

Linda King

family album

there must be a version of you that leaves goes where no words will reach
your phantom limbs your crooked spine borrowed time invisible
like white on snow a darkness piece by piece

what was the point what was the point you tried to tell the difference
to salvage stars on the telephone wires sounds were words you knew
frantic clutch at straws your knuckles bloodied

and now every day presents its hours its rusty mornings nights refuse to end
untethered organized by fire the shape of memory remains
it is the only thing that will not abandon you

you are the many children those brief childhoods blunting of imperatives
embrace the notion of some safe place it nestles between your ribs
while your small fingers unframe every picture

knocking against language

this silence goes transparent

nothing
resembles itself

chalk
on the sidewalk

more sad stories

codes to decipher

philosophers on the marquee

the being demons

naming things
into existence

the password
is a simple cave drawing

smudged lines
from a child's inkwell

a history
devoted to mystery
not mercy

all the sub-titles

untranslatable

plaster of Paris

darkness encroaching forms of attention pockets of memory two stages of abandon
easy to blame outside the poem everything saved you vainbegging the dissolve
wave of colours crimes by chance tragedy befriends you don't look down
just wreck and gradual adjustment insert more coins time and history
no worthy days reflect the blood grief stopper loosened past broken
like a missed stitch or that secret knowing of expandable systems
you long for unknowing that blood line damage the evidence
in plaster of Paris meringues terrible dream of mirrors
frame by frame in three dimension cache
of weapons a stone worn smooth
the sky pulled down
to comfort you
with night