

Reveries, the wall is green Over the rim of the cup I see bronze  
feathers

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Reveries, the wall is green. A door leads to our past lives, so we keep it locked; I peep through when everyone else is in bed. So beautiful! Such fun! It is a land of hills and rivers. A woman is on stage. Her bodice is trimmed with ermine and her skirts are embroidered with red tulips. On her wrist, a hooded falcon. How it pulls to get away! The woman loves her spirited falcon, she strokes it tenderly. The jesses are fitted with copper bells. They chime and I wake. Edy floats through the hallways; her nightgown is sky-blue cotton. I kneel to see how her magic works. Edy, I say, what are you reaching for her? Her fingers make the shape of a bull. My hair is curled into buns held in place by orange flowers that were grown for the wives of sultans. Edy issues an edict.

Over the rim of the cup I see bronze feathers.  
An angel is waiting for a steak cooked  
bloody in the middle. I will cook it  
when I have poured my drink.  
The meat waits on the table,  
bleeding on the plate.

An angel's hum is just out of human hearing—  
an insatiable pause between lightning and strike.  
Grating the spice, and stirring, takes aeons. He sighs.  
In the armchair, the magnificent legs fidget,  
cramped wings tremble. There is no heartbeat.

I smile; he will wait whatever the discomfort.  
One feather falls onto the rug, its curved barbs  
submissive, asking to be stroked.  
The spiced milk is warm, and I pour. The angel  
reaches over and turns over the cup, no liquid  
falls. He smirks, *a parlour trick*. Dove-light,  
it slips down the throat. After this, nothing will sate.