

dana

nowhere. the Great Spirit aligns her universe
with mine in uncannily coinciding moments.
my head down, furiously pounding the keys,
i feel hidden eyes and ears absorbing my exertion, ventilation and
humble
interpretation of the strawberry queen,
our mediatrix. i'm tinkling away the various
birdcalls that i deem most recognizable.

nowhere. where does she disappear to at the end
of the week? The lady in the radiator holds

out her hands. as soon as i touch them, she
vanishes and i'm left alone on the empty, dim-lit
stage. i twirl the curtain rod, the rock
bleeds onto the floor.

emerging from my room
only to view a taunting image of the
couple across the hall, i sit and stare at the
radiator, calling occasionally the
song of the icicle given to me by the strawberry
queen. a quick pass down the
hall to peer into the countless crucibles of creativity, trying to
grasp the whereabouts of this elusive vessel of beauty.

her eyes are looking
down
and i'm

afraid

to disturb her.

what a disturbance it would be for me,
calling endlessly for her in
a pained voice through
the piano wires,

to be interrupted by
the opening door
and
the blue-and-white-shirted figure
standing over me
with
piercing
blue eyes.

Matthew Gordon



Fani Anagnostou