Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Mela Blust: Three Poems

Mela Blust · Wednesday, January 20th, 2021

angel

each hollow

pay homage

trace where the line

could you feather, could you wing,

in abeyance to your spine?

what cracks the sun

from dream to dawn

to fingertips again

the kingdom of your solitude

to lick the red wound clean?

*

spell for home

it’s stagnant here sister, this collection of shape-shifting walls. this staging of paint and glass with a choke hold on your breast.

do you remember when you were all wave crests and luminous jewels? how the moon syruped your back, coated you like honey and you sang its song till dawn? stumbling home star-drunk with lullabies on your tongue? don’t lose sight of this one sacred vessel. force your legs forward, your

feet to find forest. tiny birds, bellflowers are waiting for the blessing of your petal tender steps. remember home.

your blood perfume

will always howl to the fecund moon;

your orchid limbs

playing at the serenity of dance

the streetlights clutch their pearls

in your presence

burning coyly through the flame of desire

choke back the burgundy curtains

the wind will carry you into the night

as light as a raven’s feather.

and you will be home.

*

cut until i see stars

each body is a miracle

the generations of women before me

passed down the knowledge of measuring strength with pain

pour wine on the wound, one says

put rouge on the wound, another

instead i try to free the spirit

i could cut until i was thin

i could cut until i see stars

instead, i scrape enough flesh

to be beautiful to men

who want to pour more pain into the urn

it is so full

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