

# Tell me my name in silver

Poetry

by Kiki  
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Do bullets coursing through wild air  
know they defy physics?  
suspend time & space in the rushing lean-in to  
kiss skin broken, everything made still.  
glassy. before fracture

In the breathy gap between cold touch of metal finger and  
the constellation of blood, starry across  
flesh made fragment, what is named & held & known?  
smooth sphere, tiny  
world-collapsing grey rock, did they  
ask for a name or take the silence as assent?

Close mouth and the bullet stops,  
gravel behind throat, pinned butterfly wings:  
cruel flutter is  $\phi$ , hard 'K'  
how my grandmother says my name and  
on a grey floating rock I will ask her  
to reach luminescent fingers into  
my throat, remove sediment, give me  
 $\phi$  and I will not ask for more time. or  
a conversation I can pack with me and carry,  
I will be happy with what I have:  
back seat blurry view  
of netela slung over shoulder against  
pale wall in fading light  
and cool hands  
replayed until dizzy it is enough

When time & skin collapses will you  
gift me a grey rock and let me name it?

In totalising quiet before final gasping release  
 in the space where names go and bodies stop  
 are those things I have collected  
 (ancestors are just facts  
 whispered until real), here  
 'grandfather' is a shadow cast by  
 thick wavy hair and  
 lived in California, once  
 wore a gabi through American streets like a royal cape.

What is the name for love caught between  
 thirty years and two continents and an ocean  
 of silence? maybe we will meet on grey rocks,  
 where 'kin' sounds like 'ḱn' and  
 you can touch my hand to your cheek  
 tell me this too is real,  
 we thwart gravity with picked out fros so  
 can I float to you?

Silence is layers of cotton  
 I sweat in heat of things unnamed,  
 cough on sharp truths that pierce the tongue,  
 the tear in fabric is  
 futurity shaped like grey phlegm  
 clear throat to a digital flicker,  
 does speech form in the space left behind?

Do rocks form grey static of analogue TV,  
 carry hypertext links to Africa F.U.B.U.?  
 Can I swim amongst binary code?  
 1's and 0's give more language than  
 twenty-six blood mouths

Now, I swallow the bullet  
 and it cracks wet and spinning  
 touch mouth dripping,  
 electric shock-bitten skin emits radio waves  
 I think hole in roof of mouth  
 forms ḱ in silver air  
 where tongue hovers like a body and  
 names rest in reach.



**Kiki Amberber** (19) lives and writes on Gadigal land. She's into digital potentialities and afofutures, and really likes stone fruit and the sun.