

Christie Valentin-Bati

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Davis Street Drawing Room

locket
leaves
thank you
thank you
for A.
shy wheel
bible
pillowcase dressed up
flower spun scar
yellow bloom
war
ward
pelican beak
child
parallel blue lines
horse hair
handkerchief
to touch:
white scraps

once again caught
wanting
to touch
to me white scraps
tsunami eye
red f
brown
the hair was caught
it was long but blunt now
bound with black thread
that's when my eyes watered
so close up
I had forgotten
of the world
beyond my
own looking
here
was something
intimate
o lace
lung
lear
hear
my
song
this mandolin
to which
I must be
known
through braided
like worn silk
or linen
this texture of your
skin
another ghost's hands
I find in the cloth
like a single ~~un~~ fraying
white worm
thread
across
the flowers
patterns