

*When they stole my name  
I was one I was hundreds I was thousands  
I was no one.  
NN was my face stripped  
of gesture of sight of voice.*

*My numbered nakedness walked  
in line without eyes without I's  
with them alone  
my alphabet bled dry  
by guttural chains  
by moans citizens of a country  
without initials.*

*Eyelid and blindfold  
my horizon  
only silence and echo  
iron bars and night  
only a wall with no mirror  
to give a wrinkle  
a grimace a perhaps.*

*Nothing but dead end.*

*Until one day  
they returned my name  
and I went out into the halls of the world  
to show it off.  
I found masks  
countries slumbering profiles  
tongues eager for novelties  
absurd.*

*So I let myself walk  
toward my nowhere  
toward my nothingness  
through gorges of footprints  
without dew  
not able to translate  
my scars.*

*This name is not mine!  
Mine  
was a hundred a thousand it was all  
mine  
was body was womb was voice  
it had neighbors it whistled  
it was for day and for night  
it was a god.*

*My name a climbing vine  
got tangled  
among syllables of death  
DE SA PA RE CI DO  
gone  
name never more  
my name.*

*Devoid of subject  
how do I conjugate myself?  
how do I roam  
the alphabet of my tears?  
I was eyes probing yesterdays  
I was hands clutching shreds  
I was feet slipping  
on electric lines.*

*How do I pronounce myself?  
I was flesh among speeches  
without exit without traces  
of where or why  
or when or until when.*

*I have lost my name!  
Along routes on a map  
without corners I screamed  
among doors riddled with fear.*

*I want my name!  
my proper name curved throbbing  
I want it back!  
wrapped in spring  
with the r of row, row, row your boat  
with the s of sugar and spice  
with the t of twinkle, twinkle.*

*You will never be able to say it!  
Never say yourself, I thought.  
But you will write,  
Yes, I will write  
thousands of gs of rs of os  
vicarious doodles  
children of my mouth  
whirlpools of desire  
that once were names.*

*I will write  
black whips to subdue  
certain untamed capital letters  
smothering my blood.  
I will resist you will resist  
with first name with last name  
the shameless language  
of oblivion.*