

The Saint Killed Her

The clouds closed in
across the eyes.
Shrouding the sun.
that sun.
something integral
hardened.

He had the sweet smile of a child.
And with eyes like knives
he slid his thumb across his throat
and shot his imaginary gun at a man.
And he laughed and smiled.
But his eyes were knives.
And his smile was a child.

He warned her in a hushed voice;
I might hurt you
her eyes grew wide and swallowed his
she gave him her skin
to hide sin
she gave up her hips for his violence
she gave her mouth
she offered her tissue skin
smiled softly, waiting for his sharp teeth
his sharp knife

the sun tried to melt her
the sun tried it's best
but nothing could touch her
as her heart beat furiously in her breast
the rain had tried to break her
and even eyes had had their go
but her blood was fierce and happy
though nobody should know

the shadow moved over him
and he became the shade
and with his eyes
and with his breath
he cast darkness onto her
she was already a shadow
and so became a black cut-out
and the room became emptiness
and their love an abandoned shell

none of us hold light in our eyes this fine morning
we all keep the darkest dark
waiting for the night again

so I cant see you
and you cant see me

we bled quietly
together this morning
our hearts bled
our lungs bled
and our fingernails did some bleeding
for our future.
You sighed, and my eyes chased your eyes.
But we didn't solve anything.
I suppose we didn't really try.

“he's from Romania,
he walks with a walking stick,
but his walking stick has gone on strike”
(blinking at the morning. Blinking wide eyed like a baby,
this man is a drunk
always in the mornings.
His face is round like a baby.
He wears a beanie,
he's always going somewhere drunk)

you can put that knife
in my chest
I can keep you, in my eyes
my empty palm keeps ghosts
my face closed shut
stitched together with hate and love

you have everything of mine
I have the promise ghosts
let's keep dancing
I have a little bit left
that you can take
you can use for yourself.

Wake up breaking
and tip toe through the day
I hold the ghosts in my arms
embrace them tenderly
I keep my eyes on you.
Eye you tenderly too.

The sand is compact
and the waves wash over
cold and crystal
stopping but moving
while everything is still
everything else moves

as they crossed through the crossroads
her mind stopped alone
her eyes focussed

keeps her face in shadows
and she keeps the stones company.
She keeps stones for company
she keeps shadows in her.
At the end of summer
when the light is blinding
when the warmth is stifling
she was stirring then
her eyes swept away
in two salt rivers

trouble with four walls
and obscured glass
inability to see the sky

out in the cold
out there in the dark
linger darker memories
memories made of anger
memories hard as stone
stones thrown at each other
stones from some place other
other than my own

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