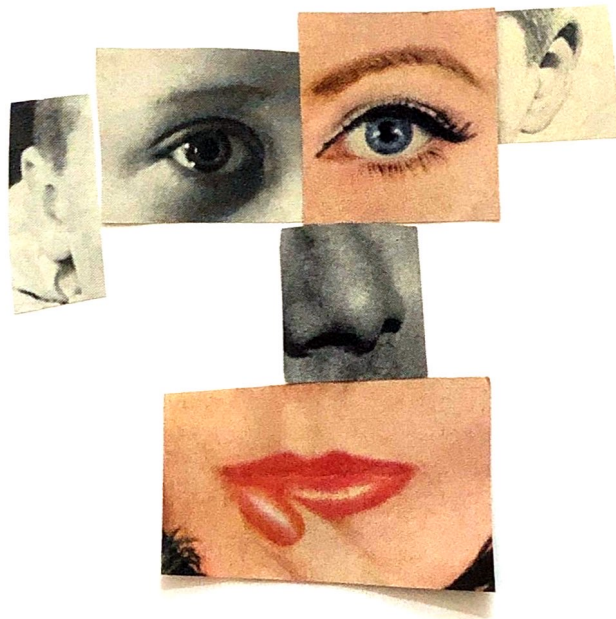


Museum Faces



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.



eye



## 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 visceral 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  
crumbs,  
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 gargoyle 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.



ear

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)

⌋ (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  
claws grasping the  
telephone cord

of laughter and  
screams and loose  
end hello's,

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

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.



mouth

Maria

the mind  
with a sink  
all soaked  
in water color  
landscapes

washes,  
the familiar  
faces  
blending now  
bouquettes 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

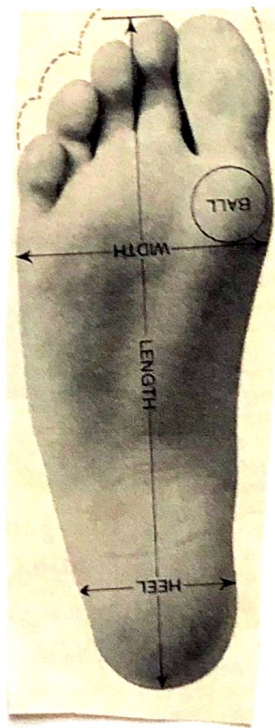
a flying statue,  
up there stuck;

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.



skin

## 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  
coat 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  
coat the  
curve of the  
missing mattress  
springs.

Ophelia

sweep my toes,  
and mop my  
ankles,

merry tickling  
between  
thumb,  
and four,

vaccuming 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

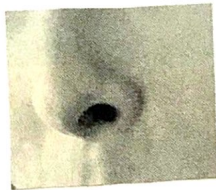
the four chambers  
of the house  
where empty,

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.