

Christy Davids

[In City]

Brushing teeth in the Brooklyn street; I spit in this Hasidic neighborhood—out of sight, between cars. Minty foam marks my marching boot, and the sound of plastic wheels ring my ears. Already bruised apples roll into the street: a dull thud, concrete crunch and bruise. And the wind blew up my skirt—red under the un-opacity of blue tights showed my purple to the universe in invisible gushes. Women laugh at my back, their cackles crash with each cresting wind-wave. They can count the lace scallops one by one, I don't mind so much. There's a graveyard afoot the F train stairs at McDonald Avenue where even the corpses must feel claustrophobic. Bay Parkway's chipping green paint is no compliment to the movie starlets and gangsters buried near those stairs. And brick surrounds us all, I stand there vividly un-alone.

[White Ermine]

suspended in air
bound by invisible string,
floating on her back,
wings tucked
relaxed

they like the Tropics
the southern United States
but also England and Ireland

sizable, and
delicately dotted
with black spots.
her head covered:
a majestic fuzz
black face and
wild black antennae

daylight and spider's web
together the image seemed
wrong

a moth is a creature of the dark
but light is her titular queen.

moving parts stilled,
she didn't look trapped
floating on her back

victim to the unseeable;
thread tacitly taxidermied

like the silent fall of
an abandoned hornet's nest
sad;
a confused
beautiful thing