

## TRANSLATION

She couldn't say.

Not in English.  
And it was eating away at her.

The endless complications of the Thai heart,  
how it all runs deep and diversifies,  
the colorations of every emotion,  
the sniff at the neck,  
the deep inhalation of essence.

She pressed my hand  
to her naked breast  
and made me feel  
the rapidity of her heartbeat.

For weeks I watched her go mad  
with inarticulation, though every night  
her body climbed the ladder of my spine.

Block out a space and then fill it  
with what you'll never know,  
the hidden language  
she was carrying deep inside her.  
She ran up against a wall of unsaying,  
panicked, and left my life forever.

Leaving me to live  
in the troubled landscape of translation.