

## MARGINALIA

Esmeralda Bernal

### when the word—marginalia

first slapped my ears  
i ignored its stinging light  
and thought it must be  
centrifuged marmalade  
to be spread  
on pretentious crumpets  
savored by privileged tongues

then i discovered  
it was me  
    me  
    me  
fallen of the table  
in crumb form  
just a brown speck  
off the crust of common bread  
to be pecked at  
by pigeons wearing  
dunce hats writing  
the new paradigm

can you beat that  
me marginalia  
not marmalade but  
my space in life  
next to the cotton field  
next to the kitchen  
next to the baby bottle  
next to be visioned  
but not revisioned  
by university pigeons  
strutting their new  
found words  
i am marginalia  
a note  
an after thought  
at the edge of their text  
to be eaten and chewed  
slowly  
every drop  
measured for surplus value

i voyage up  
the spiral of thought  
and the bulb attached  
to the neurons  
lights up

ESMERALDA BERNAL

marginalia

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        marginalia

doesn't it rhyme with

genitalia