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Art

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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

