

Out of Nothing

by Claressinka Anderson-Pugliese

Before form,
there was only your breath.

Long and tall, you inhaled –
extended,
stretched.

Hanging like a ghost in the room,
I came from this air,
a net of words to catch us.

It was a nameless war only you could sing,
falling –
your skin a ragged exhalation.

You are my ghost.

Oh,

my light,
my breath.

You crumple and dissolve,
swim through the murk –
a cool grey
rounding the edges of black.

Through your fingers,
peering down,
there is a bottom you cannot see.

In the space between
I find an r, perhaps a p –
your words are folds,
chasms in my lungs,
the undulations below the dura,
the flashes of memory found.

Yes, words can be water too,
they can be ingested,
assimilated.

They can be blood.

You cast a net to catch the a's and b's,
waves built of letters,
folds of nouns in my veins.

Your brain holds an alphabet –
a hook to catch a c.

In its silence we sit.

You nail a word to the cross –
our cross.

I breathe it out.