

# The Faceless Girl Tells Stories

*by* Kirsty Logan

Dusty hands uncurl against triplelocked chains  
Whitefurred redegayed rabbits flicker across tiles  
    Peacock feathers seesaw from naked rafters  
    A ceiling rises, burn-white, spread like a seashell  
    Piano upturned, victim to mushrooms celebrating up through its  
tendons  
    The scene is set  
    For the faceless girl.

She struts she crawls she evaporates onto the stage  
To a furred throne whiter than seableached bones  
Whiter than chicken bellyfeathers stitched to her skin  
Fingers on calfskin tapping along strange spines  
Nailtips metallated and tasting of blood, spreading gilded pages  
with a *lickt*  
    She rolls her neck  
    And begins to read.

