

Smoke and Mirrors

Walking into the bar,
We are seated at the crooked table.

Its body leaning against mine,
its legs softly nudging the dying wall.
My head is pressed against it too.

Chained graffiti climbing up,
clinging onto its bare brown skin.
It is suffocating.

But we said,
“Two glasses of bourbon please.”

Then the waiter came by, with
golden smoke
slowly swirling in the crystal glass,
emitting light.

With our boisterous hands
shaking, smearing
timid drops of the crystal's cold sweat,
we are almost singing.

Then the band started to play.
Nimble fingers dancing on six silver strings.
Thick but nimble fingers unlike mine.
Cold-gazing strings sending tingles
down the smoky golden spine.

We are sudden swinging,
around and around the lustrous room,
we swing.

And the waiter was gazing too.
His black hair neatly combed back.
His lips slim and bitter.

His eyes singing without delight.

We kept swinging, with my green flannel tainted red by the neon signs.

We kept swinging, with his gaze lustfully wounding mine.

When I got home,
drowned in darkness,
I frantically tried,
to wash off the neon red.

Then it struck me that I told the waiter:

Save me a glass of floating light.

Gray Flannels

I came to your city with
gray flannels covering my wounds.
A recurring vision of consolation told me
to come here.

But now I see,
the rosy thorn
threatening to escape your eyes.

I see dark shards,
like brittle pieces of river,
laying its body across mine.

I see the black birds,
performing their festive dance
high above me.

It is destined,
I said,
a recurring vision told me to come here.

But now I see,
your covered wounds,
matching mine.

Lilacs

Once, clusters of lilacs invaded my living room.

As snow fell,

white haze blooms in silence, on this late spring afternoon.

Immaculate threads escaping heaven's loom.

Tell me, where will you dwell?

Once, clusters of lilacs invaded my living room.

I have seen you before, I thought, soft buzzing plumes.

On my eighth birthday, on my palm you melt.

White haze blooms in silence, on this late spring afternoon.

I stood barefoot, my torso captured by a shining costume.

You chose to wither, when I said: leave your silver shell.

Once, clusters of lilacs invaded my living room.

You came back to me, when wild lilacs were devouring my room,

when I have grown weary of the distant bell.

White haze blooms in silence, on this late spring afternoon.

Stay, this time, do not leave me alone to face the moon.

Stay, this time, do not find another palm to dwell.

Once, clusters of lilacs invaded my living room,

white haze blooms in silence, on this late spring afternoon.

Heart of the Orchard

Show me a piece
of your shimmering body,
I said.
You nodded,
but stood in silence.

Here I stand,
barefoot
in the heart of my father's orchard.

Marbled foils of amber memories
each decaying at their own pace,
taking their leisurely stride towards death,
matching our complexions, melt
as I press our shivering toes
against their soft honey skin.

And when beams of mid-day sun
are shattered against their bodies, sometimes,
just sometimes,
their muted breaths will weave up my pale linen dress.

From the corners of the orchard,
mercurial spirits sing to me.
Hymn lost in spring
revives in your luminous eyes.

But here,
in the heart of the orchard,
my toes, lathered in molten gold,
are still shivering.

Fall down the trap,
so meticulously knitted for you.
I said.
You nodded,
but stood in silence.

Huis Clos

So we waged wars against it,
the red lagoons,
half-finished lies,
and low chanting voices in our heads.

Invisible enemies,
dancing on swollen strings,
that are tied to it.

Hands,
strong, beautiful hands pushing against it,
veins flexing, as naked flesh,
turning green and purple,
is bruised by it.

So we waged wars against it,
the dim streetlight,
the sad poet,
and the grey dog lurking in the night.

Mad men,
dancing in the smokes
of two fading cigarettes
are accusing it,
chasing the grey dog who has swallowed it.
But it remained the same.

So we waged war against it,
the cheap oaths,
unintelligible jokes,
and soft murmurs of drunken lips.

You said, by dawn
I will be full of it.

So we rage at the fleeting night.
So we race towards the dimming light.