

SACRED GEOMETRY

I.

The neighbour's son who babysat me
draws an intricate pattern
of geometric poetry
lyric astronomy
cosmic biochemistry
painted trigonometry
a skeleton key for every lock

He opens a colouring book
different pictures on each page
one of a dragon
all with the pattern
abacus scales serpentine arches
endless cascading Celtic knots

Do you get it? asks the neighbour
boy now man
Pattern tells a story
Pattern becomes
picture any

Across the room I see David the reiki man
who rubbed my stomach and
took demons from my hands
I want to change out of
my endless sheep pajamas
into something awake or nicer
I walk to the bathroom
avoid him wait for him to say hello, how are you

Out of the basement party front door
I see Dad on the sidewalk
He's been looking for me worried
I feel I've done something wrong
try to think of an excuse
then realize I don't have to lie

II.

The neighbour's house is no longer there
I cannot decide what to wear
There is nothing nice in my closet

and I am made of alarms
I pack to go into outerspace
but don't know what I'll need
I pack to go home
Hurry
only one hour until take-off
Good thing I don't have
a widescreen TV

In a circle we learn about
the beginning of shoes
the women's rights movement
due to a freckle a girl
tried to scratch off her arm

Mike and Alex are in the circle
wearing polka dots
Everyone gets up and walks
to the forest. I wear giant
shoes made of wood
They are polka dotted too

I miss my class on
religion and myth
It is after lunch and
I take too long to eat

John Milton in high school was quite a nerd
Edmund Spencer was there and Jane Austin too
All with superpowers. Ed could travel
faster than his pulse could beat
Jane could lift up the cafeteria
John didn't know what to do with his
He didn't even know he had them

III.

I step in horseshit and leave it
everywhere I walk
I try to clean it off
but it lingers in the cracks of my soles
the stench forever in my skin

There are many silver piercings
in my ears surrounded
by brown circles

My ears are beautiful
large round shapes
as big as an elephant's
like giant shells

Gyrating bodies
and pulse of green lights
are undulating poems
all over the dancefloor

In a closed circuit
all things tend to entropy

In clumps
I rip out my pubic hairs

IV.

Half awake I see myself, a little girl
in the white birthday dress I wore
every year until it grew too small
with long blonde curls
and the end of spring

I try to remember all my birthday parties
The year we baked cookies with Grandma
red sprinkles and chocolate chips
The year we painted silk at Mama's studio
The year we went to see The Little Princess
and brought little paper bags of popcorn
for all my little friends
who all cried at the end

I missed my little self, terribly
Maybe it would solve some thing
if I could meet me –
when I was small enough
for Mama to hold

small enough to have
baths in the kitchen sink

V.

My soul leaves my body as I sleep
A strange lightness

like falling upward

I build a stone castle
but it will not stay still
It swings unhinged
in circles and
I try to hold on
I too spin in circles

I fly from an old mansion
and glide over silver water
in a coat of fog
skin of dew
ghost in a grey tattered dress
I gust by black trees
but cannot split the grass

I am origami –
paper thin swan flying into the air