

The Empty Day

A woman sits on a garden bench
her marble skin shining white in the harsh sunlight
her burnt retinas staring out at nothing
her facial expression revealing only vacancy.

With every breath, tiny cracks spread out from her chest
until loosened pieces peel away from her.
The river inside oozes out slowly at first
until it gushes into the empty day.

She leaves behind a book.
In which the pen has scratched along its white fibres without ink.
It can only be read with the gentlest touch.
Yet no one dares to feel

what she felt.

The Morning Light

I want to paint this light like Monet
capturing a fleeting moment in hours of hard work.
I want to place gold leaf all over the canvas like Klimt,
not because it is what I see but because it is how I feel.
And as the pink fades I want to run my hands through and smudge the oils in disappointment,
producing an imprecise Richter equivalent.

It seems only leaves of the tree can truly hold this light.
There is a fictional character who painted one tree, again and again, his whole life.
I understand him—because perhaps I am him,
mesmerized by the same changing light, again and again, my whole life.
I wouldn't mind so much
the epitaph on my tombstone to read:

HERE LIES
LARA REUSCH
PAINTER OF ONE TREE

In

In an urn, in a coffin
in my bed, underneath the sheets
in my head, a thought of
me, dying, dead,
 nowhere
is a white blanket that fills the space in my head
on which I embroider, with threads of violence,
yes violets; my mind is saturated with colour
and yes, so is death.

Not all days are good days

I want to press delete on today.
The self-deprecating thoughts have piled up into a mountain.
I can probably climb it for exercise.
Not that I will. I'm too lazy, I lack the will power.
Like with the healthy eating diet I fucked today with some chocolate,
because chocolate will always love me,
chocolate makes the rejection letter feel less personal.
It clearly was though.
I should give up, stop wasting my time,
yet I write this, whatever this is.
Maybe tomorrow I'll even climb my mountain,
but today, I think, I'm safer amongst the blankets,
distracting myself from the multiplying thoughts in my head.

Build Me an Igloo

My love,

in this hour of the day
in which night balances on the tightrope
between late and early
will you stop the changing light?

Will you build me a wall of pillows
to block out the colours of the world out there.
As long as we cannot see it,
we can float amongst possible worlds.

In fact, build me an igloo of pillows
in which we can continue to pass secrets
and feel their sweet sugary residue on our lips,
never noticing that this moment turned into forever.

Better yet, I want you to build me an igloo of your flesh
which I can crawl inside of
safe amongst the warm parts which are you
and no longer distinguishable
between the parts which are me.

In here you can never not love me,
you can never declare you do not want me.
Build one with only an entrance,
no exit for our love to escape.

Yes, my love, build it now.
Do not let one more moment depart.