

OMNIVISUM

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who we are

Gospel of the Foreign

Written by Victoria DiMartino

Bleach her tongue so she can learn the lilt of foreign languages.
Ignore her kicking and screaming
And show that there is a world far beyond her cream-colored walls
And sugar coated cereal. Drop her off not at the airport,
But at the docks.
Where the men are hardened and dirty,
With more trips under their belt than inches below it.
Strap her down on the dock and make her watch the stars as
her body heals.
When she finally docks in the new world
Send her to the dirtiest land in that country
And have her dig up the spices.
Her tongue will not heal until she licks the grunt of the earth
And understands where she is. Like Ariel she has sold her voice
to have legs
Instead of remaining below the surface in waves flatter than her
mind.
She will not get it back until she tastes the way language flows
here like water.
Send her to the market so she can hear the liturgy of the word
The new language will be her new religion.
Have it bless her ears with chops and cuts of the dialect,
The ebb and flow of the curling new words,
Let it sink into her brain like an anchor,

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Victoria DiMartino is a fiction and poetry writer from Long Island, New York. When she's not writing, she likes to spend time with people. Whether that's hanging out with friends or through volunteer work, people are the center of her world. Victoria wants her writing to inspire people to get to know one another better.

Hitting the dirt so hard she has no choice but to stay put and admire what's before her.
Make her roll around on the dirt of the town square
With stomping all around her to a rhythm she may not understand,
Until she finally she gets up and joins them.

