

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.