

Mornings remembering last nights ·
Olga Broumas

Stairs arise out of a village
The olive thickets couch the bare
Rock veins
Anticipating a season
A jagged uphill terraced for the goat
Their bearded kneecaps
Yes their bells
Fiction these thickets
As if a flight of birds were always restless
To feel the cold that calls the sands of Egypt
Home and the pungent fruit
Loll in its brine beneath some ship's
Cold and nostalgic course

Bring me a tangerine
Next to a pack of camels
Draw back the curtain answer me
What curled around your all-night lip
No not the light
The light light roll call up your thigh
Your empty sheet

My absent one my sweet
Was she sweet?
Now did you argue?
The dark and the milky let me lick
High-pitched and fertile without interruption
A human flight of birds
Change is your whim

Hand over water waving
They come with knives now in the dreams
If we don't spend
A morning soon adrift
In promise of music and physical
Like Arabs that were born in Crete
I won't you will I won't you will
Animal skin-flick torture
I let the mornings pass
Footwork of reels jigs and strathspeys
Light of the moon I read a *cathodic* embodiment
The mornings cold maybe very cold
Full of misunderstanding
Eyes startled dice in the crook of sleep