

**I**t pulls us closer

On a day in August 2021, I was on a Flixbus from Berlin to Sassnitz, reading a poetry book, *This Wound is a World*, by Billy-Ray Belcourt. I was sitting in the first row of the bus and could hear the constant blasting of the radio. There was a main driver and another driver who seemed to be in training. The main driver, who happened to be white, was very grumpy and mean to the training driver, who happened to be brown and seemed to not speak German fluently. The bus was moving very slowly because of the traffic, and the main driver verbalised his frustration, which I could hear on top of the blasting radio. Since the beginning of COVID times, I had no possibility to leave Berlin, and I longed to see the sea. I felt the movement of the bus rocking my body. An older couple sitting across from me started eating sausages while I was crying, reading Belcourt's painful and poignant poems, which are largely about living as a queer indigenous person in Canada mixed with encountering lovers through Grindr. The training driver took the steering wheel and the main driver kept saying mean things to him as I was quietly crying. I sat, rocking in the middle of the swamp of all the movements inside and around me — moving bodies, sceneries, sounds, smells, light, sight, feelings, thoughts, interactions, struggles, silences... Then, I started writing this poem.

I knew of an asian man. His body was small and he was going blind. He quit his office job and was training to become a masseur - to see with his hands while his eyes cease to see. He was a devout christian and was known to pray for many hours every day. People called him a holy man. One time, I went to his place to get a massage. After the massage, he prayed for me. As I was about to leave, he smirked and told me to never bring a black man home because that would make my mother go into a long fast.

*I don't even like men*, I think  
standing there  
looking into his blank eyes

I like to sin  
I thank god that he is going blind

I think of her black hands caressing my inner thighs and her voice softly speaks,  
*spread your legs*, with a half question mark lingering at the end

*spread your legs ... ?*

the question mark  
pulls us  
closer

us two  
just two  
question marks

floating in our worlds  
not looking  
for answers

but sometimes  
longing for  
a burning touch  
to feel we  
still are  
here

in this  
world

writing this in a small room in sassnitz where I stay for cheap in exchange for work  
the host keeps calling me mulan  
because  
you know  
I'm asian

I don't mind  
because here  
I'm here  
to see the big water  
to put my heart down  
seeking for  
a moment rest