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My Language of Love is not Polish

Christine Stewart-Nunez
South Dakota State University, christine.stewart@sdstate.edu

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My Language of Love is not Polish

Christine Stewart-Nuñez

Through hard Cs, Vs, Zs—sounds of rakes through dirt, a spade's thwack into chunks of clay—I learn place. Poland. Clipped vowels planted under horizon lines take root. Air forced between teeth becomes a buzz of swarming bees, the breeze through lilacs in Stryszow, ghost bullets zipping through air, a mother's hush-baby-hush. When I form the syllables of kawa biale and sip its rich cream, I fall in love not with sugar melting into dark brew but for the way its round, rollicking vowels open up my mouth.