

Cardiac Architecture

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foundations are laid out with such untidy corners
the tricky bits not quite sewn in
and then we grow bones stiffen like timber frames
rising from vacant lots of land
how confidently some little girls walk with their head up
flicking their pony tails back *look at me I'm walking with
teacher*

however many times I consult the forecast
each day births with its own slant I pick my way through
maybe the tea leaves had more to say
than I thought back in Mum's kitchen so long ago
the mind is full of pouches swelling into dead ends
or a bud with the dew still on it
what does weathered mean

I thought I might wake and find there's been a harvest
a sea horse or two for the return of the shipwrecked
and plane-lost what else is there for the bereaved
other than defensive manoeuvres wishing the earth flat
like a bridge to somewhere else

it matters who you choose to spend the rest of your life
with

will we be sitting out there in the backyard
one arm like a blunt wing waiting for summer
how many people have you met that you've really liked
and you thought the choice was yours to make