

# Disappearing Act

Gloria Demillo



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They sound like a chainsaw  
Teeth chattering to wood  
splintered bass lines and drum beats

They sound like danger  
thunder - wave crash - screech  
of train tracks  
burnt rubber on wet bitumen

They sound like a siren  
throes of quiet ambulances  
late to emergency rooms  
the whimper that veiled Nagasaki  
in dissonant elegy

They sound like love  
clinking of fine china  
fracturing driftwood  
a rusty gate hinge  
a clamour of butterfly wings

They sound a lot like love  
bone break flesh wound  
sutured kamasutra  
choked mattress springs

## **Memoir**

Name: It is easily remembered.

Forget it  
as you would,  
the oven, the stove top  
and the electric blanket.

Surname: Family portraits,  
bound in wooden frames,  
positioned faced down,  
will not scratch the surface  
of the coffee table.

Date of Birth: womb to vestibule  
is where you learn  
that staying too long  
in a place outgrown, is an umbilical cord  
that tightens around a neck.

Contact Number: Crickets, cicadas,  
owls, and bats  
call out to each other in the dark.  
But in the abyss you built by brick,  
your landline never sings.

Address: Buy a plot of land  
in a cemetery  
while you are still alive.

## **Animalian**

Bodies bleating,  
Caresses  
Deaf to pleading,  
Efferent  
Fingers  
Grabbing, groping, grasping.  
His talons  
Itching,  
Joints hinged and greedy;  
Killing is easy. Blood  
Lust.  
Massacre.  
Night recedes.  
Outstretched hands meet.  
Pillows are thrown across the bed.  
Questions and doubts;  
Reasons are accepted  
She never said no. But she never said yes.  
Truth is the ruse of recollection.  
Underneath, she is a  
Vulture, a weak  
Weapon – her mouth an  
X-ray, examining.  
Years pass – another mindful  
Zoography.

## **Awakening**

Silence

crawls upon the trellis

of my rib's gate

caging

scream, sin, sentence

beneath my breast.

Mouth pressed

against your hip

pricked

with thorns.

Collapsed,

underneath the weight

of fragile kisses,

seedlings yearning to bloom;

The limitation of limbs

aching at the sight of you.

## **Lycanthrope**

In the city  
there are wolves in men's clothing.  
One is baring his tongue, a man  
howling serrated speeches.

Listen.

He assures her  
flesh gutted the knife  
not the other way around.

He tells her  
the women shot him.

He tells her  
it is instinct  
to keep your heart in my throat.

He speaks.

I think he spoke,  
when I woke up beside him,  
freezing,  
wrapping blankets over  
his limp body,  
leg bandaged  
from the cuts  
he named after me.

She tells him

I am sorry.

She tells him

I love you.

She tells him

I am sorry.

She tells him

I love you.

Imagining the fingers  
that have touched me,  
he is rabid.  
Steel trap claws  
stretched between birthmarks  
torn, and muscle bitten raw;  
gnawed upon,  
these bones are an afterthought.

She holds her breath  
and calmly  
pulls teeth  
                                molar  
one by one  
                                pre-molar  
one by one  
                                canine  
                                incisors  
one  
                                by one by  
                                one by one  
from out of her heart.

## **Return to Eden**

A crown of malice made of teeth  
and adorned with vindictive tongue.

My love, my love, why have you forsaken me?

I am enslaved.

Wrists bound,

gagged,

rib gouged;

a love to end all lovers.

A serpent's speech of subordination,

sciologic serenity;

My love, my love, must I lie beneath you?

I am Lilith.

Carnal filth,

whore,

bitch,

slut,

yours.

## Disappearing Act

i

We offer each other worn-out truths  
as though intimacy  
were an item of clothing.  
A sweater, a jacket, a t-shirt,  
pulled off and placed into drawers,  
only to be given back.

ii

We waited for midnight.  
I sat in a chair  
(not facing you)  
you lay on the bed  
(facing me)  
dressed in skin, matching  
garments in prickled black and white,  
we cannot face each other.  
This body you read like a prosecutor  
is unable to lie.

iii

Accusation masquerades  
as an empty gun chamber:  
you ask me  
whether it were our veins  
that held the burial ground of  
our ancestors,  
whether it were our breaths  
that invoked the spirits of the dead

when our words were unkind,  
whether it was the fault  
of our parents  
and their parents and  
their parents  
for not teaching us how to love.

iv

Beloved, if I sacrifice this body  
made of slaughter  
unto the promise of the ether  
would you forgive me  
for all the hurt I caused you?  
If I tore skin from my fingertips  
would I be rid of the memory of you?

v

The kisses of our unknown lovers  
will turn to acid in our mouths,  
will try to scrub clean  
my name, your name  
found ruined on our tongues: abandoned.

i

Midnight  
cracked the skull of dawn.  
I own the last of our truths;  
I can live without you.