

THE MIRROR IS A WELL
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SCENT OF ROSES fills the breeze | some-thing flies through the sky | staggering
pain through the chest— | coughing black and bitter | dark array assails the mind | hand
graspt by kindest warmth | spine eruption in the heat | skin pulls away from skull | hope
turns to an unheard shriek | to recall that all was lost | to recall everything's | gone

WITHOUT

in sanity, remedy rests
hostage, to pillage & plunder.

Yesteryear awaits
tomorrow's misgivings

earnest, wandering wherever the gaze falls,
beneath it
into air.

Into wind of
blood. Into blood of
weighted hearts made black by crimson.

Into a droplet through which shadowy rays
find themselves.

HECATE

on the wind, tainted lavender
leaves bitter, acrid taste.

beset upon visages
a stony guise,

eyes rimmed crimson,
black and amber.

spies she both:
before, behind

but neither way at once
can the foretold be unraveled

in the casted shadows by the altar
lie men with backs-bowed,

gale wind's course stirring the
scented air. in its breath lay

murmurings of passage not yet taken:
weighing on the leaves.

a face, a face, a face
before me, three pairs of each:

eyes, arms and feet
of bosom-breast and ears.

cloaked in folds of robe
and dress, and crowned.

in either of her paired-set
hands she holds a key

and to that chest which it
lays open, beneath the

incense burned, rests
a mirror to betray destiny.

LIQUID SKIN

Strands flow over her form
and through

skin tautly-pulled across a head
planted firmly within an erect form.

Her hands grasp with fingertips not
Feeling but seeing enough to
Register.

Something about that plastic white of the teeth;
the glossy shimmer in the too blue-eyes

churns my stomach in
knots.

Her stomach though, appears rigid,
Solid. Pregnant with knowledge

sown into her by the father of
Technological Innovation

“Strident charge upwards and
Onwards.”

Downwards and forwards
her gaze falls fixed—
Averted
From mine

There’s a twinge in the air

Perhaps an electric spark
that renders hair voluminous,
cheeks rouge, eyes white and gleaming bright

Enough to see, though much is left
to be desired.

And I stand here while she
Stands there.

Together though apart while “known
unknowns” populate that space between her and I.

. . . I grab a strand that flows from her brow to her
womb, and yank it hard enough to draw blood, though

None flows from the wound, From
the port left gaping and

It seems
as if
her mouth-
dropped
open.

NIOBE'S TEARS

Quite quiet rain
Drops through thoroughly
Soaked cloak

Silent splatter
Patters across the surface
Purposefully playing

A tune of melancholy
With up-turned frown
Playing

Happily we trod through
Gateway on the pathway
A thruway

To nowhere
We send ourselves
Thoughts of melancholy

Erosion of memory
Cascade of droplets
Upon droplets

Downwards
Patters
The thoughts of the heavens

Our thoughts mingle
Together yet separate,
Woven apart

Tears
Patter silently
Yet, I hear them

Weeps of bore children
Exiled
Of life

Of hope, banished
To dream of denial
Wishfully

Wistful wondering
Whether the weather
Tells a story

Or maybe, my mind
Sets fire to the wind
And the wind burns us

And she weeps
And we weep
Silently

STILL-LIFE RAVEN NEAR THE OCEAN

The black canvas is tainted
sheets, serrations and indentations overtop
wooden plats, a fabric pulled tautly to drum upon
with paintbrush tips
and lacquer with thick, heavy
paints, splattered and sloppily smeared.

Bubbles gasp fumes to burn artist's eye
—an eye that tears at its corner

and the droplet drips into the canvas and ripples
the surface—turning it murky, muddy

—bold BLACK frame—
A shell to contain a jar—brim-filled,
sealed by a boiling vat
Preserved

'till that time when it smacks the asphalt
and bursts fragrant incense
meant to anoint
the mind.

shudder and see
what rests there:
glossy, acrylic, clear
as black mirror,
black beak among the shards the fabric-feathers
mingle.

Crow shriek:
crackle-cough screech-call;
love-song sent
not
unkindly to ears.

She grasps the paint brush with rip-torn,
dulled talons
whose lackluster sheen,
fibrous bristles, sharp-stabs, contains
unseen tears.

Dim refraction scatters the
landscape
as she flies away
a place is undiscovered:
neither revelation, nor
loosed grasping talons.

She swam, through humid air
with wings drenched-dried-drenched,
roasted in the sun's bask
wetted by moisture-soak to burst
The bubble of painter's tear.

Unraveled
overlay and underlay:
wrought surfaces seen in
untainted air, by
untainted eye.

In the sky—
a dull moon or white sun,
day or night or both:
Fluorescent cast of hapless
passed waves that fall into the ocean-sea.

A ship's mast, grasped
in rip-blunt talons
sets the horizon

EARTH'S SHADOW

I stand, beneath a velvet shroud
punctured by the light
cast by stars,
Pondering what rests
at the cusp of the atmosphere
at the air's edge, where the wind touches the sphere,

What is the yield where molecules pair?
Does their edge ever crack?
As if cast ever-spinning in an
ever-growing attack? As

if a fragrance,
upon the whispering current,
rendering false appearance,
released through the air
to the heavens?

The sky falls there,
where I cast my gaze,
where the scent blooms.

It Falls
through mother's breath,
through earth's womb,
where upside is made down,
where the place is that

I laugh.

Stars spew across
metallic sky with polished gleam,
bubbling through a golden stream's rippling.

An eruption cracks the mirror
into folds,
reflections and refractions rendering me in-
visible

As I stand in the shadow of the light
in a valley of darkness,
atop the highest peak,
where wind and sphere greet,
where sleet falls to icy frost,
I know not who I will meet.

As my face presses against the cold,
white plumes evaporating into the wind,
falling up into. . . the moon-turned-sun—rising,

sinking into the sky

I lie beneath and above it,
woven in the shadow
out of light's sight.

SKELETAL

there was no flesh
to satiate the starving ribs
that rattled as if key chains
hanging from branches in a weeping
willow, to fill the gap left,
untended by a feathered hand.

Only a heart where once a hand
whose meatiness tugged as flesh
that mends a void-chasm, left
there at the sight of ribs
whose mothers—left alone to weeping—
watch them breaking free of bonded chains,

hoping for something beyond chains—
for revival, a foundation fostered off-hand.
The grasping or gasping or weeping
of men bound on the basis of the flesh,
beneath and before which are ribs
not of hue or tone, but of fabric left.

Bound, not by a bond of words, but left
watching forefather's tears and broken chains
fall up to the imagination—a carcass of ribs
placed there by tethered hands,
and shackled together by the flesh,
to be filled only with weeping.

To be furnished by the weeping
of a declaration. The outline left
to undo itself from flesh
in hoping for the long-held chains
which Lincoln cast with a raised hand
to query which meats had stuck to the ribs.

And I wonder about those ribs
on the wall. Left weeping,
held by tentative hands,
the ones protruding in a proclamation left
tied up in link-less chains
as if a chunk of colorless flesh.

Touch a hand to the ribs.
Once flesh was torn away, they were weeping,
as are we, left with shackles lacking chains.