

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Julie Maclean: Dreaming of Lost Things

Julie Maclean · Thursday, July 11th, 2013

Julie Maclean has been shortlisted for *The Crashaw Prize* (Salt), *Whitmore* (2010 and 2013) and *Press Press* manuscript prizes, and was a joint winner of the *Geoff Stevens Poetry Prize* (UK). *When I saw Jimi*, her debut collection, was published in 2013 by [Indigo Dreams Publishing](#), UK.

Babushka

So when we get there
her Christmas decorations
are still up
It's April I say
What's going on?
She says she loves them
Russian designs on gold
shot cloth
He's sitting in front
of the screen
No move to make
small talk
She tells me she's left him
seven times and tomorrow
she's going
for real
Little girls
no bigger than your ring finger
lashed together by red ribbon
skipping all over the walls
Nailed on

G

I have started to dream of lost things:
a blue button from my coat, an aspirin tablet,

Siamese cat called Milly
 Then you came, ready
 for a party in a black cocktail dress
 wreathed in red roses
 which was fitting, since I've been dead to you
 for some time now,
 and of those lost things
 I would like you, above all, back again

Snuff Copenhagen Style

On the boat we're rows of well behaved
 blue in a cloud of plastic poncho.
 The Little Mermaid's in the wrong place.
 She's too small and has her back to me.
 I want to see the join where the samurai
 beheading took place, the arm filleted.
 Today she is ravaged from all angles,
 wide and zoom
 We take the train to Elsinore.
 Ophelia outside the station is reunited
 with her man in life-size interpretation.
 She has the face of a blow-up doll.
 A Manga moll. My lovely girl
 on her barge of abandonment in
 Pre Raphaelite Delight (name for an ice cream)
 daisies in her hair in Midsumma Madness
 (another one) reduced to a copper troll.
 And it rained

Cultural Weekly is proud to premiere these poems by Julie Maclean.

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