

Some Poems by Vicki Viidikas

Future

It doesn't really matter if I met him in a bar, picked him up or was picked up; in the morning he pushed me out of bed saying, 'You must go, my wife's due back.' And catching the 7.43 am bus I thought, it doesn't really matter, what did I expect? These are my fingers spread out to touch, the palms turned down, the kisses like nets; these are the lines, when I was a girl the fortune teller said, 'You will travel.'

The Letter

On these days
what pleasure, some
dome of sand and wind,
a thousand stars and
the breath of your word

How
to describe these things?

Two leaves on a string
their skeletons bare,
so I write of this love
who shares my heart, has
sailed into my room
and now fills the mirror

No description
just invocation

The flesh of the word,
the tongue of his love
I won't try to speak of these,
you'll feel then and understand
they transport
and are in this world.

Fig

It was all the time
you were going
leaving bare seeds along the ground

You were fig
so much texture something rich
to put the mind around

Burst fig not wanting
to be open at the core

Yet where you've gone
there is no room
for exposure or abandon

That place is frozen sun
frost apples that hurt the mouth
You have gone into ice
returned to a brittle land
still steeped in the sea

And all the time
you were quietly
spilling bare seeds that will not grow

Loaded Hearts

Oh boy Ken the smiling mountain is playing his guitar
The beautiful trembling Irene is taking another pill
A lid is being prised for the thief's delicious grasp
The fridge is full of dope and he's trying to live a quiet life
Tigers are eating through walls and Hendrix is playing fromhell
These words are loaded hearts
Dennis is rolling a joint
Jenny's a Buddha Harlow
Dave's in the yard singing jail was never like this

Oh boy to the phallic tee-shirt
O sigh to the Baba bread knife
Oh gee to the landlord's prayer

Where are you PJ Proby now that our minds have split?
Hello Cacao Alexander
Goodbye to surf music
Our fingers are snarling in chaos
Oh take it easy baby the lords have too many kingdoms
They're playing darts with hypodermics
The fools are recording pain
We're making weapons from our dreams

O woman of the moon

she is full with yearning
for the double eye, night of fire, the bursting
of the blossom

in a lake of ether, gloriously
round

she is the harlot messenger

so powerful her gaze to rearrange tides,
twist the dolphins through the haze
of their slippery grey directions

reflection slips back from the eye of the sea,
mirroring her sail
through the lake of emptiness

her face without a dream
her face which is the dream

giving off her message, satin smooth

before dawn