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## Visa Application

There is an application form for the dead ends.  
It demands *whos*, *whens* and *wheres*,  
Dear to us as gravestones are to the dead,  
It whispers to the blind ears, and blackens the blue sky.  
We carry it surely in our rotten hearts,  
As we wrap our lips with the sweet muteness of death certificates.  
How precious is agony, to our decomposing eyes, but still we love the  
whip.  
The whip that composes headlines of our skins,  
And runs away with our voices.