

Marc Gaba

Eros Diptych

Once | broke down | like really
what I |
to keep |
in air sloshing with cameras *my skin tells* “My life thereafter
was shattered since
then I have been | pause & close-up & drum roll |
ironic.”
| Cliché. But someone picked me up together and left

| and once broke another from whose I did
turn |

A face—

appeared

| vivid in me | that groove in broad daylight
deepened like a lie *and I was water shown its course* how be
otherwise there
was nothing else there—

Between Difference

A deaf girl walks along a long glass wall singing the way echoes are no one's songs.

Three Notes

"Bodies dream selves
For themselves" | But voices heard through ours
| Do they belong to us

*

Listen | Change
this as | it detaches
from the very sound | we have hinged

*

My neighbor leaves | A radio left on
left and left |
Here | the house wet in rain