

Sprinkle Salt on the Earth and Watch it Spin – Alina Gregorian
After Yayoi Kusama, Narcissus Garden

Dear bubbles of everyday life,

please show us what the commotion holds.

And even in the future, we stack yellow bricks, trying to reach the top.

I've been to the river.

I've said prayers when night resembles laughter and everyone goes home.

This is a silver balloon, watch it float without atmosphere.

Watch it float in the middle of a serenade.

In the middle of a lecture about corn.

This is another silver balloon. It needs a home.

It speaks a language nobody else speaks.

While we dip paintbrushes into paint.

These reflections are music to my ears.

They are reflective in the sweetest way.

Just dancing on them makes them go click-click-click.

This is yet another silver balloon, and it's in a green field.

What should we say about this one?

The garden I'm not fond of is a jungle.

They are numerous, but not bountiful.

They are extra, but not enough.

I want to throw myself in the pond just to be with silver balloons.

Others who are bouncy balls, too.

In this world, we don't know how to say hello.

When I open my mouth, the images disappear.

You wear a cravat on a Tuesday.

But my marbles are my words.

You wear a cravat on a Wednesday.

And your mouth is full of sea.

Why do we coordinate atoms in the atmosphere?

They are bubbles, forming upwards.

They are conditional adverbs, admiring to say hello.

But we don't know how to say hello.

We are nouns enjoying science.

How to speak with nothing to say?

Just paint the north red, and wait for sunrise.

When your brother says hello, respond with "I know."

The way Earth looks after it rains.

Do you have a magnifying glass?

I have a planet.

Do you know what it's like to look for a magnifying glass?

Examine the space between words, the space between what I want and what you say.

This milkshake is small but infinite.

How much longer do we need to relax, in this forest made from your own doing?

The bubbles are no longer going upwards.

They are aching.

They are bountiful.

Let's watch them join hands.

Hello, it's me. I'm knocking at your door.

You're holding too many flowers.

I've seen the ninth planet. I watched it roam.

You watched it spin while wearing corduroy.

Do you have an image of home?

I have an image of roses, which I've pinned to my lapel.

Like an empty folder full of grass.

Like a vase without a table.

Let's pretend we have names.

I'm diagonal to the guitar, which is next to the other guitar.

And I'm perpendicular to particular molecules.

You're the argument between siblings.

And I'm the fire pit on a damp, probable day.

Let's arrange papers for your return.

But I'm here.

You will need to sign a few documents, so please bring your favorite pen.

I'm not sure which home I've become.

You're a bundle of lavender.

A sigh in the atmosphere.

A billboard without a sound.

Please sign here.

What about here?

Thank you.

I've said my salt prayers.

And I'm on my way home.

This is the beginning of a new language.

You're vertical in a horizontal world.

Like post-it notes in space.

Like a couch in the middle of an elevator.

This lake is too close to the clouds.

Let's go to the basement, where the lavender is.

Do you like herbal tea?

I like the way you look in space.

Fighting doves to take a breath.

This jumpsuit is made out of satin.

It's durable, like plexi glass,

yet flexible like cotton.

Would you like to try it on?

It's part of who I am, but you can wear it, too.

For just a small price. A couple of cents.

A couple of dollars.

Its value is a bundle of sage.

Let's find the blooming turnips.

I'm beginning to feel free.

Let's find the calm within the cornerstone.

Boarding a train with a dozen almonds.

Creating a language inside other languages.

I'm a noun. Nice to meet you.

And I'm an adverb. I believe in you.

Use fountains to climb stairs. Each stair is a new day. Each day is an opportunity to know your name.

I am a forest built with other forests.

A cloud inside other clouds.

Waiting to be held

by a million suns.

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