

Rapprochement

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By Sarah Gambito

The art of war teaches us to rely not on the chance of the enemy not attacking but rather on the fact that we have made our position unassailable.

—Sun Tzu

My father called me a chink

so I'd know how to receive it.

So I wouldn't be surprised.

Therefore the good soldier will be terrible in his onset and prompt in his decision.

In the wall, I bricked up my secret.

So it would gush forth. I did this for effect.

So you would know me.

On the day of battle your soldiers might weep bedewing their garments.

But it grew like a bullet loving its flowerstain.

It happened nonetheless.

But let them at once be brought to bay.

Because you are simply my medic watching me.

I'm a poem someone else wrote for me.

All of the characters “beautiful and flawed.”

When we are near, we must make the enemy believe we are far.

My sister said, you can forget our way of life?

I said yes and was annoyed. She ran away and I was desperate for her.

I was screaming into the mindspeaker.

When far away, we must make him believe we are near.

I said, Christine, christine, christine.

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