

Above our horizon
once stood
a Pelican house, a Dolphin house.

And her green dress became chilly by the bay,
the silk linings, silver linings
next to the ocean,
next to the mountains with burned trees and skulls.

Under southern sun she stood and
thought of the union of an owl and a pigeon.
A sunny day with sparrows and feathers.

Tears above her burned hill,
blood on a lime green fabric.
There was a love-letter once opened,
feathers came out from the envelope.

A hole in a bird bone.

She loves the silver moon.
Birds, the ones who fly.
The smell of the wind amongst our hair,
and the heartbeats of a dying black dog.

Deep sea secrets,
hopping amongst green body of a ship.
Towards the sun,
she was thinking how once the fishes were alive,
grilled above the fire,
grilled alive,
eaten with fingers and paws and
eaten with bird feet and
eaten with feathers on her fingers.

Licking her fingers, she thought how
her feathers taste like fish oil,
whale fat, deep sea secrets.

Burned skulls and bullets and feathers she found
in the black forest,
burned sparrows and charred swans
with twisted necks,
shape of a heart.

Scorched forest fingers,
charred like her feathers.
Black bloody heart of a sparrow.

Black forests like this,
hard to find, she thought whilst she scurried across those
snowless mountain tops,
carrying her stone, red and burned and heavy.

Stone above stone,
some fires burn deep,
she thought and the stone was heavy,
hurting the softness of her feathers.

We should go to look at the stars,
the bats against the pink sky,
the sea salt whirlwind

the birds imprisoned within green and purple walls,
the belly of a boat, where within she lives,
amongst pierced pink bones and rotten seagull guts and broken bottles,
amongst dead mice fur, bullets, swan necks,
with her charred sylvan limbs.

Past music like years never were,
but washed in the sea.
Yes, and our poems and our letters resting on her wooden bedroom soil.

