



Where the Sand Starts

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Where the Sand Starts

1. The Name of the Street Through the Open Door:
Untitled 1 - 16
2. Poinsettia
3. Brighter Lighting
4. Amerikesh
5. Leon
6. Seduction
7. Elsewhere
8. Pendulum:

In.Elementary School I Become
We Overhear Their Singing
In the 99
Out Onto the Shore
We Go Without Sun for Three Weeks
Where the Sand Started
She Called Her Husband "Papa"
A Bell on the Other Side of the House
My Friend

8. The Ball

The Name of the Street Through the Open Door

Untitled 1

After we had gone through a revolving door, we were on the still-lit sidewalk crowded with passers. I like revolving doors because of the silent negotiation with the person on the inside if you are outside, or vice versa, about when we put our bodies in. I suppose there are days when I unthinkingly insert myself inside a revolving door, being aware that there is someone else already halfway in, or walk a little faster to get in, so that both of us do not have to stop, even though I like looking at another person through panes of glass and interpreting their gestures. As I push the door forward, our chambers turn and I check your expression. A rubber ruffle seals me in with a sucking sound, then too quickly I am released into a new temperature; bodies, their voices disperse.

Untitled 2

After we had passed through the revolving door, we stood. We waited for each other to speak, aware that we started our meeting on-time inside the building and finished our meeting on-time in that windowless room, having taken the elevator down and that being on the sidewalk meant that we were now released from our roles at the table. He seemed about to say something, **and** I stepped closer, stopping to catch the gesture, the expression that would cross his face against and in sync with his words.