

## *Items of mortality*

A cheruvim at the corner of the sky  
opens a window, the wind laughs  
couldn't care less about this,  
her wooden body, she twitches...  
The myth hasn't started yet  
but she is going to be melted down  
Her breast heavy with child  
only chalk, gypsum and laudanum  
A night door, a bairn...

### **(she)**

A virgin silence blooms between us  
as the throne of the godless  
drips with the submission of flowers  
She, the host of diminutive ghosts,  
a muñeca deep in the ground  
*from forever my dove,*  
She, is made for you to live in

Burial chambers don't distinguish  
between items of mortality  
it is she, it is I, it is you  
over and [REDACTED], this fetish  
She morphs, from an ear of corn  
to stone  
to clay  
to wood  
to cloth, she slips  
out of a slick black pool she rises  
look at her power stray from the eye  
*I swear on it,* even if you think  
her a moron her power remains

I know cherubs without body,  
idols withonly body  
a chip of ice, serving the will of God.  
And dolls ...with a mouth full of acid,  
fountains and swans  
serve the will of children and  
the sabbath dawn

*\*Thousands of archangels and myriads of angels, the herouvim and the serafim  
six winged, many eyed, soaring on their wings singing the victorious hymn,  
sounding, proclaiming, and saying...*

She looks out the window  
flowers and that tree where  
a murder of crows chimes the hour  
*What has this done to her?*

She is not a nurse, she is an actress  
She is concubine, fairyfolk,  
She is sea witches  
and kelpies

Every tomb holds standing  
goddesses with broken wrists  
*what murder?*  
she is innocent but the sprite  
that possess her is slow and sly

*breathless deathless heartless toothless allies*

In the half light of the morning  
she wants her nails painted  
she wants a dress  
and you will get a beating  
for dressing in her in your mother's  
mother's toil

she wants a bath  
and nocturnal devotions in Lilith's  
bathroom  
she fills herself up with water  
then her limbs are removed  
one by one to be drained  
Her eyelids stuck open for centuries  
hinge and suddenly close

(I)  
we go to bed early so we can kiss  
your ersatz face on my lips  
nearly there but never quite  
I climb onto your tiny lap  
and cry myself to sleep  
on the hill of my wrist  
I am people

*Quiero ser un chico de verda*  
make her so her wrists bend  
make her so she can cradle  
love is the cradle  
*which radix doesn't bind?*

fingers yield waxing to the bite  
hollow ready to be filled  
It's midnight, under a cover  
I pretend sleep, stealthy  
waiting for you to show me  
*show yourself*

your lips moulded in the shape of desire wanting  
your smile cuts a trench in your ████ face  
sometimes...  
sometimes paint dries into madness and despair  
the suggestion of breasts catches my breath  
the unattainable petal of your face,  
ancient like the moon  
abides, round and ablaze

like the moon surrenders,  
new like water

I hold her body until my body knows  
animation is not enough, I want animal  
now and then your eyes swipe me  
with abject disapproval

I know who breathed ■ in you  
I know who abandoned you  
*Who taught you to sing?*

A demon is poured from a dirty plastic cup  
mixed with cobwebs and spit  
beneath her in the celestial hierarchy  
I perform the rituals  
I am people  
Her mouth stained by food  
she pretends not to eat  
until hunger takes me

Bury me at *Wooden Knee*  
Your legs a phallus that  
doesn't bend  
your hands won't touch  
pray for me

**(You)**

The poltergeist that chooses you  
is of a Spanish poet  
who had solutions for the species  
but no one listened  
*you listen, they run away*  
drops of wisdom and an army  
of listless moods

Like chickens, all dolls are female  
the gods thrashing refuse  
the plastic effigies of boys  
so your voice deep  
announces another vision

If you cut your hair it will never grow  
yet the scissors slip  
the sound of eternal damage  
your first brush with sin

Again, the afternoon lava is a petrified ocean  
You survive another fall from the 4th floor  
It's a bad situation, the gig is up, she has to go  
*wouldn't you?*

*wouldn't you?*  
If, you were a demon  
take solace in being a plaything, a pet  
when the mind is warm

when malice and bounty are equals  
Wouldn't you become a vessel  
for the passions of children?  
A Jamaican [REDACTED]  
A Venus from the Czech Republic  
your skull full of hair

*Who asked you?*  
You, is buried in [REDACTED] near Sloterdijk

In that room a chorus of pathos  
you all die in adolescence,  
leaving hollow petrochemical bodies  
and high notes of a smell  
that makes now into yesterday.

October 2023, Maria Christoforidi

\* *The Cherubic Hymn*