

## A Palindrome

Poetry by Vimla Sriram

APPA

I say it forward

I say it backward

The last letter hangs, uncaught.

The sound of void burns my eyes

Words become ghosts

I fold the palindrome in two and put it away with the dress I won't wear.

I wait for time to forget

I wait to heal time

I tiptoe to the cupboard with the folded dress and unfold the word in my mouth slowly.

The last letter hangs, uncaught.

The sound of void burns my eyes

I say it backward

I say it forward

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