

The Faceless Girl Tells Stories

by Kirsty Logan

Dusty hands uncurl against triplelocked chains
Whitefurred redeyed 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.

