

**MAGED ZAHER**

**TWO POEMS**

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We asked our clothes monthly. We would bring dust from the nearby burnt buildings and sit in a circle and sprinkle the dust on the inside of our clothes.  
Intimacy might simply be an assumption about what we did.  
You are afar. You control the streets with a handkerchief. I long for your contours.

Poet after dead poet  
Leave their book of songs with us:  
Here is my shape – here is your shape

Do you know that pomegranate is not blood?  
The cloud work hard to warn us:  
Don't get into Noah's ark  
Drown with me  
Meanwhile, let us sip our fears

We ask each other for sentences.

I know I used the world twice  
It was my breath  
But I tried again with the marchers  
We had a bad theory  
In which we stopped recognizing each other

We were media aware  
And stapled to our windows:  
We failed ourselves buying breakfast

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Hi the  
mechanics  
are dead  
we got  
here, by ourselves  
the world isn't yours  
unless you have  
enough umbrellas  
or an extractable mineral

We failed ourselves buying breakfast