

evocative

Tom Brinck

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you've turned me into a totem
a magic message bottle of cut-up straw
plain-stitched
pin-pricked burlap bag of dying skin
hex-laden sun-dried jaundice-ridden
beaten down
and languishing
transposed into a static voiceless mindless motion-
sensitive mousetrap dark attic dustbin
you've planted maggots
in my mouth so I can spit curses and dark prophecies
but my rebellious mind clings
to memories that I've forgotten
of lost cities and tall spires of crystal
and gold
of long elegant dresses thin as mist
my mouth opens and out fly
small black birds with breasts of orange and yellow
silent as fine feathers
and ceiling fans
I remember deep dark eyes of beauty I can't resolve
there are noble sea creatures
more shy than shadows in the night
there are proud lips of faith and satisfaction
they wait for my kiss
and your power over me
dissolves