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My Name
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Carine Topal

MY NAME

My name is affection on the tongue of romance. The Spanish whisper it when women are near, *Carine*. Never shout my name. No one is ever that far away from a kiss. The noise will only serve to distance the lady's soft shoulder, *querida*, in the flame of flamenco, *Carine*.

My name is Semitic, generous as Allah or Moses on the mount, leading our hot-footed people across the sand. Bedouin or *Rabi*, I give you luck, unthinkable on other continents. Consider the snake charmer and the House of David. How spells and talismans have been trafficked for thousands of years.

My name is almost moving through the street and people mistake me for fast. I am cautious with my name, so as not to upset those who named me. Not to give too much love or to promise untold fortunes. Not to disappoint, for fear of bad news or to enter a city whose weather I cannot change.