

Maria Takolander

EKPHRASIS

Apple handed with mary and jesus
You show and tell

The dark fruit of quiet ages.

An obese woman at the back begs
For a thousand words.

You smile into another smooth mirror.

But the television behind you reflects
A room of faces in gasmasks.

Only Munch is here.

There are flies and an urn
Boils now and then,

Now and then.

A woman nods,
Made up, fairy haired

With fire taut skin.

One confesses she fears
The hollowness of words.

A spider on a cardigan

Drops a frightened thought
Onto the boards

Amongst the veined ankles and cracked heels.

Oh a girl committed suicide
While you dined with her mother.

Let us dedicate.

Outside the window,
A dead bird.

Would it have raped your pretty throat

And fed
The ravenous of spring.

HAPPY NEW YEAR OVERTURE

There's the ocean.

And here's the sky:
Magnificently vindictive,
Dragging down the year.

Silhouettes of ash moth dust us.

And here're our words:
Verging shy
Of the absurd d day dawning,

Rendezvous of bullets and the drowned.

And here're our glasses:
Fresh for this communion
Jesus bled for our amphibian oblivion.

(Speak that rubber lipped.)

And here's our desire:
Salvation of countless millennia.
Fuck me.

There's the sea.

