parchment
	his globe my body so dry its surface flakes white, the only time
this skin is white. upon contact, your eyes on my skin write an old
tale, words we know too well. with time, we wrestle new stories
from each other, nets rip with each sweaty assertion. we are not all
the same. the trail of saliva leads here to your tribe & my tribe in
this room private as the histories in our stretched muscles. i mark
you with my fingers, my hair, my teeth. inscribe my body's anec-
dotes upon you so that you cannot name me foreign. i speak
myself against you, year after year, replenish the oasis in this
desert. you will learn my dialect as i have learned yours, the pages
of our exchange rustling a new tribe. a pact, you & i, a pact.

RITA WONG