

YOU

You seem incomplete.

You seem to have shriveled up and hidden yourself away. To have taken a chainsaw to the tree that brushes up against La Cana. Taken a chainsaw to the tree that brushes up against history. That, if whole, might invite us in.

You seem incomplete and I get the urge to see the rest of you.

The urge to know why this building of boarded up windows and unbarbed wire has an invisible sign reading KEEP OUT. Why this story was birthed at this place. Why this moment matters so much to guard against intruders in your own memories.

KEEP OUT!

KEEP OUT!

I

I feel like if I stare long enough, you might emerge. Might peak your head over and tell me politely that you exist but that what happens at the edge of history, what moments exist just beyond this edge are lost to me. Is no concern of mine.

I want to ask you to fill me in as if I were a broken hole. Treat me as if I were the gaps in the concrete under your feet. Ignore me but please let me eavesdrop on you. Give me the ok to stretch you, to play with time and unfold you into your fullness.

SHE

She looks at you veiled. She looks at you as if she were a ghost captured unwillingly in an image. Her face is blurred and I wonder why this was taken in the first place.

Ebony Williams