

Spaces

I push myself and sometimes,
it hurts. The next day I apologize.
Give me space. No, wait I need you
to be here, with me. Let me just look at
you. There are times when I forget how you look.
You used to cook very well. I know because taste never
leave the buds. But, I always hear the stomach, the empty spaces.

I put my hand, just the one, over my face
And close my eyes. I study the pattern, the finger prints
The DNA. Thank you for that, my identity. I believe the Chinese word is
家庭 and the Hindi word परिवार (family).

The air is filled with spice, but I love the burn
as my eyes and mouth water. Oh, wait that's just
the fire from the pyre.