

*Jorge David Capiello-Ortiz*

## FISH AND BREAD

I don't know  
if every once in a while  
sometimes  
when you cross the door  
your sight also wears out  
and out of breath  
the pupil takes a bath of sadness  
stricken by life.  
I don't know  
if all of a sudden  
occasionally  
(a)lone(ly)  
occasionally  
feel the helpless desire  
of unbolting locks in your chest  
dip the tip of your finger  
in your already unfastened heart  
and pass them  
through the lips  
of a stranger.  
(?)Has it not happened  
to you  
that the throat  
ties in knot-work  
(?)or that you want  
to contain  
a rampant cry  
without having  
to flood the guts in

(?)to want  
with the very hands  
to feed hundreds  
push their tears back inside  
with the very fingers  
and out of fingers  
make fish and bread  
and multiply the hands  
and with the very hands,  
cut arms off  
slash them  
and make arms,  
fish and bread  
and distribute them(?)  
I ask you  
if it happens to you  
sometimes  
that sometimes;

I don't know if it happens to you  
and I ask you

Only            just            sometimes?