

Mona Fertig / FIVE POEMS

DUSK

Like I've taken that darklight
thorn of love. The sun to do
my dancing. And the men. After
wanting cats and horses. I take
my wine and wait in the garden.
There are all kinds. No beggar
dogs here. The sky makes
dark changes. You could lose
your mind. The rational side.
That reins the dreaming.

ANGEL

Her wings of light. Between darkness
flew. As if born of a heart of wind
that knows no burden. Through times
of music dreams of fire she flew.
Long sea-forms of flight. Waves that
saw boundless the moon of dream. Her
movement. The tongue between silences.
That catches you unaware. Her movement
and those wings. That since night.
Have always flown.

TRIM ROADS

You'll always find what you're
looking for. The serpent or the
fallen fruit on the evening path.
Eyes cast downward. Or the sound
of wings starflyer rising
always as bird. Your sight soaring.
But the dark enemy things continue
to dart out of the edges of both
eyes. Private terrors. Those trim
roads to hell.

LAND OF THE LIVING DEAD

Her visit to the land of the dead
was overnight or seasons long. In
the side of a mountain by the sea.
It could have been autumn. In the
visiting room. The neutral ground
between two countries. Life and Death.
They met. Their lovedreamslifefuture.
Stilled. Cut at the heart. The last
chord. Black and aching. Her life
an empty thing. Remembering was all
the dream could offer. So she wished
for her death. A rejoining. It meant
more to her than air. When she left.
It was winter. Snow lay on the ground.
Two women followed her for awhile
as she moved uphill. Watchwomen.
From that invisible netherworld.
His country.

EPILOGUE

The woman sitting on the lawn dreams of a beach called Eden a field of roses and more flights than imaginable from this barren cityscape psychic wasteland iron weights on all her stories straining pulling her wings down. The only growth spreads bloodless around her. So she concentrates all her strength on the Dream and draws forth a length of beach warmwhite sand a spread blanket trees a giving ocean and a clear blue sky. Then she pushes herself inside. Bare feet first. Pushes her spirit then her heart inside. There is silence. An empty brown lawn. The city sits for centuries. Cubes of civilization make tremendous stands. Her disappearance is final and unrecorded. Above the brown lawn a field of roses grow an immortal red.