

NADIA WOLNISTY

Undone

Blocks of cathedral
delete the sidewalk
in shadow.

I am too bright, too uptight.
I ought to have hunched back and shoulders.

And I should weep, we should all weep,
at a force that can undo concrete.

I clutch my memories,
what I promise, what is promised.

Make me small, Lord, small and colorless.

Selections from Synecdoche

The Host

You seem much too comfortable in that chair.
Here, let me get you another.

The Guest

I think my room is xenophobic. It stares
at my noise, my smells, my luggage.