

Purdey M. Kreiden

From: The Testimony of my Sister

no a yadsent

the next day we slapped her harder
don't paint me yellow ! she cried
don't cry yellow
she was thoroughly bleached her neck her face
and then they came, small animals
small small small small animals
(we do love bleach too)
if we ever find our way out of the wood,
then we'll die

sperm is a colour, kids are perched
RUN FASTER !!!
YOU ARE NOT A BIRD ANY LONGER
don't die there in the woods
(he took the dog for a walk and now he is dead)
pink paint would encircle my left wrist, *all this blood*
emoc ot el eht eltil seon
i esimorp emoc tuo dna yalp
i t'now kool
i t'now kool
sselnu ouy eid
these love bites your family jewelries my son;

i remember you know his hair his hair was sometimes grey
(we enjoy your face crushed against the wall)
there was another cage this one is empty
'we lied to you my child this bear isn't your father'
then the walls moved to be near us to be near us

we never said we knew the alphabet
'us muslims we never say the name of God' he said saying it
hung above the strawberries field before night break maybe it was me me me
ew reven dias ew wenk eht tebahpla
a discret walk to the park...
it was closed on monday they said
now this

they stole oranges from me they stole oranges from me
sometimes i urinate rain even though i am not a catholic;
'when he devoted himself to the bleach...'
o lord,
give us back our pants
pieces of my head enclosed in the good old baker's bread
then he said, 'i beg your pardon King Salomon' then he died.
(she smiled when they undug me)
the jar opened slightly, something RED
something borrowed
something DEAD
(*we did not steal that they said it was in the bread*)
this apple pie is baked for GOD,
a jaw wrapped in plastic the land was near and yet we couldn't speak,
open your hands so i can see your pearls
'this is the bell you shall ring when you'll be buried alive in a pet cemetery'
insanely nice people offer me an apple
before they slit my throat;
are we alone he asked did we lock the door
'we won't let you go if you stay pretty'
i pity my brothers i pity their ankles, always twisted
and if we were not there who would slap the sailors;
you see me now as i was in your garden twenty years ago, as long as it is pretty he said
(the end was near and yet we couldn't speak)
'don't lie to me you don't recognize the sea'
LIZARDS LIZARDS THEY PAINTED MY FACE
she is always with you in heaven, your twin sister
(my sister is still DEAD)

salt ends, deer friend
(i think they sucked up a fish)
you know my boy we don't need you to have toes,

ti swa a erem yadseut

'i see. the limits of your body'
watching those kids on a merry go round, to choose one
careful my child don't sneeze before you pass the river
i frowned to the melon our redemption won't be golden at all;
they were rehearsing christmas eve i choked with a candy before they undressed me
eyelids glued with pure light BITE THE NURSE ! BITE THE NURSE !
'i will not last forever.' a rock
glowing birds humping our lips, repeatedly.
you would hear this voice every time you dive
'someone waiting for you by the bed'
the sun won't boil it *take it i plucked it for you*
the moon won't boil it
take it i boiled it for you
she pictured the blade in her hand that's when she remembered,
' the sky is not above anymore'
(he said he could never get hard with barbelö)
my hairs were hung above the lavenders at noon it is my lady o it is my worm
'mingle the bottles. now. do it.' both of them blue;
(that's when they discovered my wife wasn't edible)
he opened the bedroom door
my tail was well hidden;
he unwrapped his christmas presents
I was hard.
she was my only daughter and now she's dead

after the deer
nothing appears

(when i asked his name the boy fell dead)

hongrians would swallow raw eggs the night of their weddings
'we won't scratch the green wall' the skull nodded;
your sister. the wind took her away
(i thought i would blow the astronaut)
'you will be slapped to death if you don't glow in the dark'

(and now there is a cure against gravity)
they said i ate an orange my beloved is there, under this rock;
'can you spell your names kids' we didn't know what to answer
we thought we saw the moon we closed the door;
open your eyes you're a young girl now put on your dress
old man put the candy in the sleeping child's mouth. 'if you don't swallow it you will be considered as a betrayer'
(our beds on the stairs were no beds at all)
i didn't mean to drink it they mingled the bottles the color they injected in my eyelids,
it itches;
someone is beaten to death with a handful of honeysuckles
(and for some of us the island did not appear at all)
'no one made the drawing' the drawing was torn
this dog this dog didn't die of natural death - silence.
when we saw the purple scarf for the second time we knew we would be taken away
'you would be missed.' he put the lid back on the pan
when he grew older
he died.

