

To whatever-your-name-is

By Rebeca Chu

Clean me, I'm here to invoke you, unknown,
take me out to your empty space, right now
I open the box, get me out into your territory
I want to be a different fanatic, take me
to your higher power, still cannot feel your arms
Are you singing me something? Sing me
Take me, I want to be a fan of another God
One with no reason, no fingers, no clay
Take me into a book, into the stanza,
Take me to the film of ignorance, unreason,
deformation, turn myself outside in
Are you there? Hold me, there's fog,
wash my stains away, hang me in a patchwork,
take me to a secular prayer, a mental state,
without figure or language, your accumulation.
I will follow you, my muscles are strong
I will sink in intimacy with you,
are you telling me something? Pack me
Take me without intermediary, glue me
into your necklace pushing the earth.
I receive your words, I pass them on,
I decipher the good fortune of manholes,
rob me into your secret emotions.
Why are you so blasé? You aren't sensible.
Take me to the right side of your territory,
I cannot be one with the world, clean me
I promise, I'll leave reference games behind.
Take me to your decolonized territory,
unlearned, with inadvertence, I undress you.
Take me to your revolutionary language,
your close-up constellation, undress me
Take me there, outside the edge of time,
to the dumbfounded curves of your lights
Take me for another reading, scare me
I want to decolonize my memory, look,
splash my territory into your empty space
take the sunset of my country, unknown,
to your spell, to your porcelain teeth.
I am hanging your picture on my wall,
your canyons emerge from dust, magnetize me.
Cover me with your fiction, dance with me
Whatever-your-name is, insist on me
Come with your extras and take me
I am closing the box to begin again.
Look what words can do, cheating again.
I am drunk in your empty space, run.