Museum Faces

by: Daniela Stephanou
to Clara Victoria
whose thoughts and
loud keys keep the
neighbors awake.
Poetry as a sensory experience;
you can see them,
hear them
feel them
taste them
and smell them,
even when words appear to be just
incomprehensible hieroglyphs on a blank page. Nonetheless,
abstractions are a source of human emotions. In the same
way that splashed drip paint, sunsets, fluttering
guitar strings, and the smell of moist baking bread are
capable of producing emotion under their questionable
ambiguity, the configuration of words trigger ticklish
senses to travel across the body yielding emotions. The limbo
between the page and the face is a spectrum of experience.

You are the traveler of these museum pages,
you are the critic who judges the subjective art on these pages,
you are the noun vulnerable of experiencing feelings through
random word conjunctions.

If you experience innuendos by scrolling through these pages,
then, the purpose of these written blabbers have accomplished a
purpose. But, if these words seem only nonsensical and erroneously
random, then, these written blabbers have accomplished a purpose
too; because,
in the mist of emptiness there is room for
everything.

welcome to a museum where flash is encouraged.
Tenement

I wish your face showed more emotion,
you know, like,
obstructive window lashed eyes
and hanging
ac units over ashy brick
tenements,
even thin drywall
says more than,
your blank expression.
Fruit Basket

a crispy
honey dew
night cut
too short

from juggling
apples
and wall
puppet grapes

the viceral pulp
of midnight
walking fruit

juicing ears
and pounding shoes

a bucket hat
purple lights
nothing like a
still life,

perhaps too raw
for me,
perhaps too ripe
for you.
Between Blinks

Through a
kaleidoscope
forecast;

a belly button
sunset,

one wink;
a pond,
and a fisherman
selling bonds
to banks of
sish,
with a choking
tie and a reef
computer
screensaver.

two wink;
a different pond,
of sparkling
soda

and a taxi driver
drinking perrier
two die
up his
window gambling
an ace up his
sleeve.

last wint;
another pond,
spilled on
a wife's
red velvet
dress

undressing
a belly button
sunrise.
A Questionable Lady

unbleach your
ivory
skin so
your brick
sunsweet prune
gentle death
complexion

looks like,
cling peach
soap lips and
new gray hair
finger-tip
peacock eyes

pure with
love,
and mellow art.
Theater Switchs
dressing mirrors
shall fortale
the misfortunes
of the hanging
chandelier,
with five heads
and no bulbs
to embrace in,
the dark below.
Dozing Sawdust

the tree I see,
and you don't,
has a window
and a carpet,
    one of those that look
like everything and nothing
in shapes with pointy circles,

and my eyes
and your eyes
get lost between the ashes,
and the sprinkled graham craker
crums, -
surrounding the
rhombuses that dance
and thretch around the
floored roof,

and the toes,
grip the rug
grip the wood
grip the tree,

cold hazy leaves
down hazel pupils
dwell down,
the shuttered,
windows

that weave the code
below the brow
above the sea,

but, nothing clear,
wheeled round
around your
shipwrecked
daze.
Quarantine Landscapes

I
thw
the porch ceiling fan
dizzying
the garden gnome.

II

the gargoyles stone wings
anchoring ark arches on
stagnant seas of
air packed churches.

III

the stuttering ticking
wall clock
having a conversation
with the fusilli
bubbling boiling
bubbles.

IV

the little girl snorkeling
with water guppies on her
blue icebox surrounded by
picket fences.

V

the cubist portraits
placed in squared
spaces
placed in screen
faces
and glazed by scavenger
circle eyes.

VI

the thumping squatting
hippopotamus frightening
the magic carpet down
stairs.

VII

the turtles trailing
the mud stuck rv unit.
Colera

it seems
appropriate
to see
the day that
never started
and ended,

through the
tied eyes of
a suit behind
a phantom window.
Diverging Castaway Neurons

the nameless standing in front of you

catches the water glazed
in the once brown,
but now cataract blue dry eyes,
and the reeds that root
fisted ball blink in the
need of going home.

home of the old
never ageing pure tabacco smoke,
clapping hooves on
cobble stones,
seasoned air by
crashing waves on
every ledge edge corner,
salting pots where
moors and christians
make amense
over callous hands
drubbing drums
before the storm.

jewlery buried in the
backyard forgotten by
the twirling hurricane
cataract eye,
lost at sea,
that never seems to see

the named one in front of her.
Seeing Sound

a mute?

an endless
stream of
wordless
thoughts.

clef

"light footsteps (comma)
blind for ears
lying under the
shade beneath
the last branch
of the pomegranate
tree.(period)

\begin{music}
\note{F}
\end{music}

(silence)

the end tail
of a pentagram (period)"
Sleepy Voice

soon,
noise
becomes innocent
words
murmuring,
timidly,

hiding adult
baby bottles
of
not milk

but blue
honey blabbers,

in your rough
'slepi vois'

through
purple lips;

you baby,
one
night without mom,

triggered
undercut distant
lines,
swimming torpid
waters,

and
a wrong hotel
room.
White Noise

first sight;
blue birds
lining up
on power lines
knitting eyes,

second sight;
tightrope circus
birds are there
walking
for the talking
vibrato,

silent stationary
goose bump
claw grasping the
telephone cord

of laughter and
screams and loose
end hello's,

between lips
and beaks,
blind blue birds
feeling the chatter
prattle matter,

whispering to feet ears
that,
cross paths
among
parallel lines.
A Carnival

and while you
were out
scavenging fish
banks,

the grocery
became:

purple cereal
boxcars crashing,

masked mouth
feathered flickering
moths,

sunny sweaty pink
mittens snowballing,

and,
jarred
closed
sealed
staining red
maraschino
cherries.
Maria

the mind
with a sink
all soaked
in water color
landscapes

washes,
the familiar
faces
blending now
bouquets of
lost gazes,

drains,
the cliffs
of words
that are
now fading
scribbles,

dries,
the time
in the field
by the river
with a lost
bouquet
and spoken
scribbles,

the mind
that
cleans the dirty
porcelain twice,
and hangs the
plates on the walls

remembers
that-
Wordless

I lost you somewhere
between the fourth,
and fifth rib stroking
with my
thumb roaming
and missing the
fraction
I was scavenging;

