

the consummated artist

she asked me to follow
she asked me to hold her,
to make her feel wanted and warm

she peeled back her scars,
splashed her colours and
hummed me her umbilical song

she blew smoke-ring hula hoops,
built a paradise with fingertips,
breathed a camp-fire burning.

she sang a wordless elegy,
cried a nation's lament, cupped
the sun on one of her palms.

she cast a naked silhouette,
dealt in shadows and smells,
cooked for me a great hunger.

finally, she took me,
scorched me in white light,
dizzied all i thought my own.

finally, she took me,
with knife-edge reason
beyond all possible doubt.

finally she took me,
to her graveyard gallery,
hung me near the patio doors.

Noel Harrington