

Clara-Lacila Laudette

## MEMORY FOR FORGETFULNESS

*after Mahmoud Darwish*

I had forgotten      the tarn of his eyes  
the blond escaping      his brows      how nose reaches  
for lip      lips turn in      hiding riches      rancour  
violence      faith      and one      only      one  
mouth-to-mouth kiss

once on a balcony      citrus light peeling  
Ramallah dust      he told me      he'd like to die      with a gun  
in his hand      I'd not understood  
sputtered      about      pacifistr      esistance  
non-violence      other things from

other worlds      than the one in which we stood  
 in the tiger's eye night  
     on the high limestone balcony  
     now he is here      and I  
  
 had forgotten      his chest's      classical      breadth  
 his fingers'      odd doughiness      his curls      so like mine  
 how he wooed      Nablus cabbies      with the magnetism  
 of long      suffering      forgotten the draw      like a switch  
 or switchblade      that pools above      the hips      caves meout  
  
 through the navel for      minutes      hours      days  
 till I'll be      what he says      braid the ferns  
 of his breast      make a wreath      for his dead