everything we give
grows; giving is
infinite, giving a
silver sound to
someone is waking
up to the silver
sound that
everyone can wear,
but doesn't know
how to do that; let
everyone wear its
silver sound
around their
bodies, their neck,
over their hands,
behind their back;
let everyone wear
the truth, wear a
true face, wear
their own
memories, wear
courage, wear a
time that fits them,
a lighter weight,
wear a golden
shadow and a skin
that fits them and
that is not tight
and that has their
favorite color.