

## my name won't fit inside this poem's gut

*americanized*, my mother calls it: how

i sunder each syllable  
of her lyric.

see also: a finger whirling

dervish in Rangoli patterns she  
immolated hours knotting

into a crooked  
tree-trunk for. translating

design to nonsensed ash, i

rummage through scattered syntax —  
buzzard rifling frantic

for sinew, but  
coming up skull.

i try suturing  
scavenged snips of name

(gods who keep their secrets close. girls  
who pretend gunpowder

is turmeric and smear it into their skin.

how to disguise ruin as silk.

dreams  
swindling memory)

to blunt whiteness of paper.

maybe this poem can diagnose  
itself. see also:

a mother, earthquaked

sycamore tree hands clinched on  
empty-bellied shopping cart,

round-eyed in terrified hope at the Giant where  
she last saw (disremembered?) her kids. see

also: how to cup a planet  
in your mouth.