

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, from dark to blinding light.
A tarantella built from cirrus and nimbus,
convulsing in unison with circumstances below.

But the force of the dance parades by too soon -
One spasm after another
courses through the eyes, closed against the night.
Able to invade even these most secret of places.

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 unison with circumstances below.

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 even these most secret of places.
The caverns behind the eyes shiver in place of my spine.
Perfect and glittering; the storm of pretense

rose on the back of stratus and strings.

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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;
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The storm of subterfuge, perfect and glittering,
rises on the back of stratus.

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

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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.