

Found Poem

The English Patient, Part 1

A despairing saint.

*She had tried to damage her life so casually.
She entered the story knowing she would
emerge
from a feeling she had been immersed in the lives of others,
in plots that stretched back twenty years,
her body full of sentences and moments,
as if awaking from sleep with a heaviness caused by
unremembered dreams.*

A despairing saint.

*This was the time in her life that she fell upon books as the
only door
out of her cell.
They became
half her world.
The day seems to have no order
until these times,
which are like a ledger for her,
her body full of stories and situations.*

*The deepest sorrow...where the only way to survive
is to excavate
everything.*

*Sadness is very close to hate. Let me tell you this.
If you take in someone else's poison---thinking you can cure them by sharing it---
you will instead store it within you.*

*She never looks at herself in mirrors again.
She peered into her look, trying to recognize herself.*

*But here they were shedding their skins.
They could imitate nothing but
what they were.
There was no defence
but to look for the truth in others.*