

2015

Tapestry

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Recommended Citation

Steinkamp, Saveria (2015) "Tapestry," *Exile*: Vol. 61 : No. 1 , Article 29.
Available at: <http://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol61/iss1/29>

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Tapestry

By Saveria Steinkamp

I hung the skin of my beloved
as a tapestry on my bedroom wall.

It covered the hole
where the window used to be

with striped and spotted embroidery woven
from so many hollow explanations.

I run my hands through
coarse prickles of hair, tangles of memories

stretched taut,
and revel in the smell

of earth and pine and blood
until I feel breath beneath my palm
and

wet whispers tickle my cheek and run
in droplets down my face.

I used to watch the birds through that window
pecking at fine grains in the snow,

sunken pores in alabaster skin,
picking at perfection until it was ruined

A maddening, endless parody
of our absurd pas de deux.

now I am lost in dead plastic eyes
reflecting the cold grey glow of light

through translucent patches where hair doesn't grow
and realize anyone could be

watching
 through tinted glass

I picture framed expressions: Fierce, Wild
embedded in the snow.