## Forces

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## Trojan Horse

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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.

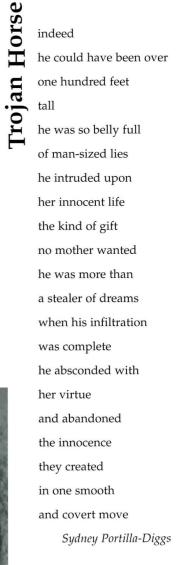
In each drop of that concoction shines a crystal pleasure dome. Centered in each dome, a carousel where Mama rides, playing her accordion, it's red lung pumping regular as monocycles, menses, milk.

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



Art by Brian Cave