in a dream we were told we didn't need to breath
our hands are on your eyes, we tied branches around our necks we didn't sleep at all
(we were not afraid of the animals appearing beyond our eyelids)
i lay down in front of you, salty.
a quiete leaf wrap around you wrist we exhale dim light, *look under the rock*
the virgin eye
body fractaled on the surface of our lips,
(we bit through a jellyfish our daughters appearing in the middle of the lake)

we saw our faces on a piece of soap and sliced it
and spread it
and remember the valleys, they move so fast
he was my sister when he fell asleep i wrote his name reversed on his back
'your ship wrecked many years ago' he smiled and walked away;
they were hung here yesterday and now they're gone
(he told everyone the tree was his father)
pass the mountains there they grew, the missing kids;
our horse knew someday the night would come he paused. fingers were sucked
we were bleeding pure gold, we went on;
(the bride knew all the season's names)
the fishes were on me they were sometimes keeping me company
the sea the silence were not worth dying for;
you were my beautiful sissster we took a nap a long nap and woke up on a tuesday

we celebrated our hair our necks the woods would envy us
'and if i don't die for my sister i'll die for a lonely sailor'
we believed sleep was the dust of the sea
and when the rain stopped we did not believe in God any longer
(a grasshopper in each hand we drink the death of spring)
we caught the snails they threw off from the cliffs
then vomiting gold on the bench,
someone or something dancing on the outskirts of the green planet;
i can't recall the colours of my mother her eye her thigh
our ears are there, well kept
then they found their way to my bed, the reptiles;
a leak on the roof, sperms drops
RUN MY DEERS ! HUNT STARTS NOW !
squatted in the hollow trunk i waited and waited but nothing appears
(when we run in the woods we are invisible to God)
KIDS, FUCKING - to be sanctified
when i touched him he looked like a cat, only smaller
(with a hole in your head you'll be able to control the rotation of the sun)
there's nothing there, after the river
i see a yellow dog, and two vines
'say anything that comes to your mind' said the tv,
my skin is peeling the boy said
oblivion was right there, in this very puddle he lied;
the surface of the walls was the skin of my mother
the islands were infected by the pork;
soon or later kids you will embrace this octopus
'i love pudding' - me too, he cum;
those noises are insects tickling the mold on your tits
vinegar was injected in the cells, then a foxtrot;
we removed the heavy skull and cleaned the area with lemonade
a citrus would be placed in the dead part of the brain, sharpening our teeth on ivory drops
then i promised not to bite the muscles;
a lonely nap tangles my father's hair the red woman spat sun semens on our hands;
are you sure that's what you want you won't depend on gravity anymore
'he left his lipstick on the bench and now he's dead'
(my breath was somehow mingled with glass)
i spat the milk on his scar the milk (jar was full of blue sunday)
'i trust the insects they'll lead us the way to the cabin'
our pockets filled with apricots we take off our faces;
(we didn't know the cure was in the shell)
on a mouthful of plastic my sister choked to death
black bird black bird they sung;

(they were drawing vines on our chests)
we pissed rays of light on the violet hay the divine child spread himself all over my face
shall we really trust the villagers?
it wasn't violent so i went back to sleep
suddenly the neighbours dissembled me;
this wasn't there when we locked up
our fiancés are yellow dust under the blankets, we inhale
'those kids got married in a pet cemetery
they killed our dog and ate his eye'
(war is declared)

shirley is pretty in agony

my neighbours' throats are very red at night it's something i like to look at
from the street we would see them glitter like vipers;

our pray is there behind the window, a gold leaf on the edge of the roof
believe me there is nothing really worth dying for behind those veils
someone went missing after dinner
my brothers made a pile of birds on the table;
we painted our fingertips with lipstick before going to bed
and dreamt we were licking a ball of blue light
take that with you and go chase the sun he said
and poured mud in our ears;

now we take the indian knife and slice the guinea pig until it shines like a rainbow
or something like that

our father is a raven he has raven's memories
under our nails the guinea pig's breath;
we would dance on the roof with red pearls in our mouths
our veins were wrapped around versicolored ribbons
and ran on the walls like water spiders
then again mother was baking a honeypie, singing

i want to sit here and watch the pile of birds
the pile of birds
(we did not hang ourselves to the beams of the sun)

it was a tuesday morning
shirley sat at the end of the table where our father used to sit,
i don't believe in solar system anymore
(he danced upon my face he wasn't salomon at all)
it was at that moment one of us came sitting on top of the bird pile on the table;
i ran to the lake with my knees uselessly wet
people with torn eyes mostly walk around at night
shirley spat rain under my skirt;

we could make a real ceremony, with empty glasses and golden knives
shirley laughed and said he drank the lemonade blood
our father hid himself behind the violet bushes;
dancing on the roof with mud on our faces
we were scared of opening our palms
scared of discovering what we were hiding in our hands

then i let the guinea pig devour my face.

