

fever dream

Erica Viola

a fever dream

or hallucination

of

a

woman

young

sliding

down

ward

in

to

dark

ness

until

she hits

awakens

just

as they pull her

from

the furnace

this is not hell?

they pour

what's leftover

into an urn

wipe the spillage

onto

the floor like

dinner

crumbs

smack her down

onto a table

in a strange room

leave her

solitary

dusty
decades
later
I arrive
with
colourful carpets
paperback books

the cracked blinds open windows let light in
fall apart

I know her name
whisper

remove her lid
look inside the marbled depths
flakes of soot
pale shredded bone

pop pop pop:
she begins to crackle
like ruins
of a bonfire

tendrils of smoke

slither

upward:

she's a live wire,
sparking infinitely
sending up

small explosions
of powder.

I taste sulphur
inhale her

hold her in my hand
feel her heat

shudder
as she begins
to glow