




THIS MANIFESTO IS A PROJECTION

Yi
Wei





*I said, "I" is dangerous.
But at the time I couldn't tell
which one of us was speaking.*


—TOI DERRICOTTE

Every day I attempt. I unmake amok. I make something is was.
What is something you wish you could leave behind?, asks some
one. I am afraid my mother will forget herself.

Every night I tend. I make mockery. I unmake everything that was.
What is something I have to remember?, asks the unfixed light flickering
from my doorstep. Alive, it elides me.

I used to write about the rain like a fixed time. Where
grief held watch. Now grief, later grief. When
my mother tells me her stories, she is still a child.


The rain beats across the path like music. Making
a pattern to hum. My mother and her sister
separated by farms from their parents.



I was born to be their third sister. It is easier for me to remember it this way. I was born to love her well.

I have been told I look too hard. I did not have to understand what happened for it to happen. If you trace the exploits of the rain, its plight is still to fall.





It was the next day comma after everything period Everyday the past
moves across my eyes colon a film period I can call it forward or
recede it to my liking period open quotation marks It wasn't always
easy exclamation mark closed quotation marks I tell you period There
was a day when you tried to speak with my mouth period I remember
it I remember period o p e n quotation marks Will you forget
interrogation mark closed quotation marks There was a day
when you whet the fire comma I won't forget period You will want to
forget what I found period You wanted so badly for me to carry your
mouth period


What guides my fear to point my courage. I'm curious, courage.
di Prima, *how far / (forward is back) are we willing to go / after all?*

My mother coughs, I listen.
I cough, my mother listens,

Is this a conversation?

When my mother coughs, I hope it is painless. When I cough,
she scratches her throat. I want it to be over as soon as it begins.
The noise, what it does to her.

So you understand that I know you.



Cha, giving name to the betrayal, all
possible names,
interchangeable
names, to remedy, to
justify the violation.
Of her. Own.
Unbegotten. Name.

There was a small mussel of
me that could have lived
forever in the tragedy of old
rumor, the rumor of old
tragedy. I could have lived
forever nestled in the dark. I
remember waking up in the
morning tracing the slope of
my heart against what could
be spared. I made use of
choosing, I made use

the bark of a
tree is made up
of old cells
converged
around a new
center. the
marks shed
themselves like
water. it is easy
to tell the true
lines from the
artificial click
of a drawn one

the limp vine clinging,
it is as obvious as that.
when you could not be
one of me, you told me
I would suffocate for it.
I would not believe you.
you took as many
leaves as you could.

What happened was a bitter batter, not unlike rain.

I confused it, for a long time, for rain.

The rain is my friend. I told you, I confused it.

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Always, I re turn. Jordan, *what shall we do now? How shall we
grieve, and cry
out loud and face down
despair?*

Cheng, *I want to describe for you the moment where we try
to articulate what it is you are
longing for.*


This woods is a loveless place.


I don't mean my woods, or any woods I frequent. I mean *this* woods
we live in.

When the hatchet comes, it goes searching for whatever lives.
It is sharp and simple.

Yes, we make a woods.

I think it is easy to want
to be a hatchet. Dry, quiet, the hatchet
reminds you that only some of us, all of us
should never be at all. You want to be
sought last.





There is no metaphor for how you watched me, saddled me
with fears, your self. Every thing you did, a confession. No more
words are left.

There is no image for how you wanted to make me
feel the lack of yourself. Not a thing you did, took. All my words
are left.


Cha, again, *Why resurrect it all now. To extract each fragment
by each fragment from the word from the image another
word another image the reply that will not repeat
in oblivion.*


I put away the past to make a home of the Past. *What shall we do now?*

Outside, the birds chatter because the light is alive. And fluid,
like time. When friends call, I answer. Time curls
in my lap this way. Everything in the light of the shadow.

Across the table, my mother is painting. There are flowers
everywhere. There is enough for everyone at the table.
I'm cleaning the brushes, I'm making

memory. The word, the word is still love.





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