POETRY

sappho

by MK Kuol



"Climbing up" by Christine Kip Sievers

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there is a slim song
howling in the throat
of these northern winds
a song about inebriated men
inebriated men
who in the serenity night offers
wage war against their own shadows
while singing with tongues
borrowed from desecrated dead

with the wilting reputation
of the dissentient poet i occasionally am
i beseech gods to un-alphabetize me
in the language of flowers
to shed off this fragility
that un-costumes every soul that strays
into this sphere & costumes on clay

i drift into a hypnagogic hallucination
where
i am the slim song
howling in the throat
of northern winds i try to toothpick,
with a rusted dignity
my delectable melody stuck
between the teeth of drunken slurs
of these inebriated men bleeding pale rainbows
from wounds inflicted on them
by their own un-submissive shadows
a staircase strung with the smoky skulls
of ancient sages vaults out of my eyes
into a void
acloud with milky mist
a dove-eyed falcon-faced angel
hails out of the lean air a sealed scroll
in one hand a bronzy trumpet in the other

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i launch myself at him
three days & three nights wrestle him
screaming & screaaming & screeaaaming
until my voice wore out
i will not let you go except
you bless me
i will not let you go except you dip me deep
into the saltwater
of immortality you dipped sappho into
except like sappho your blessedness
etches me
with scraps of bone-bare ballads
into eternal un-forgetfulness

dead-weary
he the dove-eyed falcon-faced angel
plucks a blood-flamed star
from the sky's bosom
presses it against his feathered cheeks
an esoteric epic inscribed in faint hieroglyphics
on a gigantic tilapia scale un-scrolled from his fingers
i hold the esoteric epic to the light until it morphs
into a gold-streaked silver key
hands me the gold-streaked silver key

they of old knew child they of old knew
this secret to forge yourself into forever-ness
know the depth know the length
know the breadth know the width of your-own-self
reads the dim inscription on the gold-streaked silver key

i yank myself from the trance
the slim song i am burns at the altar
of self-scrutiny until all that's left
is an elusive whisper

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spread beyond the reach
of any memory
the skull-stringed staircase shrinks
back into its source my eyes

i keyhole into the cathedral of self
a dark void stretch-es before me a calm voice
whispers *follow through there's always light*
at the end… i follow through shape-shifting
from time to time the void keeps stretching
there is no end there is no light just i alone
swimming & swimming & swimming
without limbs through an ice-cold ocean of silence

dusty spider webs hanging on the roof
of this throat of mine dead from disuse

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