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## Trojan Horse

Sydney Portilla-Diggs

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## The Red Accordion

Baby was broken at the beginning:  
a failure - not a boy;  
and broken from the bashing:  
neck arching in its flight, head  
sailing like a full moon;  
broken in the brain:  
eddies of milk and opium swirling  
in her bottle, her suckling supplies  
the ebb and flow of dream tides.

In each drop of that concoction shines  
a crystal pleasure dome. Centered  
in each dome, a carousel where Mama rides,  
playing her accordion, it's red lung pumping  
regular as monocycles, menses, milk.

Mama hides from the horror  
in the house behind polkas.

Pitch of note and yaw of song create  
ricochet rhythms through Baby's brain.  
The musical warp wanders over  
time and scale in slow motion as Daddy, drunk,  
warbles from the chandelier.  
Sloe-eyed mother, music was her refuge,  
her release from broken lives:  
broken at the beginning from the bashing  
of the brain.

Air caught in that red lung rushes  
out like Baby's sigh in Mama's hug.  
The silence between songs leaves  
clear, breathable spaces-a glimpse  
of stable ground until the cycle repeats:  
regular as monocycles, menses, milk.

*Solana d'Lamant*

## Trojan Horse

indeed  
he could have been over  
one hundred feet  
tall  
he was so belly full  
of man-sized lies  
he intruded upon  
her innocent life  
the kind of gift  
no mother wanted  
he was more than  
a stealer of dreams  
when his infiltration  
was complete  
he absconded with  
her virtue  
and abandoned  
the innocence  
they created  
in one smooth  
and covert move

*Sydney Portilla-Diggs*

*Art by Brian Cave*

