

One Poem

Scherezade Siobhan

camera obscura

the first time i see my father
it is at the nosebleed dusk of his funeral

i travel 7,000 miles for a photograph
— his body's a half-lit cathedral of bones

here chopin is a rosebud clutched between
the gondolier's lips; an étude's silk

around the guillotine of a transparent
valance. a tesserae of water-lilied notes

the final shell of a martyr's death-wish

at the window across the street, a woman with her
body of *murano* glass — enters like an epiphany

her dress of floodtides, waves & waves
of Armenian lace; a photograph of Venice,

its bridges with their unhinged mandibles open
like a language as naked as this city of cemeteries

with its cobalt bottlenecks, quicksilver canals & all
of its music swaying between waiting & wilting

