

Maps In Her Wrists And Arms

And Also The Trees

In the tent of powder and lace
Vultures pick at a carcass that feeds by hand
Longing to decay
Waits to hear the sound
Of their wings slowly heave as they fly away
Some will stay for days
There's maps in her wrists and arms
And the dust lies like snow around the bed
Glowing white, a sculpture of bone
Or a jewel like a crumpled, distorted moon
Shivers in her mind
If she moves too near
It shatters so quickly, leaves nothing behind
The old lady sighs
Sometimes when she lifts her eyes
The room has filled with flowing sheets of silk
There's maps in her wrists and arms
And the morphine surges terror bread and bliss
In the tent of powder and lace
She can hear some violins, watches the strings
Threading through the room