

CRIB

FLORENCE POLLOCK

Tonight when I fall from the crib
Mend my wounds, tend thy broken ribs.
For they have been crushed with weighty desires
Worried of youth that soon expires.

Excoriate my skin, I shed my surface to reveal,
An entity of obstacles not yet congealed.
The candle of sanity has begun its evanescence,
Where wax has ebbed the candle shows its hairs.

You pulverise and mince me,
And while I create a thick paste of mentalism,
The strings of my body run hot to prepare an
orchestra,
applauding your performance.
A tragical beauty and an even more tragical fate,
You needn't ask for permission to desecrate.

If you desire my hair in cords,
I'll pray they interlace us.
And though they ensnare my neck with a noose,
I'll respire through your persecution.
I haven't worn it this way since my adolescence

But claim they tighten my face
So that your hand will bounce back,
whenever you experience disposition.



I have pulverised my body
and yet I am not coveted.
The fruit before you is damned to blemish,
You ought to adopt the plastic for display.
So revenue the costly half,
And leave the crowd a carcass of disarray.
The mother will always bury her child,
in opulence, you couldn't endure.

Coupled together, marrow melted as one
A shallow grave of life not yet begun.
Granite above their head, garnished with reflecting flowers
Hand in the another, the holy shrines
Here innocence and youth lies.

