

Maria Curtis

TRIAL

Hilmer Lage

MY FEET ARE TOO BIG

Can't walk in your shoes
my feet are too big.
But your long, black
fur coat fits me right,
as well as my hands,
in your leather gloves.

Your golden ring,
adorns my right finger,
so everybody thinks,
that I am married.
My money in your wallet,
feels very secure.

I cut my nails with
your scissors and
put your nail polish on.
With tender care,
I use your tea cup
of immaculate condition,

At night and with humbleness,
I wear your striped nightgown
and think of your many dreams.
I mend my clothes on your sewing machine,
with tender threads, spinning black nights.

NO SIGN

No premonition, no sign.
Folded sheets, greeting cards,
calendar bookings and tickets.
Forward looking plans, to live.
Empty walls closing in.
Wooden floors squeaking, hurry up!
The letterbox awaits a new addressee.
I close my eyes, and place you
in a box of dark, red, velvet.

IT DID NOT KILL ME

Every night,
I stood on the doorstep
of her bedroom.
Every night I begged - with the needy voice,
please may I stay?
Every night she said no, please go.
I tried I-am-afraid-of-the-dark-voice
and then the little baby voice.
But nothing would change her fragile mind
for ever sore for ever more.
Like a sucker I crawled.
Like a broken record we drove
every night to dead ends,
with my please please and her no no.