

a grey green enamel vase in the rain

by aksania xenogrette

miss wide eyes is a pomegranate tired and gone to seed
fancying the sun's the only one who sees her bleed
we hover black as carrion birds with a glut empty need
to ripen all to see them fall yes that's the game agreed

there my love I see her now she's heavy as our stare
fussing with a fastener in a moment unaware
that we are always watching for a molly fit to scare
it seems to me she's fell as thee and knows exactly where

we posture anxiously spitting falsehoods on cue
twittering like snipes cause there's nothing left to do
she might have spent her whole life just waiting to ignore you
for even starry eyed whimsy wenchies get to grace the avenue

stalky in flower every limb covered in thick skin
without a scar all pitch and tar still fluid and quick within
feeling every shoot and runner screaming ready to begin
making fine lines where the limbs split to feed our shady grin

idiots on stilts never see the audience
we're busy making mockery of providence
staring tipsy eyed at coincidence
staggering away clumsy from innocence

I feel drab looking at her grace
at the calm perfection on her sad face
it seems to me that she has found her place
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