

STEVI-LEE ALVER

Can you Hear, Dear?

Her stash was gone,
so she smoked the moon.

 Within the body of her breath,
 she witnesses an invisible blue.

At the piano she plays
only the black keys
 and opens up to something
 other than herself.

She listens to the lacuna
between sound, intensities
 of space, segmented silences
 more musical than any song.

She listens but no longer sings. Her light trembles
with the incremental instruments of insanity.

 Put a plant in the bathroom, she said.
 It'll clear the air.

If she had windows instead of eyes
she would become water changing
 shape, she would drink the colour
 of water, replicate the patterns

of liquid light, sway
to the rhythm of porcelain
 and scrub away
 the kindness in cruelty.

Her lilac-leaking windows

and listless plumage stained

the bottom of the bathtub.

Sirens. Sirens. Sirens.

Can you hear, dear?

Tell her the tiles are not clean.