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Wanting

Carapace Debris

Hurling through space, ragged train
billowed light years behind, the body
tears through an unquiet corner of time.

Edges curl red. Dress: torn moth wings at migration's end.
Fragile clouds sift down, gloves of smoke
finger other worlds.

The star treats planets disdainfully as subjects
but lusts after their moons—elusive, cool,
mistresses of moods.

Shrouded birth.

The caul of silt
scatters into more stars.

Slowly, stones turn to soft waves,
petals fall, coloring winds.
Only emptiness stays virgin black.

Stars roar, but who comes close enough to hear?

Shell of gold, thorns of fire, ashes, wanderers.

Dead stars still hold worlds in thrall.

Darkness grows around us.

Time pries open the void's fist so
particles fall in streams, arcing
in wind cathedrals the color of nerves.

The film noir of hope unfurls in wisps
of violence. The star lowers its forehead
to the curtained memory.

Never enough light.

Macbeth for Madmen

The entrances to heaven and hell lie
inside your fists, but which is which?

Air shivers at your skin.

The heart is the reason knives exist.

There are selves we don't know

until we're dead. My thoughts are

wine poured into the dirt. Some evenings,

our caskets clatter as they wander.

Madness is your favorite toy and hope, a string of scars.

Show me again how to forget.

Common Spelling Errors

The mind is a bomb in a bottle.

Your eyes hover with their fine winged blur.

I am a daughter of monsters, but

ask what my eyes say in the dark.

Small bones in my throat turn to powder.

Letters covered in dust wander off.

Sciamachy

The heart is a warning nailed to a tree,
the mind is the trap door to fright.

Your laugh is Saturn strangled by his scarf.

What you say cannot be put into words,
tongues bask in the silence, tonight.

The moon leaves us more in the dark for the light it casts over us.

Behind your back, the stars show me their claws.

Meanwhile, beneath, my impatient grave waits.

Slow Burn

The trail of time slips through the mask of faces

I'll never have.

Your words slur the color

of snakes. (One can't change the myth.)

Dusk in fragments.

Maps no longer show any roads

between us, but the heart beats on,

a wristwatch in a coffin.