

## Supernova · *Liane Strauss*

### i. *presto molto e vivace*

In the very timelashed brow of Victory herself  
hurling meteoric, splintering

into the infinite splintering into  
of infinite, farscattering relics forward

blown, thrown, homing their own arms open-  
flung and unreluctant reliquaries, from one moment

to the next torn in that drastic unfathomable  
blast from the side, the thigh of that farthest

O most remote exquisite violence, the exploded whole  
of the past.

### ii. *adagio*

In a glory  
of death throes,  
serene, luminous, cold,

she has arrived  
better than intact.  
Her soul stands

inquiline with time.  
She has become  
the marmoreal,

the lead skirt  
quiet of the unrung  
passing bell:

two hands  
fluttering  
shut

as they close  
along the long throat  
of the rope.

O unwitting beauty,  
the bursting heart  
of the self-sacrificing

and the utmost  
rose, open, tolling  
once before

it's done. Once  
and no more.  
Once and once

only. Once  
and for all.

iii. *andante, ma non troppo*

Sensuous  
ess,

she is the word  
made flesh,

the word that nobody  
knows, she knows.

In her heedless,  
her knowing pose,

she's got that rococo  
lilt to the hilt,

that fetching  
hey sailor say

sway, that  
sashay

of décolleté.  
You can hear it:

Thump THUMP, Thump THUMP.

The far, the far off mobbled  
pulse Thump THUMP  
coming. Coming  
in a rush of blood.

Can you hear it?

*Tell us. Tell us.*  
Like waters lapping—

*Tell us.*  
Like intuition,  
a kiss—

*Tell us.*

Breathless—  
breathless and  
hurriless.

Hurriless, yes.  
Just so.

iv. *burlesque*

Continuity my ass.

The light ripped from its source  
sometimes reaches us years later.