

Melodee Unthank

A GIFT FROM CAIRNS

all music — listen to me
when my lips blow apart
and say — bring me water
from the seas
 a brooch
about your neck, your body
dressed in folds,
 greek myths —
the hall is draughty
the petals form cups
about the buds
and you, you are a liar
to appear with roses
invisible odours,
i have known you half
my life and still i am
amazed at your clear-skinned
lies,
what a hooligan to travel north
without a pulse
some sort of apparition
promising gifts