

Mark Vuaran

Pallium

So much happens that we miss or forget,
waking from dreams of the house in my head,
that old haunt still knocking about breaking
things scratching walls hiding under bedsheets,
buoyed by the colourless memory of pain,
as if there were any doors still left locked
anything not yet broken, so tell me
contrary poltergeist what is it you
see in my mind's silvered folds, and did I
invite you in do I pretend you are
still there when adolescence was the end
what do we become? And now someone new
playing the part, such Jungian subtext—
you are a child a gang of children you
are scales beneath a sheepskin you are crow's
feet in a mirror, so many questions
interrogate me slap me try that just
one more time. Tell me have you seen Schiele's
Levitiation, the curled toes the moment
of departure, are you afraid do you
understand Karagiozis the lantern
behind a stretched sheet, can you feel the rods
are they strong enough to lift a stained glass
skull, my black eyes my light eyes, this arched spine,
do you remember what Kierkegaard said,
am I everything you hate in yourself,
all those feelings circling in my strange heart
whose meaning will forever elude you—
tell me something else I will not forget.