

*Gimme yr little quiet*

Aisha Sasha John

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Sorry K, I made fun of your hair  
I just don't know why it is so long  
and it's true it is also lustrous.  
Who do you go home to and  
yes, you are beautiful  
making this a  
nice time  
to awaken to my own  
ordinary and  
delicate human beauty.  
And I am she who you love as you love  
your fellow  
as you love your coworker desk neighbour  
I am she  
and as you stop –  
it's November and it's cold; it's Toronto and it's sunny  
and your eyes are hot  
yolks for me  
as you love me  
as I am  
your you.

I would tell myself about you  
and your wide  
expanse.  
I want to tell my self that  
story so  
many times. Also,  
the story of you that intersects with you and you  
that day like an axis  
when you three collided  
making a star what I want  
what I want  
is to gather the past in my arms  
and let there be a bend  
in my elbows while I do that but the past  
is fat as a wall

If you sift  
gather the juices into a line you have a story.  
You can put perfume on that line but I'm not  
anymore a liar.  
I want to smell the armpits of the line

honesty in a body or from your digits  
how the unit of a poem is your mouth

the end.

This is the ordinance of the evening –

there's no  
salvation here:

all I got was a gap  
between what I am and what it was thought  
I am  
or it wasn't understood  
and now I understand  
that it wasn't understood  
and I'm lonely.

Book you're  
no more a friend than my thighs.

# *Colophon*

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