

JORDIE ALBISTON

the room

i am a woman locked in a
room in a house in a
suburb/you could call me
some kind of princess
though the only spinning
done is in my head/this is
my industry/i twirl a
gold thread of my own/i am
seated/back against door/
awkward lotus/i work for
the good of the kingdom/
look/the tapestries are torn
from the walls/they lie in
heaps/little piles of ash/i
have cut them to bits/i
have toiled for an age/i
have had to destroy those
centre spreads/see on the
floor/an eye/a fringe/a
slice of breast/my sour
flesh/your goddess
is chopped to pieces/she
is stacked on the floor
by my left knee/your queen

is in tatters though your
madwoman is quite intact/
it is you who have
divided me/made me white
as virgin/black as whore/
golden as any good mother/
it is over/it is enough/i
have forged my own knife/any
myth/pale offering/i will shred/
watch out/i am weaving a key
on my quivering loom/i know
my way out/i have measured
the depth of this tower/this
dungeon/my room/i will burst free/
no phoenix/no dragon/but me

SHERRYL CLARK

IS THIS THE EDGE?

I have sat by the stove with Sylvia
and discussed poetry
which made people laugh.
I have read of studies which
link creativity and madness
and shivered in my straitjacket of life.
I have pulled down the shades of grey
and invited shadows in
to dine and play the Tarot.