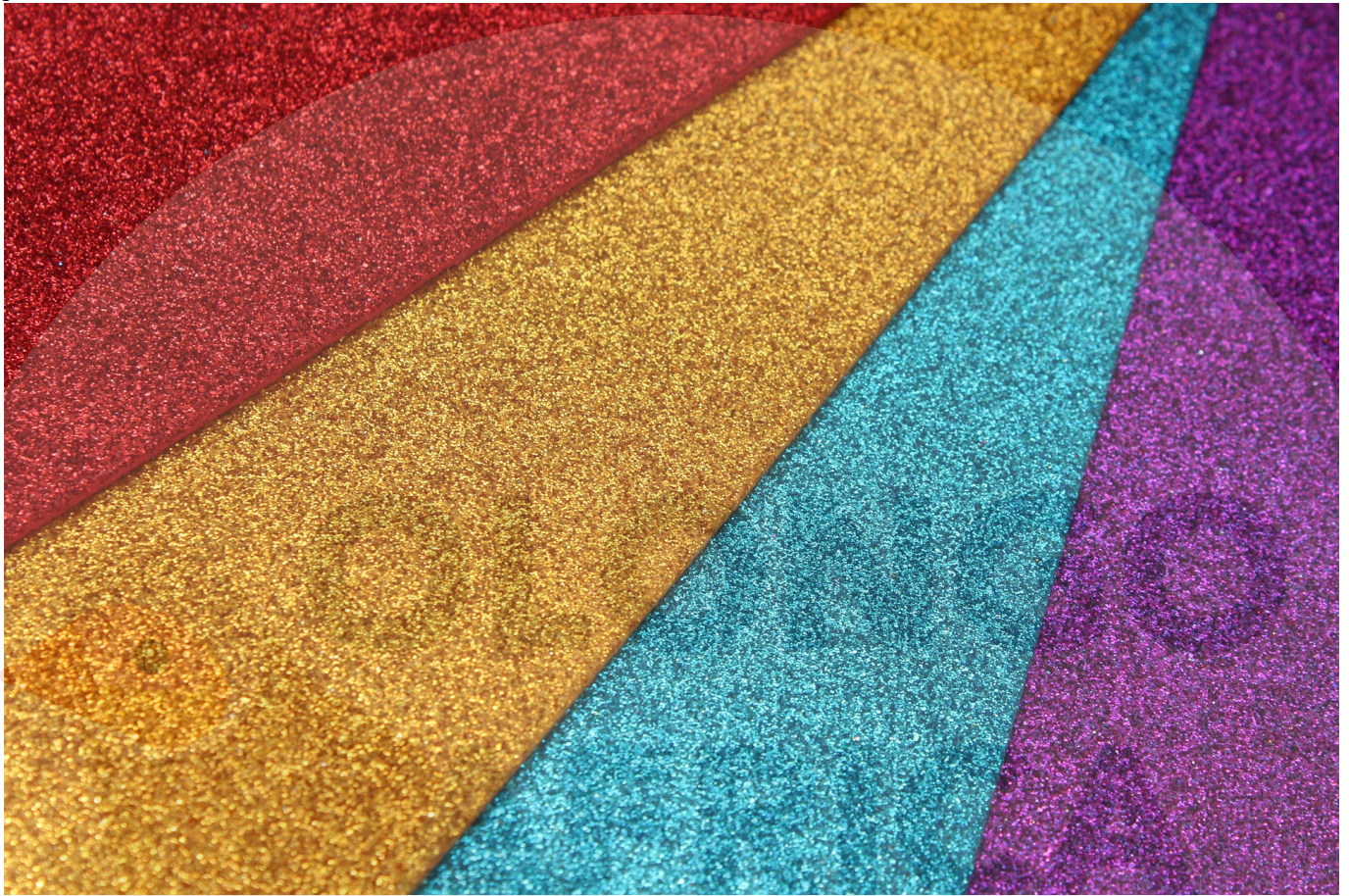


# [POETRY] Brocade

Kólá Túbòsún  
June 11, 2021



How often we find rest in the place for longing,  
fame in the space of hiding,  
the truth in the face of the neonates.

I'm taken by the fate of your scalp,  
this brocade of tide, gulping at healing  
a dead sight with sighs & jittery culls.

How often light lords over our woe  
& despises the looseness of trying;  
to be is to be-come, to be-cause.

Unlike Descartes: *I think, therefore I live.*  
It is written in the stars;  
in our fragility is the stripes,  
the stripes of an evening exhaustion.

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