

Unto Dust

Anahita Sharma

together, we watch
basil leaves
curl in
exhaustion
before turning
to ash on
the windowsill.

that night i cup your
collar bones in my hands
(the wings of a
frightened bird) and i
remember
my mother's
golden-stained
fingertips, crescent
moons turned suns
through some
quiet osmosis.

the last language
she knew was
forgetting, too.

curls of yarn
fall from your scalp into
my open palm,
and the next day
we sit
in front of the washing
machine, looking
for the same small
truths in its
churning
bowels.