







but feigns disinterest  
Cheap tat false eyelashes,  
a carbon copy of itself.

Confusing political poetry  
with a selfie in the bathroom mirror.  
Metonymy of evil,  
the norm wrenched.  
Staging, menu, the fire escape of speech.  
Anything that will shoot aerial roots  
and longs to return to earth having been in the light so long;  
like sprouting potatoes.

The poem's gaze is also like this,  
lines of worker ants  
crushed to be kept in place,

the shreds of gestures  
that look like  
something else.



<https://www.inizjamed.org/2019/08/19/il-qarrejja-waslu-qabel-l-awturi-2019-testi/>