

1992

Figments

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Figments

I dressed
my whirling dreamer
in some melancholy wisps
designed to decorate
to claim
as if I own.

She was
spinning there alone
warm within my skull-surrounded
void, twirling top-like
in an
air of imagination.

I streamed
gentle green to
passionate red to tranquil shades of blue
winding her naked flesh as
a spool
of prised sunlight.

But then
my maypoled wonder
slowed, her swirling figure
bound and burdened by this present
my heart
produced so pure.

I had
bestowed these ribbons
of rainbows, in hopes such a glorious gift
would make her forever forget her
dreams and
think of me.

But my
poor and precious
mummy's momentum finally gave in;
she teetered and tottered
and collapsed
in deserted memories.

I then
unwrapped her wretched
robe to find remains of sorrowful
splendor: a set of
 golden bones
laid perfectly in line.

At last
I gazed within
her hollow eyes where
whirling in her mind was
 I alone,
naked and cold.

—Criag Bowers '93



Malfi Coast