

Jessika Tong

THE LOVE BIRD

1.

Morning sizzles, an egg in a thick black pan.
A one woman figure steps out of the shower
That woman, love, is I.
Skin haunted by disease, dresses cast to their stone beds.
I own a single photograph of Paris,
Faded grey with its very own door.
A woman drips with heavy scarves.
She is a candle stick agonizingly melting
But leaning as if woken from a beautiful sleep.
This is you and I love.
Clearly these thighs need to be introduced
And live all their life between yours.

2.

I am at the cauldron end with night.
You have been gone for two days
And all the feathers have left me,
The last century has become a blackened bird
Flickering in branches like small eyes.
My bones love, are arranged neatly
And in order for your gifts.
Drag me to the tune, though my legs are useless.
Dress me when you come home and in the eaves
Leaves expose their painful nerves to the water,
And I win a writers' prize but it means nothing without fingerprints.
Clearly I am afflicted,
Haunted like a grave and drawing you up
Through these dead bones.

