

Graeae

Listen!

Something skew-wiff approaches from stage left.
Pass me our eye Sister, so that I may spy.
Is it a man? He may fall for me, for one of us!
Take us from this grey world into a realm of love.
Tch, that time has long gone, Sister, if ever it was here
faded by the time it flourished, my dear.

What are we, Sister? I have forgotten.

They called us Widows of Perpetual War
but I don't recall any husband in my past's shards.

And what have we become?
We are rags and bones my Sister, figurine in exile.
We are rocks, sand and surf. We are vermin
scratching at the threshold of order, sleeping
within the hollow of a blown tern egg, watching
menopausal waves swell beyond the scar;
two whole months of blood.

Where are we, Sis? Kiss me, pass over our slug
tongue so I may taste the tremors of this place
where Orpheus sings sad songs of loss, where we squat
in the charnel reek of the deep cave mouth.
Hand me our snaggle tooth, Sister, so I can chew
this gristle, strip off fat, scrape skin and sinew.

Sister, sisters, what shall we become?
Gymnasts, my sweet, with perfect balance, tight-roping
the borders with the grace of cirrus uncinus.
We shall blow pink bubbles with chewing gum –
mine shall be the biggest. No, mine will be the best!

What must we do, my Sisters?
Draw old pacts in damp sand with picked clean bones.
Scrape the silver from the moon. Pass me the eye, Sister,
the one we stole from a stranger. We must decipher
the monologic view, refract it's gaze in water prisms;

weave wyrd threads between ante-life and after-life,
skate around the frozen sea, wait for the blood to stop.