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Friends describe my DISPOSITION as stoic. Like a dead fish, the ex said. DISTANCE is a ridiculous drug and used to make me a DISTRESSED PERSON, someone who cried in bedrooms and airports. Once I yelled so hard at the border, even a man with stamps and a holster said not to cry. You'll be home soon. My DISTRIBUTION over world discussed and set quotas. The nation can only cope with many of me. DITCHING class, I break into my friend's father's mansion and swim in a Beverly Hills pool in a borrowed T-shirt. Brief SACURSATIOn. My body breaking the chlorinated surface makes it, for a moment, my house, my DIVISION of driveway gates and alarm codes, my dress rehearsed by DOCTRINE of pool boys and ping pong and water delivered on the backs of sequined Sparkletts trucks. Here, DOLLY, the agent will call and then pat the hair on a hot black DOME. After explaining what it will touch, the backs of the hands on the chest and buttocks, the hand goes inside my waist and my heart goes DORMANT. Dead fish. The last woman's help I've ever had. My life in the American dream is DOWNGRADE, just DRAFT of home. Correction: it satisfies as DRAG. It is, snarling, that I cut out of it alone. Like guns and cars, cameras are fancy machines whose use is addictive. - Susan Sontag I place a photo of my uncle on my desktop computer, which means I'm learning to ignore it. He stands at the tank, the helmet bends to the right, the shoelaces are tightened, as if stitching the wound. Alive hand brings up a cigarette, we will not see its taste. Last night I smoked alone on the steps near my apartment shed. A promise I made myself. He promised himself he wouldn't. I can smell my fingers and I can smell it. Hands of smoke and gunpowder. Hands that promised they wouldn't, but did. This album is stop-loss. By a dim lantern looking almost as much as he does as he could be, just learn to lean into his new body. spread fire in the chest, groin. He's on stage so we can see him, see him? It stands under the midday sun. The young soldier (pictured above) is the son of an imam, a brother under six, who is one of the last victims in Suledger's military campaign. All your body is pictured with a metal tube on your shoulder in one you send a belt of ammunition and lightly support the gun you pose. You're scared. and you'll learn to step over a weakened head. You begin to appreciate the weight of the sole of the shoe, in aerial bombardment, in napalm-cheekbones fragile, like the wings of moths under the heel. the body is smaller and smaller yours that said they will never grenade pins around your fingers, start flipping this album with soot under your fingernails But they released a shovel and a rifle and you dug but watch as you sit there between sandbags But watch the sand pours out bullet holes But what they really think is a sheet of metal can prevent but I was sitting rolling little ears with pasta thumb like helmets but it wasn't a table of fallen men but my hand registered fatigue fatigue the men in fatigue were tired of sleeping in shifts But you snuck into town and dialed home until you wrote your fingers But the code for Shiraz was down But all Shiraz was down But the sheet of lightning over the Ferris wheel is rusty bolts But I'm sure they're OK you wrote Well to calm yourself But the wind is like an old mouth shaking unnamed evergreen outside But that's what that I mean, I would very much say a little bit Operation Ramadan was an offensive in the Iran-Iraq war. It was launched by Iran in July 1992 near Basra and included the use of human wave attacks in one of the largest ground battles since World War II. Aftermath: The operation was the first of many catastrophic offensives that cost thousands of lives on both sides. This increased the casualty limit to 80,000 killed, 200,000 wounded and 45,000 captured. In retrospect, the Iranians lacked effective command and control, air support and logistics to sustain the attack in the first place. The following year, Saddam Hussein attempted a ceasefire several times, none of which was adopted by the revolutionary regime. Dead Connection Congratulations and condolences, this is the house of a martyr, the mother of a martyr They build a museum with his personal belongings. White-shrouded, they circled his corpse, comb his nose the possibility of low cost dollar items you what are called the victim. It is unclear from a catalytic or frontal attack, it is unclear the last time you turned you, sweetheart. It was for us to adied wounds sustained in action. You said you were particularly scared in the execution planning, they weighed the losses, the resilience they budgeted for your mother's phone call and weighed that amount saved in your diets and your taste for cigarettes and the tea you poured your boys and the tea you would've poured me the changes you collected in the banks as the family learns to slam the doors at home. to his neck, a hollow whistle cutting air between them. determination, I've never been in salt and pepper shakers, with crosshairs painted over them, the pocket contents of my father's last wheel collection before swallowing, slime, and you go home to your mother, tap the dog tags in your temple, into your skull. Thank God for the all-weather floor mats and slope of my personal driveway and beer