Uprising

It’s a sleeping kind of lightning,  
some thunder you knew only by night.  
The dance that changes charmingly, every thirty seconds  
or so, to mock the moon.  
A tarantella built from cirrus and nimbus,  
convulsing in unison with my pose.

But the force of the dance parades by too swiftly -  
One spasm (repeated over)  
courses through the eyes, closed against the night.  
Able to invade even these most hidden of places;  
caverns behind the eyes shiver in place of my spine.  
The storm of subterfuge, perfect and glittering,  
rises on the back of stratus.

The Tarantata; a donna sola.  
Clockwise, then anti-clockwise, bows  
to tambourine grate and mandolin howl.  
Lightning wakes in Taranto, seeping to my bones like venom.  
A venomous union; oppressive skies and electric steps.  
Unlucky as it is to dance the Tarantella alone,  
I revel in this ironic insurrection.

It’s a sleeping kind of lightning,  
some thunder you knew only by night, not by sight.
Why would a storm be so thrilling?  
The dance that changes so charmingly, every thirty seconds  
or so, to mock the moon.  
A tarantella built from cirrus and nimbus,  
convulsing in agreement with my pose.

But the force of the dance parades by too swiftly -  
One spasm after another  
courses through the eyes, closed against the night.  
Able to invade these most hidden of places;  
caverns behind the eyes shiver in place of my spine.  
The storm of subterfuge, perfect and glittering,  
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Nicole McNamara: *Uprising*...
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_Uprising_

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Scars and Strings...

Summer skin slipped on much like a bathing suit, covers the marks I am made to feel ashamed of. Red and white stains - Indications of a winter baby, bloodied and grown too fast for her coat.

Sewing lines beneath thin gauze, silk roads diverted towards the shoulders.

They are purple flowers thrown against the spine again, nine times, again... Crushed pigment strings that spread with grace across a pale back.

As autumn unstitches each vertebra the flowers fade, and sour to green. Blue becomes the horror, with white a saviour and acting shadow.

Embroidered with frost my summer scars recede into mist. The arc of my spine swept free (almost) of blossom bones and fabric strands, without a summer skin in sight.