



April 2014

Khalil

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Recommended Citation

Salzman, Aubrie (2014) "Khalil," *The Anthology*. Vol. 2014, Article 7.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2014/iss1/7>

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Khalil | Aubrie Salzman

Khalil
who cups his hands
cupped palms together

(Khalil)
who eased his way past
easy turns
eating
mangos, seeds,
and flowers off the trees.

Khalil
who mastered peace
at the age of eleven

who mulls his breath
before breathing,

who pours his skin, dips in a toe,
deems it too hopeful.

Khalil who knotted his arms
to lift his chin
at a generation of lost generosity,
forever fascinated and unfamiliar
nodded in smoke clouds of curiosity,
and with knots in his hair
climbs calmly in the flies,
burning his hands and his eyes
on his crimes but by then

he is Khalil who is God's friend
(but who is God's friend?).
He is Khalil,
all tension and touch
telling me to meld into

Khalil
who knew no anchor
but anchored me and
angered me

who touched my face
feeling truths behind my eyes.
I tried and he dried my sweat,

Khalil
who cups my hands cupped small together.



Reflect | Alexis Howard
Digital Photography