

*Lib Asmar*

He unfolded a napkin from his pocket  
and handed me watermelon seeds  
roasted into a shade of desert  
the color of our hands holding  
like I never left.  
Let's walk to the Citadel, I suggested.

We both shelled the seeds with  
our molar teeth making  
the same sound of  
*Tetah's* fingers and left foot  
the time she forgot how far  
the bed was from the floor  
it took hours to notice her  
sock wet with blood  
*it's the diabetes, she said, I can't feel it anymore.*

*Why are you putting the shells in your pocket?*  
he asked.  
I'm waiting for a trash bin.  
*Trash bin? Look around you.*