tillykke med bryllupet

i died in a dream last night and it did not wake me up said shirley

we pass the little church, *we used to spit glitters on this bench*
kids whistling like snakes at the corner of the street
a smelly paw gently lower my eyelids, our tongues are winter peaches;

we all went out tiptoe that night
our faces crossed by colour pencil stripes
the moon reversed twice,
shirley sat next to me and said *eventually your cat will grow old you'll see*

they left me alone near the lake and i stayed there a while, flickering
thinking about the sharpen tooth secretly placed in a matchbox on my sister's dressing table

a girl sucked the tip of her ice cream cone
and slapped my two cheeks with her yellow voice;

the fire with a sent of moon we untie our shoelaces to offer our toes to Jupiter,
none of them moved when the rocks hit their necks
maybe they're having a conversation on the stairs
i've picked the echo of their languid hair off my tongue
and folded their ankles like coloured almond dough
their legs were wolves legs without a doubt;

shirley poured blue light in juan carlos ear
and sucked his eyes soaked with precocious summer
whispering *we shall sacrifice ourselves to penetrate the bestiary*

thin thin mulberry tree branches to intermingle our hair
we are nymphs in sodomy.
and to spit glitters on the church's bench in your kid mouth;

my father wakes us up in the middle of the night
he turns on the lamp and says
they rest in peace they didn't suffer

Venice, 316

the venitian slave was raised here

lay down hold the lizard near your face we are all watching you
(this very day they had made an important discovery about the colour green)
we're dragonflies the children cried, and jumped out the pylon;

they would preach the green colour all across the cities

they would walk along with the shepherds sometimes sharing their beds

the tip of the noses, the fingertips of the newborns were painted by the young men of faith
green spots glittering on the surface of the lake at nightfall;

the weeks had nineteen days back then and each of them was named after a plant's name
and the citizen would cut the tail of their dogs on rudbeckia;

why did you hide his birth? speak

the citizen's kids were all taught how to speak backward

they said they never heard about Venice my hometown before

and each of them would have to carry around his dog's tail to prove his identity
the gold coins were all destroyed and green was the money;

i came all the way down there from my home town Venice to know more about this discovery

'the young preachers they are on their way now'

he taught his slaves all he knew about plants, and they would teach it to their sons
and the son of their sons;

we saw this dog lick the green stain on the slave's corpse and now his tail is growing back

on the nineteenth day she sliced my fingertips

and they were shared out among my brothers for them to eat
our noses would be rubbed with fresh handfuls of primroses;

i am an old man now and i look forward to dying the venetian lord dictated

(sometimes the young preachers would hypnotize the shepherds and inject the green colours in their iris)

'maybe if we stop watching it will stop' she said *it is called triplocoria*

hail was falling on the day of my birth the shepherds were praying Jupiter;

what colour were your son's eyes *i don't remember*

for ninety days and ninety nights they went hunting for salamanders, they barely slept

hail was falling and the shepherds were scared o they were terrified

she began to doubt the existence of her child. they gave her another green injection

(somehow the green lights were slowly moving and would almost reach the mountains)

one of the slave's son began to speak backward, too;

sometimes he would make dreams where a green green hail was gently covering his body on the ground

'please spare him take one of my others sons' the young preacher applied the colour;

on the surface of the lake i saw my nose my fingers vanish away

(suddenly the slave's son was able to understand the language of the shepherds)

lactuca, nelumbo, fragaria, gladiolus, tussilago, gypsophila, salix, medeola, callistephus, anthurium, oxalis, lobelia, digitalis, echinops, lythrum, hesperis, wisteria, epictatis, rudbeckia

'come to me, brothers of mine' the young preacher opened his arms, we sung;

we were scared of turning around scared of discovering the salamanders had been following us, we walked faster

who gave you that dog tail

you gave it to me

no i didn't

'lizards, herbs, grasshoppers, dragonflies, salamanders, plants' he listed them he wrote their names on his chest

what else do you know how did the green happened

the needle was near her face now, *SAY*

(the son of the venetian lord he his the one who gave me the dog's tail)

'this is not how we spell this word' he thought his master had been tricking him;

the slave's sons would cover their ears with their hands but they would still hear the singing of the citizens' kids

we found her here her pupils green o so green

(their tongues would progressively change colour)

'your son is nowhere to be found my lord' the slave was a little taller than his master and had to bend his knees

when they walked together

so remember children if you find grass under your sheets you shall go and tell the lord

on a green alley they died, the dragonflies;

do you know the name of this root?

(the slave's son was nowhere to be found)

'give us back the dog' the venetian kids laughed, they opened the scissors;

how would i recognize my son now that he has nor finger or nose

(the mothers would carve the names of their sons on the back of the salamanders)

he spat green spit in his hands, 'see'

and the slave's son would sometimes imitate their singing, and his mother would hide the dogs;

hail was falling the day i was born and now they're looking for me, the shepherds

(golden grass was secretly kept in the venetian lord's chest)

none of my brothers recognized me when i came back from the lake, *show us your dog's tail*

(it didn't affected my sight at first but then i started to have visions where the shepherds would all have my face)

what is this plant doing in your belongings young man you know it isn't allowed by our lord

someone must have put it in there

we've never heard about your home town Venice