

# DARLENE SLACK

## *Dissonance*

*for Debbie Gordon*

Some mock form couched inside this box, not you.  
Your heart had played no lullabies to soothe  
At night, which peaceful poses often suggest.  
Familiar were the sounds of dissonance  
Composed by thirst. To our own ignorance  
It killed you long before we knew or guessed  
You planned to string yourself. Your closet's bar  
Still holds those dirgeful notes you last performed.

Must we rewrite the tune that made a star  
Of you before your cold heart will be warmed?  
Or when the priest again sprinkles you, will  
Your thirst for harmony be quenched? Your hands  
Reached amateurishly and plucked until  
They drooped. Your song we, too late, understand.

## *Thorns*

So you wore thorns  
and whippings and  
dung dust. You were  
so thirsty you  
bled dry words. They floated  
beyond your witnesses' ears.

But now your Passion story  
has been overly immersed —  
a yellowed, tattered page whose ink  
blurs when I search  
its meaning  
unlike the beloved "Snow White"  
I never tired of.  
After all,  
no one ever tried  
to cut your heart out,  
though they tell it that way.

I am bored (aren't you?)  
and want to stuff  
bubble gum in my ears  
when I hear  
that you wore thorns.