

Lost in Transit
Jangar Tokpa

My rib cage grated like a crate.

I p r i e d

myself

open.

What

do you do

When someone opens your mail

but doesn't receive it.

I know it's not a gift,

but I sent it to you,

stamped it with my heart,

sealed it with spit

from the tip of my tongue.

What

do you do

when life hangs

from the tip of your tongue.