

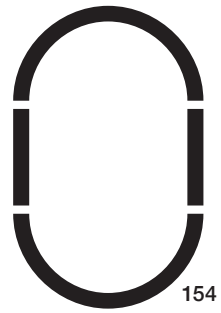


54 pt

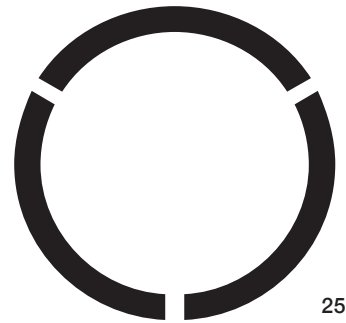
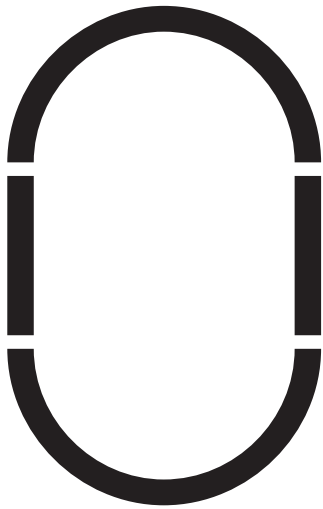


by  
María Barras

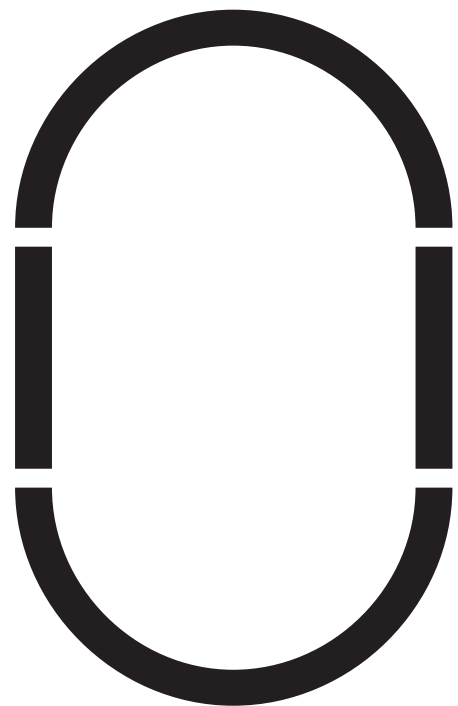
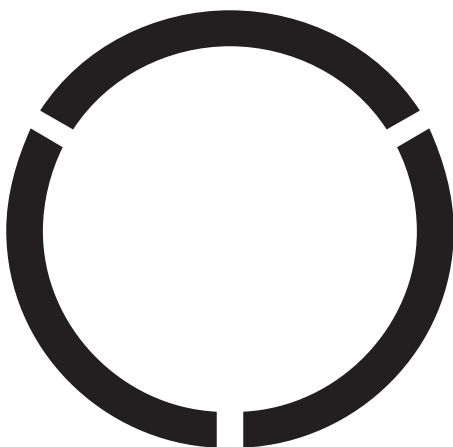
30 pt



154 pt



254 pt



354 pt

So when I	so how I
how I	when I
so	how when I
try	to say
to speak	mutter
form	the outlines
of my	utter
utterance	the words
are like clouds	in my mouths
pale moths	paper dust wings
crumbles	of crayon
broken point	make a point
points	of a pencil
broken	chewed on
chewing	pencils
that draw a perfect 0	a planet
the planet 0	gets in the way
of finding	the words
solemnly	tucked away
in a place	I can not
quite reach	or will I
now	how
when I	

