

Tony handed me a woman. Who had been precut by a publisher. It was only a quarter of her face. The other three quarters, he kept it to himself. In the winter, spring leaves her bite marks on the astringent landscape of snow. Her song lives in the body of the soil for three months. It deserts me after it had fallen in love with snow. Sometimes departure is a form of evaporation. Your voice wants to marry my heartbeat, but this marriage, on unreliable sonic ground, is voiceless.

—Vi Khi Nao

