

“Throw It Over Your Shoulder If It’s Heavy”

Noor Naga

noor.naga@aucegypt.edu

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Throw It Over Your Shoulder If It's Heavy

I carry your not-there with me
everywhere I go like heads of garlic
choked with string.
At night, I talk to you as though I didn't.

I talk to you as though you are there.
In Osaka a strange man lifts his hand
between my legs on the street—as though weighing
fish—and I shout at his back, keep shouting.

In bed I whisper-shout, *look what you made him do.*

Everywhere I go people near me raise their heads
and sniff. In Toronto they sneeze, in Cairo
they roll cigarettes. I keep a brisk pace.
They dab sweet oil under their noses in Dubai.

There is no city but one city
where I can put down your not-there
and have it flower—no night but one
night where you are.