ind

remember splintered paring of moon e the ball curved under an eyelid e want r it to be forgotten e the genuis of intuition til what was paranoia discounted comes otsteps in the darkened room e hiss of the fire like a long breath es not go in exhale sound of death as loud as silence Perhaps this virginity of yours s une fable convenue ind I am advocatus diaboli or every sainted face am he examiner nay I say our bjuration becomes you virago pen amazon pen" rmagant, he called me

cause I screamed and tried to scream those words he knew knew eep go to sleep

ose your eyes ut your eyes

nutatis mutandis he necessary changes having been made

ns of light affic across the walls

2

has there ever been a dawning as long

birds set around the roof tops bright eyes buttoned into their heads still

and quiet eyes flat dry before/splashing in the rain shivering wet drilling out the last drops from their feathers

I did not see him coming stalking the edge of the roof the cat he sees/

fat breasted birds straddle the stone cornices/across the square

one demented pigeon as grey as smoke sits on the statue with one arm_ extended/

an all black cat watching/

the pigeon's wings lift whirred in the cat's mouth she is caught by the throat/the others have flown

the head hangs limp snapped to one side I knew I thought it was over/

when the cat shook the bird from its mouth like a piece of snarled gristle three boys playing on the roof picked up the bird on a stick as if it was a broken toy it flung itself from there to the ground/

the earth turning slowly terra cotta all one shade

3

I did not see him coming no neither could I feel

that blind mouth

that mouth those teeth that scraped mine

that voice stripped my woman's clothes reduced me to a child a little girl child

pain violates the mind

from that chained death bed a forest grew and in the forest I was naked and lost

a three-headed jailor's voice

"wasn't there something you could have done"

I went blind

I heard everything but I went blind

three/more/times

mutatis mutandis the necessary changes having been made

sleep go to sleep close your eyes shut your eyes

— Cathy Ford

