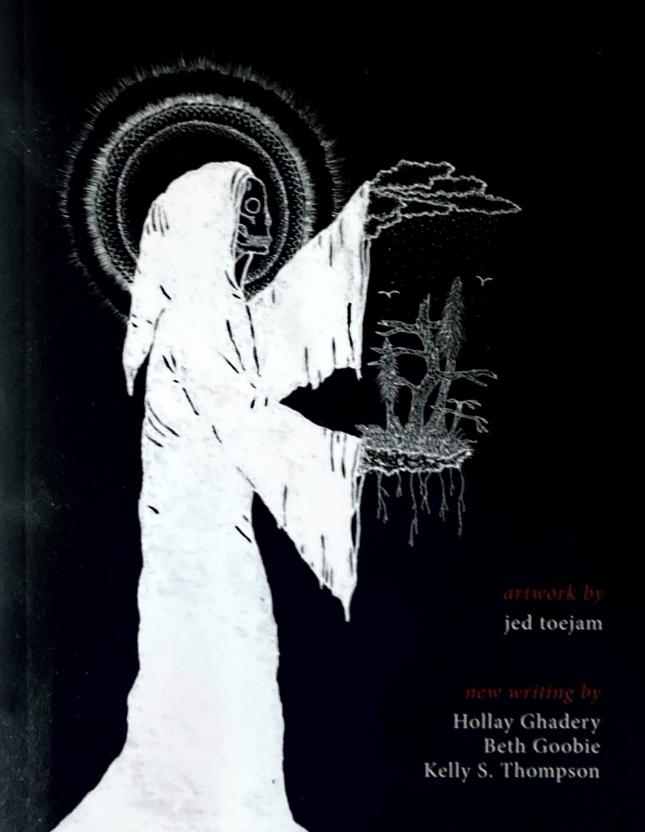
untethered

vol. 13 help issue



Tikva Hecht

She Tells Me She Has Suicidal Thoughts

so many

so this was where her voice lay low
these past weeks, and now they imitate
the waves that rushed to us, first time
at the ocean, jeans rolled to the thick of our calves
and still it wasn't long before we wore
a sample of the ocean's body, clothes heavy as a child
swinging from our necks; we sat like happy things
who had never forsaken movement, and language
was a tonic of breath and salt and a pulse impatient
with life, brimming with life
with only sound for what we knew
by heart, saying over and only

so beautiful so beautiful

over and again
as if words could imitate the rush of waves
carry us where they might