**my present**

Dila Toplusoy

there are lines that live in my hands

and make a living

by telling

my past my future

 my present

these are not poetic lines,

but they are geometric —

my fingers can trace

the triangle they make:

my past my future

 my present

these lines belong to my body,

but they also belong

to bodies no longer alive

to bodies yet to be born

to bodies that form

my past my future

 my present

these lines turn

the white dwarf stars that are dying

into canonical babbling,

slowly rocking the new moon living

in my belly

with Turkish lullabies

until everything melts

and there’s only one line left —

now all I have is my present