

I heard a lot of things about her.

nice things mostly,

and sometimes terrifying and appalling things,

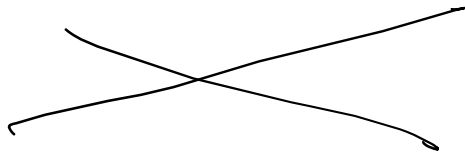
unspeakable things.

but then who has not asked herself:

*am I a monster or is this what it means to be a person?*

she was in every song and dance I knew.

she lived in an exquisite place of glass and pale ice-green, I would say, and sometimes I



sometimes I held her to the page with a stick of coal,

trying to shrug off the dead weight of the world,

seeing circles where I should have seen limbs,

black holes where I should have seen lips and bones and light and

sometimes I would stab the paper with a compass,

closing perfect circles,

running rings around the scattered specks of her,

and in all this imagining she seemed to stretch a mysterious skin over everything,

as if I'd been scratching away at the untouchable,

vandalizing the walls with my image of her

*she is*

*she is*

*she is.*

I raised an army of kamikaze lyrebirds,

imitating any sort of voice I could find.

erecting whole skyscrapers of shuddering sound,

until the ground beneath my feet was trembling and the patterns would not sit still.

Nic Chalmers, 2011