

As I am writing
I am lulling myself to sleep
I am thinking about kisses from Baka
The ones I will miss

I am thinking about antennas
How will I reach you?
My own communication machine
The only one that works for me
And will work every single time
Even if I am incoherent.

Fences drive backwards and forwards
Stick dig and divide
Counting as many fences
Tele, points to my vision, when it rains it will let me see

It kickstarts senses only in my brain
The numbers and feelings other people experience
Those are their numbers
I don't need them
They are too much, they will tread on my tissue and I will forget
There's so much to measure already in me.

These numbers build my name
Behind each letter each sound from each word I have ever
known, said, thought, listened to
Subtract these numbers my name would not be recognisable
I would not be here
My numbers speak, remember, direct, listen, fall and add
To catch
I count.

Poem, 'To catch, I count'
By Anna Jalanski, 2019