

## **CONSTELLATION: APUS**

*I'll give you feathers but have neither wings nor feet to set them on*

I wind her between tender fingers. Turn her don't touch her it spreads. Gold key twisting her edge. I've been searching for that key in me. All my life ticking in my belly. She plucked out her wings. Bent her legs in. Crawling to begin. Begins. A rainbow caught in the refraction of the mirror she dances. Pretty birdy pretty birdy. Scratching at the silver behind glass. He pulled out her eyes so she can't cry. Where would you be in a world without sight. Pirouette spins where dust and doilies collide. Striking the gloss. As struck as star struck as this. Thrown into constellations. Falling to fly with you. I would fall to fly too. The flight in her wishing never stops. Shards and tendrils dangling. Propelled into a mute poem that spins between good crockery and a kangaroo snow dome. Wound by the moment. Wounding the moment closed in a scar. Tutu silk ribbons silk shoes caught in a crystalline stream. A dying star caught in the galactic spin of the pull within. A worthless show piece. Tripping on the shelf twisting on lines. A plastic rose and a feather duster caressed. A dirty knee'd angel with the words of a poet stuck in throat. Hum of song stuck in note. Stars sucking tongue. Undone. Crawling to begin again. Repeat the key. Wound round her hands. All wings. Fluttered and fought near goldfish spin. Embalmed behind glass where the past glows. Scratching to break free beak over bones. Wings and flight stumbling tumbling. Born into a sky that closed over fingers over toes. A tired sunset hanging on the wall. A silent page marks where she's been. A circle of dust. Edges unfinished despite being closed in the image. The scar makes her new in those secret sighs within. Wind her to recall the shape of my injuries to begin. Carry lines on my wrists to remember my limits. To remember you now. The wound closes the moment with a breath. And the door swings shut. And the glass shatters. She is bent on the floor. The key snaps and a crooked note falls. Alphabets beat up poems. Pierced to her tongue. Writes shards and tendrils. Of her feet. Gone. Sky closes moment in stars. She has been here. A plastic rose and a feather duster sweep her up and away.

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