

**, i interview my father about the war in an attempt to swallow the indiscrepancies,**

, i ask how he crossed the water and made it out whole

, in the light, my father hides the scar on his shin from me,  
, the way it shines gilt,

, and says in a whisper, on our knees, god, decided who exited, who was exiting  
, later i transcribe the interview, and say i am making an archive where there was none,

, when really i am taking his skin and its annotated traumas,  
,and exhuming his skin, and its annotated traumas, to be exhibit a , exhibit b

, this is how i find myself, making a world from his mouth  
holding open an album, unpeeling, his photographs from the page,

glue fraying,  
this one of him standing outside the bus, that one of him like the land, endless and broken

, this one of my father, bone empty, of marrow,  
, that one of him, molten sitting on a bed, looking like liquid

i go again to interview, him  
, and i want to say, put down the names you have been carrying in your loose skin like you were their  
only memorial,

,and instead,

i say remember, remember again, the sound your bone made when it broke, and how long you lay in  
the quiet of the crash till they found you,

, i tell him i am archiving when really i am a net, and he is a loose body, i sacrifice on the altar of  
collective memory,

, forgetting there is a blessing in forgetting

,forgetting, why a wound heals

,because a scar is an empty space, and the new beginning