Kitchen

It is I, the all-powerful knower

You took my hand only moments ago

Only centuries ago

Every lifetime, you act as if this game hasn’t been played

And this date has not been discussed.

A silver serpent of the imagination was slaughtered here,

before its conception;

I know you’ve been waiting to hear from me.

It is I, the observer

the one who manipulates

the one who, through persistent being

continuous becoming

does not resist manipulation

does not refuse

the universe’s eternal moulding of herself.

I see you, trembling

All your yesterdays a blurred eternity

All your questions start and end with uncertainty

The same absurdity you’ve always known faintly

But never been able to fully grasp.

Unfortunately, i cannot hold your hand through this.

I cannot hold you, dearest, and I am sorry about that.

In my infinite power, I know how to be uncertain

And you still reach for the familiar

And for that I am sorry, but there is no cure

You will stay stuck, because that is what you believe.

Except this, I cannot say anything with certainty.

Except this, I only know that I know nothing.

My faith and knowledge, my referents of truth,

are not confined to a single dimension

A here, or there,

A now or then

Truth implies a falsity.

Contradiction is necessary when there are two

And this duality, you cannot escape.

But let me give you a taste of what potential feels like:

Vastness, which you might translate as wooden walls and

Butterfly wallpaper.

i can hear you:

‘I missed you so much, you couldn’t know.’ Maybe i could’ve, you think.

I thought you might just listen, ear pressed gently to a sliver of sea glass

Eyes unpeeling a layered sea

Dissecting the fragrant meadow

i might just linger in the fibres of the pillows, you know;

in the corners of the in-betweens you seem to miss:

the dust within the stairwell

the cell within the cell

the you within god

the god within your self

Stairwell, 2nd floor - creation

The staircase feels unclean beneath plastic hooves.

Grime has gathered in the hallways

Refused to leave

and insisted that he take part in the play.

A forgotten fork, once shiny and useful

Becomes a hanging device for an encaged doll head.

She’s crying, she’s looking

She drips from the ceiling

A string of pink and red yarn

Becomes a bloody, stringy puddle

Making a mess on the Persian carpet.

I am the manipulator. I am god here, and what I say, goes;

What I do, becomes;

What I am, is.

An old pipe is a mitten-wearing monster

BECAUSE I SAID SO.

An earring becomes a rosary

BECAUSE I MADE IT SO.

There’s a grave in the attic

BECAUSE I PUT IT THERE.

I wonder what it was like to live as one unified subject,

Undefinable and whole.

I was not separate from this

Until I learned of my reflection.

Imagine the power in a mirrorless universe

A space with no divide,

No self-knowledge

No self to be known, only felt.

I realize with increasing complexity

The more I know about myself the more I misunderstand completely.

So I learn to be curious instead;

There is a natural playfulness to all this

All you have to do is let it turn itself

On its head.

I am the observer, embodied

I am the universe awake

The creator isn’t what she creates

But I am; I have that gift

I get to interfere, even if to make mistakes.

Attic - confession

Without fail, the fancy feeds you prayer and

Counting, the ultimate form of being.

1, 2, 3

‘Our father, who art in heaven’

She peers into the globe, greeted by a light she conjures.

‘I did what had to be done’

4, 5, 6 now

‘Hail mary, full of grace, the lord is with thee’

This guilt is consuming me!

Perhaps if I go from the top

1, 2, 3

Silly me!

Here I thought I was thinking without my head, studying myself,

Running fingers over the pink velvet flooring

(‘Have you been in the kitchen?

You mustn’t go near the kitchen;

you’d think it’d be a nice place to start, being on the ground floor and all,

but you really ought to only step foot in there

once you know you’re prepared.’)

We draw up a faraway Nipple Land in the attic, though it ends up in the living room,

and a distant grand fire castle,

With crayons that glide precisely, minds that travel easily

—‘ ‘Sometimes, we pretend the space underneath the stairs is a prison’

—‘Here, you be the soldier, brave, boundaryless!’

—‘ ‘My dying wish is to escape to Nipple Land and marry Princess Nipples and live happily ever after.’

You play your little games, I watch from a fork, afloat, I float

Above and below.

Tiger poem – a therapy session with Death

There’s hair in your window

A baby in your teacup

Death in your kitchen

A murder mystery in your attic…

A tiger stomps from room to room, angry, hungry

There is pain in his eyes.

He crashes and thrashes

And roars mercilessly.

‘Where is my baby?’ He cries.

Flattened feet, defeated

Teeth sharp as chewed up plastic can be

A curled tail, on which once

A basket hung precariously

A baby cried incessantly. That was the journey.

Nothing this pure had ever come out of thought before.

Now he reminisces on deserts crossed, adventures had,

Over a cup of tea.

The skull, concrete, breathless

Seemed weightless in the tiger’s presence.

He understood, he’d seen it too.

This was it; the tiger’s own purgatory.

A twisted creation of his own psyche,

Prescribed by that prevailing All Seeing eye.

Or was it the doll head? Which one am I again