

Yvette Flis

A Change is Coming

Talk spills like milk to the floor, waves and crowns with droplet jewels and distances, more of them. We watch, see our words circle, halo, float away, and they do, they always do, into the nothing inside us, outside this house, they echo and roll off while we stand naked and more naked, the air between us thick with our disease, our now ending days away, new lives to begin, old names to recover, to be covered, and fear too - that doldrum-lingers.

We look at each other, always eyes unfocused, hands drop, the fog of thick words hovers around our knees, inertia rules and waits. It waits again.

Caco

Cacoethetic you, who calls at demon hours, lays in wait by the door, follows all movements and finds new interpretations for light-handed remarks muttered at window-sills when daylight breaks through scarlet rimmed clouds that boil up on the horizon.

Cacophonic me, who caws with sunrise each morning, perches on an oaken frame and sings off-key, wings stretched, runs talons over lintels again, who hopes for chalk-boarded screeches and goose bumps, and scuttles under a bed, ears covered, Edvard-Munch-mouth open, whenever the telephone rings.

Cairn Mining

marble skin draws heat
transforms flesh to wax
and melts upon impact
a metamorphic puddle
traced on spent sheets

morning recalls
services given,
a body honored
the goddess smiles
in hushed deliberation

stubble scarred cheeks
razored lips and chin
a pinked alabaster
blush memory
of open thighs

hard breaths heard
the hand of god
smooths silk
and carved stones shudder
into magma flow