

Victoria Chang

Marfa, Texas

Today I tried to open the river. But when I pulled, the whole river disappeared. I used to think that language came from the body.

Now I know it is in that group of mountains in the field beyond the fence. Yesterday, I saw a red-tailed hawk. When I went near it, it took

the wind with it. I was left without air. But I could still breathe. I realized everything around me I could do without. I could hear the

mountains but nothing else. I saw a car start up but I heard nothing. A gray-haired woman said *hello* to me but I heard nothing. I stood and

watched the hawk. It never looked at me but knew I was there. Neither of us moved. Finally, it flew to the top of an electric pole.

I realized the pole is all the years of my life, the mountains applause, the hawk, what I have been trying to tell myself.

Marfa, Texas

Here, there are grasses rolled
into dry moons, then carted
off on trailers to the edge of
the rain. Here, there is so
much sky that even birds

get lost. Oh to be loved the
way the day loves the night.
See how slowly they separate?
All day long the trees move,
each leaf in a

different direction, as if by
the work of fingers on a body.
How many times our bodies
imagined by another mind.
How many times the day

imagined the night. Once I
loved a man so much that
when he didn't love me back,
I closed my eyes and drank a
whole bottle of night.

How I felt night rush into my
body, then out through my
skin as envelopes. At the time,
I only felt pain but years later,
all I remember is joy,

the kind of love that seems
grinded off of a moon.
Perhaps such love cannot
ever be returned, just returned
in the imagination.

Marfa, Texas

Today, I saw art objects left
over by people who are dead.
They have forgotten us. Do
they know they have forgotten
us?

Or are they actually watching
us? Once my heart sat inside
the bell. It rang only when
something touched it. Lately
every

shadow is my dead mother.
Lately the bell rings all the
time but the bell is empty.
Lately I have forgotten how to
love the surface.

I only love the drowning. Do
you see how beautiful they
are? Those people without
shoulders? Without
hesitations? Is it

possible to stop loving
everything? The owl. The
hawk. Every person I meet. To
see everyone as my mother. To
have a heart

like this is to be made of
midnight. There are always
too many questions to answer.
To love so much is to live
within birds.

I have been waiting for
this heart to fade or at
least to kneel. Maybe the
heart is not inside me but I
am inside it.