

Flesh Alive

by strannikov

Rise up, carcass—march!

Naught is new beneath the jaundiced sun:
last of the last of Louis' gold,
light is sliced through clean
beneath flecks and films of time.
The heart's lock cracks
a silk thread
a trip-wire
ribbon of blood.

Once waves crash silence ashore,
signs of love in horsehair black—
heavens smoother than your eyes,
neck atwilt with pride.
My life in hallways
from which watch sway the harvests of death,
all avid hands mold balls of smoke
as heavy as pillars of the universe—
heads empty
hearts nude
hands perfumed.

Monkeys' tentacles snatch at clouds:
in the wrinkles of those grimaces,
a straight length tightens
a nerve winces
the sea stuffed.

Love—
the sour ire of the bitter smile of death.

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A Dark Quiet House in Le Mans

The sisters in the bed they share,
alert beneath the blanket thin with warmth,
awake to hear the silent house:

the sounds must soon arrive downstairs—
someone must enter downstairs, making sounds,
then can that silence be replacet.

Their breathing could not now be heard:
they'd washt and talkt before they got to bed,
they only waited now to hear.

Shuddering door, voices, clumsy steps—
'most every silence soon would be replacet—
shrieking squealing stairs three floors below:

the Lancelin ladies, murdered, then would greet
those entering the dark and quiet house.