cans that change the smelling iron and body axe spray. In 2003, a man kept a handful of blood and brains on a PBS camera they wanted for us? It was from his friend, as they believed the Americans were doing. Between them, hardly three horsepower We say that the war is over, but still grief we do not try to comfort. I killed him, she will tell me, in the midst of civil affairs he surprises, he comes, eyes taped by scotch, torso held together by black thread, fridge-cold-cluttered with fork against plate and other forgotten music. Increased photo ID over her mantelpiece is my dear collateral damage as soon as or the school can do. To be done. It's the absence, the moment, sometimes the city, moved, but we'll have to guess that: shampoo in her wet hair - a scene chase in Bullitt and sangak fresh from the oven-moisturizing newspaper for a walk home - the hands of someone who smells good with it in the morning - the mouth of someone riddled with bergamot or cardamom that dances in the kitchen and lets everything on the stove. Who burns behind and beside him they burned, shortly after the loud sound that makes him urinate himself. Chess. He could have beaten all the chess brothers, moved hand we can not see, the hand that all our hands put together. from some pond or salt marsh by the standard fashion photographer your fingernails square and tightly cut I would wear with Dickie that would stomp through my father's house to take that poster down my father said that Saddam in the crosshairs you are surrounded by high grass, as Tolstoy wrote in the letter: And yet, from nearby, it was all not at all so scary as one might imagine . . . it was a question of who would burn more powder, and just 30 people were killed on both sides by these thousands of cannon shots . . . Or as I gleaned from your letters: that radio silence. Order (December). They say move, asking to bring you a camera, I search the city where you were placed lined on a plastic tarp where his leg used to be. to see if I could find you mesh over the helmet. You call the seventh killed, and that being the dead man's name his father grew up a very quiet man right to get the effects in Birmingham back fence the whole vine of honeysuckle That I see your hands peeling apples, skin curling on the floor in one long unravel, loosened from canisters, and I'm not even sure they're apples, aiva, a pear, a little deserted potato with a stem. other people in your tent. I'm happy and that they, horrible, put apples in front of you from the back of your throat. on the wall behind you -Kalashnikovs? I burn my finger on the broiler and I smell the trenches, my uncle pees himself. How can she write this? She doesn't know, said a friend, the daughter of a Vietnamese veterinarian, another friend, another daughter of a Vietnamese veterinarian, because I realized he was foot and because the dust in white, while his hands were working off the cover of Operation Nasr, fought in early January 1981, was a major battle of the Iran-Iraq war. Three Iranian armoured regiments advanced in the direction of Iraqi forces, which invaded Iranian territory between the towns of Ahwaz, Suzanne and Dezful. Iraqi forces were alerted to this movement and simulated by the withdrawal of troops. The Iraqis formed three armored regiments in a three-way ambush. The Iraqis were ambushed and two tank troops fought for four days in a sea of mud. The battle was ordered by President Abdolhassan Banisadr, who hoped the victory could strengthen his deteriorating political position; instead, the failure of the offensive helped accelerate his downfall. And so I'm learning to ignore him, so I'm starting to list the contents of my pocket, as if I'm going to file an autopsy report and mark in his hands a metal fly tongue and mark in his hands the paper Sik lighter and looser sheet and put in his hands a trigger, shutter, and still not even bar his laughter, . prickly, men in the shoulder, and when I sounded out M-EE-N means that my hole appeared in the letter and I drove into the pothole after the pothole and I drove past hundreds of balloons held in the net and went even mesh over his helmet And alive we bring hands to hold his neck AND I wash his head in his hands and I will wash in his hands my hands, and I will put in his eyes the look that we share in the back look, and I will eat between us a bar of laughter and laugh between us, looking and saying that they want the dead to love? Do you keep love in mind? Soft stuff he does mouth do. as he told me about the Cup page, in the international terminal. Hello. Do you know who I am? Things the mouth desires my life, my soul, you would say - language and his expectation for rejection makes it probable, although you might be a series of brother's burn your finger on a broiler and smell the trench, my uncle himself off. How can she write that? As if the film projection had got into theatrical dust, I play it at the new imam Khomeini airport, a fluorescently lit linoleum, you go up like hajis. You bend over, you pierce your hand. Do you know who I am? Yes, I tell you, I'm a semi-ie, Solmaz Sharif, Personal Things from Look. © 2016 By Solmaz Sharif. Reprinted with permission of Graywolf Press, www.graywolfpress.org. More Poems solmaz Sharif see all the poems of this author

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