

Teachers – Writers – Poets

Scratchy

by Miriam Mascaras (Martinique)

Nails scratching my skin,
Limb from limb,
My sinews revealed,
Your lips exhausted
resting on the dry peel
That anger! Tormented!

My slough on the cold
floor, trampled.
Your feet...on me
On epidermis, holed
Last gasp
That anger! Greed!

Asthmatic circles,
A cough, a whisper
Crumpled yellow, see?
Now, your claws
Why?...what left of me?
That anger! What for? Decipher?

Hanged paper splits, bilious blood
Slashed bone, saltpetre tears
Tiger! Tigress!
A foaming odour,
The taste of lunacy,
That anger! Desperate eyes, pallor.

At last, a sound panting...
Your muscles surrender...
A tremble,
the relief of a shriek
There! Lie on me,
On the wall you streaked
That anger, gone!
Let it go! Let-it-go...
Stop fighting. Let reason escape
There, sneak into me
See? You're safe
There, Shhh!
You're gone.
(Sigh!)

