

Headless Reminiscences

Hazel Smith

she treads on the hem of her own remembering

a snuffed-out candle, a swirling dress, uneasy balancing

the brief liaison of cause and effect, the fresh breath of inverted logic

a succulent back and forth between underwater voices

he picks her up and then drops her to the ground

repeatedly until there is nothing left to understand but ritual

she flips east, she cranes west, her long neck strained but vigilant

she spreads her scarf generously across anarchic sea-levels

she puts on and takes off the jacket, fumbling with hooks and buttons

the raw and the cooked, dressed up to kill, fighting for position

the arms and legs of headless reminiscences, wrapped in a ruthless longing

a stranger sinks scissors into silk, the whirring sonics of a big saw cutting

you take the camera out, but the bird has flown away

the thunderous applause of non-clapping hands permeates the now

bubbles rise like agile limbs in the boiling aether

poise amongst the flickering