

Normal persons

for the Uighur Muslims of China

My throat is full,
hands crawling out my gut in frenzy.

Palms line my palate, lock my jaw
at the angle of a bowed back.

Fingers clasp and cut my tongue,
spread my lips like honey.

They pull words from my mouth like teeth,
like a person from their home,
or organs from a body
that won't do as it is told.

Jack Cooper