I lost you somewhere
between heads
with blueback
puddle eyes and
flowering peacock
tails,
with two sides and
one teeth;

I lost you somewhere
in the alphabet,
in that place were
there are
R's next to
Q
taking the place of
U;

quiet quadrants,
of stretching cords,

fluster words ponder,
fluster words swallowed.
Shovels Digging

clouds
gasps of air
buried among earth,

but
quick
there is fog
in the attic

and shadows
in the water;

but
a missing
reflection on
the mirror is
jumping

and gliding,
and climbing,
over clouds
to reach
sticky, washed,
out drawer faces,

that mom says
look like me.
Midnight Cowboys

a flying horse,
    no wait,
    it's a statue

a flying statue,
up there stuck;

it escaped the
carousel to
stay still,
guarding clear
potatoes and
golden barley
stained teeth,

mummbeling children
going around,
willingly cageing
their wits
behind bars,
lucky horseshoe
backwards,
U cotton candy
diaper strolling

herded by
empty cracked
walnut shells.
A Gallery

I would like to
drip paint
brushing,
tenderly,
the mosquito net,
to look from inside
the tempting outside

abstruse truth
stained
puzzle drizzled
in a hazing blizzard
of stroking
pink mouth pines and
appealing yellow
pineapple sky eyes,

watched from a
white washed
plastic chair.

I would like to
drip ink
stenciling
the silent
skin,
to dictate from the peaking
indigo purple veins,
to read the pale flesh

of incomprehensible
scribbles zeroing
the absolute freckles
and mountain range ribs
crawling vines nesting
secretive words
stolen by
pelicans in the neck,

watched from a
white washed
wrist bone.

And I would like to eat
ripe fruit with my squared
cubist mouth
from a mountain
or a beach
or a tusk teeth skull hammock;

but here we are
pallet erased,
framed
hanged
stale contained
and not allowed to touch.
Boxed Spring

if there are
still springs,
in an old
mattress

rusty thick pierced
winds

rebel against
the bare naked
bark

with light
that lightly
brushes,

and blankets
of rain
varnish
velvet
pockets of
snow

then,
cold cotton
flowers
ccoat the
curve of the
missing mattress
springs.
Boxed Spring

if there are
still springs,
in an old
mattress

rusty thick pierced
winds

rebel against
the bare naked
bark

with light
that lightly
brushes,

and blankets
of rain
varnish
velvet
pockets of
snow

then,
cold cotton
flowers
cloak the
curve of the
missing mattress
springs.
Ophelia

sweep my toes,
and mop my
ankles,

merry tickling
between
thumb,
and four,

vaccumming tiny
feet
while lulling
across the
slippery floor,

soap bubbles
and spanish
opera hums,

pop.

but, it was
just a reminiscence.
Origami Pocket Watch

I fold a clock,
I fold a clock so
four and nine hold
hands;

I thread three
with five,
and spirits of tea
with rocks get
drowsy;

before everything
gets lost there is a
thimble,

with bleeding
fingers,

I undress
hips of sand,
two and eight,
add ten too,
crashing and
leaving footprints
on the shore;

I turn twelve
upside down
and it flies
backwards,
before it gets
ironed,

all wrinkled,
washed and
cluttered,

in my pocket,
counting.
A Heart

the four chambers
of the house
where empty,

but the buttoning
down rhombus
cage vest,
disrobed,

the busy bronze
elevator
circulating
sideways across
wings.
nose
Drunken Drowsy Center Piece

the oily, olive,
pits defleshed

distract the,
dried
nectarines,

from grape
fermented
breaths,

and
snoring coughs
of pleated bottle necks,
and
a heavy head

left cold,
served
overnight.
Hope

fishing fresh
water guppies
fidgeting fingers
and
circling saliva,

clutched elbows,
open guts,

impatiently waiting
for a
fish to
grow a
nose.
Yellow

it smells like
my kindergarten
classroom,

kind of dusted
flour over
soft white bread,
cold brick wall,
sandy moist socks,
and
opening dough
containers,

it smells yellow,
yellow yellow
yellow,
with a
dash of
red crayons;

sudden
heels clapping
on wooden floors
and burnt coffee
distract me from
my itchy suit.
Samsara

crucified mosquito
x-tended on the window,

lined blood sucker
on strike

meditating lotus
legs

docked mancala
stones

till,
wheel spins
and
bread leavens.
Border Crossing Flowers

twirling round
around
gardens of blue,
a bouquet of
cardboard blossoms
shedding paper
petals,
fell rosy blushing,
cotton
white noses
and grasping arms—
from two
hands
to four,
to six,
to
all fingers now,
full,
of paper tutus.
phases, portraits, and faces

framed between covers.