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)lonely
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?