

You and All Your Pieces

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if a number contains everything,
you can reduce to zero. this is fact:
most quantities can be
simplified.

time, effort and memories,
numbered and measured.
we count our experiences, to make sense
of the irreconcilable.

understand this living
as categorical, compartmentalizable,
and the reduction of
everything to nothing is
simple.

you're everything has
etched itself into my skin,
re-written experience
as too expansive
to incorporate the nuances.

a reductionist's take
on multiple racial backgrounds
runs my heart and tears dry.

obligation fragmented
my self
into a digestible word and percentage
for curiosity.

living may accept
the tragedies of racialization by categorization
and the fallout of its exclusion,

but daring demands
my myriad heart take space
outside the confines of my mind

and i'm still writing a better *how*—