

ANAHITA JAMALI RAD
at times, struggling and complicated

structurally positioned
was in a blurry
when who but

girls like us

ache lost
timelines
and the people

twisted in a
map
kind of pain

curved in
finite rituals
until always displaced

girls like
regions negate

trembling
a fury

incandescent skin layered
walking in
mountains

post-harem heavy
breathing
asleep in the bodies of

girls like me

persistent
in wanting
vigilante tendencies

and you know i
killed that feeling
of wanting

intimacy
in a desert
when my skin

smelled like the
dust of the desert
drought wind blasted

hills crumble
under the weight
dragged absent workers

ragged dust
covered
plastic sandals

this small space
always poor
and movement

drove over
stacks of wheat
and i don't

tangerines scent
clay hills
the body that

weapons civilian
point factory
town hum

a nausea
of the beating
hum

spills numb borders
a lonely

fragment the dull
determinate
when we sleep luxuriant

body ditch
the factory

mud that makes
history
left to fear

here in the desert
already

they've killed

all the

[girls like]

lions