
THE WOMAN IN BLACK

by Tess Raposas

Holding on to the piercing railings
of this interminable gateway,
dragging your flagging footsteps
to some unknown destination
under the sun's scorching heat,

slowly, crystal line particles
drop from your eyes catching up on each other
to the ground. Could these be pebbles
which will mark your way to the monster?

You murmur angry, cursing words
only the wind understands.
And I am just a passerby;
How was I to know your beginning?
(or end)

A sullen but dignified looking face,
unmindful of curious gazes,
could my hunch be true?
No, you're not out of your wits.
Not now, not yet.

That long black dress casts a shadowy figure
and your limp body oozes of blue(s)
from the heart. The monster gripped
not your body but internal crevices
of your heart.
Wrung, entangled, knotted and still unsatisfied,
sprinkled with salt. Yes, salt.
(who says only vampires are salt-treated?)

Is a philandering husband?
A man with no face who's struck
your soul, clenched your heart
and emblazoned wounds and scars
around its vessels?

Holding on to the piercing railings,
you are holding on for life.

No, you're not out of your wits.
Not now, not yet.
The way you stand up against the wall
not ever.

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