

## **Tapestry**

By Saveria Steinkamp

I hung the skin of my beloved  
as a tapestry on my bedroom wall.

It covered the hole  
where the window used to be

with striped and spotted embroidery woven  
from so many hollow explanations.

I run my hands through  
coarse prickles of hair, tangles of memories

stretched taut,  
and revel in the smell

of earth and pine and blood  
until I feel breath beneath my palm  
and

wet whispers tickle my cheek and run  
in droplets down my face.

I used to watch the birds through that window  
pecking at fine grains in the snow,

sunken pores in alabaster skin,  
picking at perfection until it was ruined

A maddening, endless parody  
of our absurd pas de deux.

now I am lost in dead plastic eyes  
reflecting the cold grey glow of light

through translucent patches where hair doesn't grow  
and realize anyone could be

watching  
    through tinted glass

I picture framed expressions: Fierce, Wild  
embedded in the snow.