

### **An abundance of holy things**

Like a naked foot on cold sheets,  
and knowing we want the want  
bound to kill us, alive and smiling.

Like dreams, ripe and layered,  
against the dull silver of the dawn.

Like a tune you slip into my mind,  
knowing it sews me open with its rawness.

Like licking ice on warm lips  
that are unfamiliar with cold.

Like the soft possibility in the day  
that springs from accepting flaws.

Like small troubled circles you draw  
on my skin, on sinful fingertips.

Like the yawning silence, breathing  
heavily in place of the warm voice.

Like that day, walking away  
knowing a great love makes  
everything else an exile.

### **Self-exile**

Aside from the silence of a woman's absence  
and the intimate terrain of grief,

what causes migration in the body?  
Space to be wrong.  
Space to be small.  
Space to be vulnerable.  
Turning invisible under the gaze of the other,  
unaccounted for and unsung,  
being born the wrong kind of animal.  
My mental room is full of interruptions.  
By slow degrees, I just happened to have died  
a couple of times before geography took hold of me  
and I started anew.  
Drawing my weight against the resistance  
of these unknown waters,  
you, this other I have become at the end of the world,  
are an object lesson to learn  
before I swim into my skin again.

### **Lexical Displacement**

My New York asphalt is tired of rain and footsteps,  
mostly of looking down.  
Switch.

The sun is carving a portion of the day  
into the cracks. Time Square, evaporating.  
Switch.

An open mouth yawns  
rivulets of words. Unknown.  
Switch.

My shadow is the only question

light can accommodate. In another time zone.  
Switch.

It takes stamina  
and imponderable beauty not to crumble  
on my own limitations. Tears, as well.  
Switch.

A mouthful of crickets fills the air  
and the tongue is numb with chirping.  
Switch.

This cul-de-sac is resting all its weight on one foot.  
Inside, I am a hobbling linguistic animal.



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