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Pleiades: Literature in Context, Volume 40, Issue 2, Summer 2020, pp. 151-152 (Article)

Published by University of Central Missouri, Department of English and Philosophy

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.1353/plc.2020.0154>



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(second spring)

I dreamt I was a tiny ice. Balloon
in the grip of sky, I rode
an elevator down to a grove, which later
proved itself an eye. Yellow. You
in denim jacket, tray in hand: jam, milk in
a mute bird's mouth. "I heard you
sing," you said, then put all your things
down. A river made me reckless. A house
with needles stuck to its forearms.

(sixth wonderment)

Made it! Through a hole in air,
stood my ground on the snow-black tarmac.
In you, the sign of the born-again,
ghost of a sliding-glass vulva,
smear of biometric irises. Reading
Gramsci, you cross yourself instinctively
like a fish split open. The hook makes
an ear beautiful.

(third winter)

There was nothing post-
modern in the way you held me, like
wire to which sheets clung
in monsoon season. Everything is
bigger. Later your disappearance like guava
between bare gums. A moon. The angel's lost
skull my hands. Full
of my own small life.

(first grief)

Unapologetically, I've used nation
as metaphor: *rock dissolves*



overhead to a tornadic script of bats. My husband
asked, “Do you really want to
wander like that?”

(third farewell)

I don’t trust literal people who
seem to understand the consequences of
their actions. In Paris, a gendarmerie’s rifle scope
fastidiously sweeping the edge
of the Seine is lace, then
nothing.

(farewell)

Once, you took my hand
not looking away.
From the canines of the city –

(begin again)

Torn from its
original volcano, the mind
grows frugal. Violin: a bracket
in the (after)math of emancipation. Yester-
day, I drove past a herd of refrigerators
in a parking lot, rust
bubbling on egg-white
surfaces as though leaking
the kills they make
safe for our appetite. Between
wanting and touching,
you said. Choose.