

Sara Elkamel

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## Come Here Where Are You Going Come Here

When it all turns to dust that's when you know the stars begin.

I watched the rims of cups of tea rise to his lips *chfff*. They were oddly colored like purple *chff*. Bodies have names you know. That's the way it's always been. You may now wipe the spit off Noor's hair—if there's any of this you could do without doing: spit, wipe, hate a woman for having a body.

I never saw the oranges turn beyond green. We yanked them off dusty branches to stuff into our lips like limes. Got the skin beneath my nails and that's how I explained the blackness. Not dirt. Bodies don't always know why they're doing what they're doing you know. You may now unvomit the blood you tried to stop from spreading too far below the knees.

I felt as many mosquitoes on my sandaled feet as I saw rings of light carpeting the black above. It was a time before YouTube, you know. And we didn't know much about politics. (Well at least we didn't know it was *called* politics. And we didn't know it was a before—it was just a time.) That's why we squeezed toy girls with toy hair. I liked to sit beside the hibiscus and taste the watery sugar of its neck. Bodies don't always know what's coming, you know. You may now remove Barbie's head from your crotch but slowly, not like you've had enough. Had enough of what?

I never understood why there was hair even on my back. I pictured it growing so thick I could vanish nights without stars. They cooked halawa on the stove: sugar, water, lime and a spoon. Noor told me that young couples took turns. To make each other visible. To see not themselves, but each other. (She didn't say all that but this here's poetry.) You may now undream your big night—the dust's so dense you might be blind. Wait are your eyes closed? My eyes? Are they?

When you love a body you know what betrayal is. It is pretending our bodies are abstractions—so we could become dust and say our bodies were only ever stars.