

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*