

## ~ fragile roots ~

i have a theory that  
bad things happen  
to the people i love  
as reprimand for saying  
'at least we have our health,'  
and to teach 'em a lesson  
for wanting to be anything but  
deprived and dispossessed

my mother says it often  
then softly knocks  
her skull afterwards  
like each rapped knuckle  
can score grooves deep enough  
to plant warding spells that  
prevent feet from bending at 90° angles

i have a theory that  
bad things happen  
in my family tree becuh  
we've never been able to  
afford the inconvenience  
of our bodies failing  
to tie pride to our production  
like old tyres onto thin branches

eye do not have the heart  
to tell my mother that  
her silly protection rituals  
are useless to those  
with no allies  
in the spiritual realm  
and no nepotistic friends  
in the physical one

i have a theory that  
bad things are destined  
to curse both sides of my bloodline  
becuh life is predetermined and  
every atom in the universe convened  
a meeting at the dawn of time  
to deem us *indegno*  
of living beyond our means

even daring to do so  
would incur the wrath of  
the Natural Law,  
which i'm so sure began  
the day my mother tried to  
out-race our ancestral jinx  
down a Tuscan road  
in 1986 — and lost

i have a theory that  
the reason i can see people falling  
into danger before it happens  
is 'cause i'm the one who  
causes them to slip,  
to dodge death at 17  
only to be broken thrice over  
by a den of umbrellas opened indoors

she believes i trigger premonitions  
to plague her like bullets in chekov's gun  
that i withered the safety net she made  
from fragile roots and weaved it  
into the shape of an overturned car;  
but i was too busy abandoning  
the wreckage to chop life for moving  
like there's no one left for me to lose