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Untitled

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UNTITLED

Grace Yon

I.

Go to sleep, little girl
Lay your head to
Rest your weary mind
Feel your body
Shed skin and
Float
Catch stars in soft
Palms always hide them
Well who knows what lurks in the
Quiet space beneath your eyelids
Go to sleep and when you
Dream, dream of
Me.

II.

Tightropes anchor her
Skull to the pillow
Coarse fibers knit bone
Her forehead a
Stripes of red and yellow
Circus tent
Fastened by auburn
Hair.

III.

Contortionists slip from slack lips
Brittle black fingers hushing trumpets

The orchestra wheezes one sour note and the drums
Boom against the tapered lines of her ribs and
Shadows slip in and shake their coats manifest
Bristled backs brushing vinyl and
The brass bells clank and the brass band rings
And the brass band rings and
Softly. Hush.

IV.
Her feet dangle over rushing
Water swaying gently
Feet of an acrobat twisted in
Ribbons of silence until
Ribbons of dawn dust
Her face with warmth.