



Accounting

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I read with fingers covering my eyes
You can see why writing is a problem
This time it was about my own women
How their men “fall in love” and abduct them
That must be the definition of love that
Made me scream last week when I was counting
Articles on queers as decimal humans
Wish I was the one who’s charged with rounding
3/4 of a month back I remembered
The time when I first met young Emmett Till
Mom is reading a book about honor
And burning is a special way to kill
She says the book is sad
The whole country is sad I feel
Yet nobody is held accountable
And my essays want me to steer the wheel
Nowhere to go unless I type them up but
This next set is on childhood trauma
And it has almost become too haunting
To wonder why I did not choose something
I could just study with both eyes open
Like maybe accounting?

Voice recording: <https://rb.gy/giz03d>