**Aarushi Zarthoshtimanesh**

**No Notes / breathing with you around**

**No notes / breathing with you around**

My favourite song is that *aaaehhh*

one

that you sing when *hhmmmm*

you know I’m listening.

I’m not always listening

And you tell me that

So  *hahhhh iyahhhhhh*

Maybe I am?

My favourite song is

The one

that makes you try and

whistle when you

Can’t and it looks like you’re

trying to blow out a

Candle. *huh*

You’re always trying to prove

I am afraid of you leaving me in the dark

So

Maybe I am?

My favourite song is your

body shaped like a word

in a language that makes its letters

plunge into

its curves and

ripple at every joint and

flip its conjunctions and you try to

shape your body to its

beating.  *hyuwwww*

You’re always trying to tell me

you want to belong to a tongue that

is always in a state of wanting

So ~~maybe~~ here

 I am. *hhhhhhhh*

My favourite song is

you

explaining how

three is a five

letter word and you laughing because

I say *tres* is four

letters long and

you start singing

and moving

toward me

like I am three letters too *ughhhgghhhffffsssh*

far.

You’re always

trying to tell me

that *long ago* is too long

enough to leave

behind my grief And

I am

trying *now*

to rhyme and

rhythm with you

but somewhere in between *aaaahhhhh*

the Alphabet’s betrayal to the Number

and candle wicks wet with

your breath

Maybe I am just *ihhhhaaaa*

trying to find a word

just long enough

To say that

I can’t hear a single word of a single playlist of a single song of a single beat of a single tune of a single melody of

a

single

note. that doesn’t sound like *sigh*

you