

KOUKASH REVIEW

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Containment

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∴

She wears his hand around her neck the way she wants it; open—a thing catching the light.

∴

Forgetting the number of flowers to tuck below her pillow for solstice, she leaves peels of red onions and dreams of her mother's old breasts—a yawning brine spring.

∴

Immeasurable is the spring.

∴

Playing the dream backwards, the woman plucks pulverized hibiscus from her gums like meat.

∴

We all rewind our mothers to locate the earliest sounds of loss.

∴

The salt in her eyes.

∴

On the longest day of the longest summer, shadows lift from the earth as half-done songs.

∴

Around her neck, his hand hangs limp as she calls every living sound and its wife.

