

The next morning was stiff  
To begin with, but  
    gradually  
Its face  
    softened

My wanting had cooled  
Like a sunburn setting  
Into a midtempered colour

What I wanted then,  
Nothing spicy, but  
Faces refusing gender  
One bite at the time

Two days later  
I found myself in that same place  
Staring  
Into that purplefaced eye  
    Once more,  
        Staring  
Blue-eyed at the poster  
On the wall on the other side of the rails  
Of that blooming peacock  
In its cardboard plumage  
        Shredding my stare  
With its eye-lead centre

In the carriage, that hair,  
on the rails, that same hair as my mother's  
when she was young, only more worn,  
falls from that woman wearing the specks of grey  
*she* didn't get to keep

Arms clasping her tight like a straightjacket  
Strapping her body around her, as if  
Trying to shelter it from the wind  
That haunts her, from the winter  
That keeps bleaching her eyes,  
You see,  
    I was born  
from my mother's letters  
fed on tales of a tiny ghost

from my mother's tales  
of a tiny ghost who would always  
misbehave