

Rising She Spreads

by Federica Santini

Rising she spreads her pleated
hands, her mouth a white slash.
Cold and wide her face opens up
to the fall of flakes from above,
walls of pain recede in tight spires.

Her eyelashes frosted, she dreams
a fresh dream of foxes and hares
pawing gently in meadows of ice.
Wrapped in the white light of dawn,
twenty-four: the veil of a bride,
twenty-nine: swollen with milk.

The flakes from the plaster keep falling:
this is the place where the ceiling collapses.

Easters

by Federica Santini

As we walk in the sparse light
of moon on cracked ice
sticky as yolk on the counter
your obscurity shines from within.

These hands who hate us
don't need any pleasing.
Better to float like a rotten egg
or a witch, in egg-easters

of rounded re-births, our
whirling of hopes ill repaid.
We are all broken down here.

Sleepless we lie on the rug
with silver bracelets of smoke
twirled around our elegant wrists.

These ones who love us
breathe with our same mouth.