

EMOR: CHIPPING AWAY ●

Cash Myron Toklas

Leviticus 19:1–20:27

Michelangelo once described his method as *chipping away everything that is not David*. Let us agree: there is too much

in this broken world that is not David. But my slant differs: in the studio of imaginary, where the idea of white marble

joins longing for the body electric, I chip away at everything that is not you. I chip away in hushed reverence
for what lies

beyond. Whole forests & cumulus clouds & continents that back to me, facing only you, I chip their backs. Fronts, I

cannot see. Stars that bright the sky but leave the world unlit, I chip. I chip it away & all the sky & all the air that

hums around but is not you, I chip it. Though it caresses you, I chip. Space-time as it bends around substantiality of
your

hips, even to the tips of fingers that you extend into the world, chip. Then, from the soundtrack of yearning
moment, I chip

the sounds that are not you, names that are not yours. The wind that blows through migrant boulevards, whispering

names that are not yours. Names of birds technologies & diseases, chip. Names of oceans heartaches & boundaries, chip. The names of everything that when summed up, and their sum subtracted from everything there is, so that the difference is nothing but you. Chip. And then all there is is You.