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# Some Poems by Vicki Viidikas

### Future

It doesn't really matter if I met him in a bar, picked him up or was picked up; in the morning he pushed me out of bed saying, 'You must go, my wife's due back.' And catching the 7.43 am bus I thought, it doesn't really matter, what did I expect? These are my fingers spread out to touch, the palms turned down, the kisses like nets; these are the lines, when I was a girl the fortune teller said, 'You will travel.'

#### The Letter

On these days what pleasure, some dome of sand and wind, a thousand stars and the breath of your word

How to describe these things?

Two leaves on a string their skeletons bare, so I write of this love who shares my heart, has sailed into my room and now fills the mirror

No description just invocation

The flesh of the word, the tongue of his love I won't try to speak of these, you'll feel then and understand they transport and are in this world.

# Fig

It was all the time you were going leaving bare seeds along the ground

You were fig so much texture something rich to put the mind around

Burst fig not wanting to be open at the core

Yet where you've gone there is no room for exposure or abandon

That place is frozen sun frost apples that hurt the mouth You have gone into ice returned to a brittle land still steeped in the sea

And all the time you were quietly spilling bare seeds that will not grow

#### Loaded Hearts

Oh boy Ken the smiling mountain is playing his guitar The beautiful trembling Irene is taking another pill A lid is being prised for the thief's delicious grasp The fridge is full of dope and he's trying to live a quiet life Tigers are eating through walls and Hendrix is playing fromhell These words are loaded hearts Dennis is rolling a joint Jenny's a Buddha Harlow Dave's in the yard singing jail was never like this

Oh boy to the phallic tee-shirt O sigh to the Baba bread knife Oh gee to the landlord's prayer

Where are you PJ Proby now that our minds have split? Hello Cacao Alexander Goodbye to surf music Our fingers are snarling in chaos Oh take it easy baby the lords have too many kingdoms They're playing darts with hypodermics The fools are recording pain We're making weapons from our dreams

## O woman of the moon

she is full with yearning for the double eye, night of fire, the bursting of the blossom

in a lake of ether, gloriously round

she is the harlot messenger

so powerful her gaze to rearrange tides, twist the dolphins through the haze of their slippery grey directions

reflection slips back from the eye of the sea, mirroring her sail through the lake of emptiness

her face without a dream

giving off her message, satin smooth

before dawn