

# Matryoshka Doll



L'incinta

# matryoshka doll

*l'incinta*

otata's bookshelf  
2017

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matryoshka doll  
made of  
you  
and me

matryoshka doll  
big spoon  
&  
little spoon

matryoshka doll  
contains the seeds  
for more  
we

matryoshka doll  
i feel your  
tumbles

matryoshka doll  
we share a body  
the  
earth



the earth  
the biggest  
spoon of all

the pencil  
drawing the hand  
drawing the pencil  
drawing the hand  
drawing....

brooms  
sweeping us  
into  
eternity

matryoshka doll  
peeling off  
layers  
one  
at  
a  
time

matryoshka doll  
i am your  
shell

matryoshka doll  
a temporary  
realization  
that  
we  
are  
one  
(all of us)

matryoshka doll  
connected  
to  
all life  
(now and forever)  
don't you  
forget it

matryoshka doll  
your foot speaks out



your hiccups  
make me  
laugh

matryoshka doll  
you hear my words  
a radio  
always tuned

matryoshka doll  
the outer world  
compels you

matryoshka doll  
sprouting  
in an indefinite  
spring

i call you  
by name  
(the name you  
will call me)

matryoshka doll  
sandwiched  
in time  
in  
me

no “me”  
anymore

only “we”



big and  
little spoons  
fitting so  
perfectly  
forever

matryoshka doll  
the “i” is  
gone now

we are  
echoes  
reverberating

a lake  
with a pebble  
tossed

sounds that  
go on  
forever  
through  
each  
other

“babooshka doll”  
we will  
hold each  
other  
soon

whitman  
knew  
but i  
feel  
(just a fancy)

your body  
a question mark  
in cursive



you  
remind me  
you are there  
when i forget

and i wake up  
wondering  
was it a dream?

the first time i saw your face

.....

we are both  
becoming

we grow  
together

we grow  
out of  
the same  
stuff

matryoshka doll  
squirrels have  
human dna, too!

puzzle pieces  
spoons,  
pencils,  
sandwiches,  
all us.



you-  
a metaphor  
for  
me

minerals  
sustain us  
in  
and  
out

made up of water  
the most beautiful  
reverberations

for a moment in time  
when we are one  
we cannot forget

the rest of the time  
we must  
remember  
on  
our  
own

dreaming  
in the lake  
in a dream

matryoshka doll  
time  
is  
our  
mother

never forget  
when the seed  
hugged us



they  
have forgotten  
the we

i am the pencil  
and you  
are the hand

we must remind ourselves  
over  
and  
over  
again

no difference  
too big

i, too,  
am  
a  
squirrel!

doggie children,  
too.

accepting all  
as they are

a brief moment in time  
that is true  
forever



we remind them  
they  
are  
us

see yourself  
in  
the  
other

the language of crying  
the  
hush  
of  
the  
mother