

The Act of Water
by **Duy Quang Mai**

& we thought american, european atlantic
is the best option

where mud-water hasn't
climbed
our thighs

but it pulled down,
so low our last
inhalation warped
into marbles,
rolled
back to earth

is pacific pacific?
I still see waves making their foreheads a silver history
when they kiss the shoreline,
there is a need to be
when I live,

the sky starts closing
like a dialogue

the same sky that holds its rain inside bruised belly –
ripe eden, waiting to fall /

*– in each litre of sea salt, there
are foreign dreams
to reap*

*there is no such thing as ours,
even names are borrowed
from our mother teeth, whittled
down to a tag whitened
soft enough
to beat*

*are your seagulls writing signs,
dear the one above?*

*monsoon why haven't you arrived
to chuckle?*

*something heavier
than the weight of heaven, can you*

*why are your children
naming their tsunamis an ark to arrive?
why is each pound of skin
a pound of above?*

*I remember
you / drop each pulse
the sky an orange cut*

there is so much mud
& we've promised
to use our whole bodies /
push through
palms have thinned into air
for so long / so long I could
grate words out of silence

in each hour there is a season
to be again look,
another hour to hold your life-raft
like holding
a thirst

so jump.

