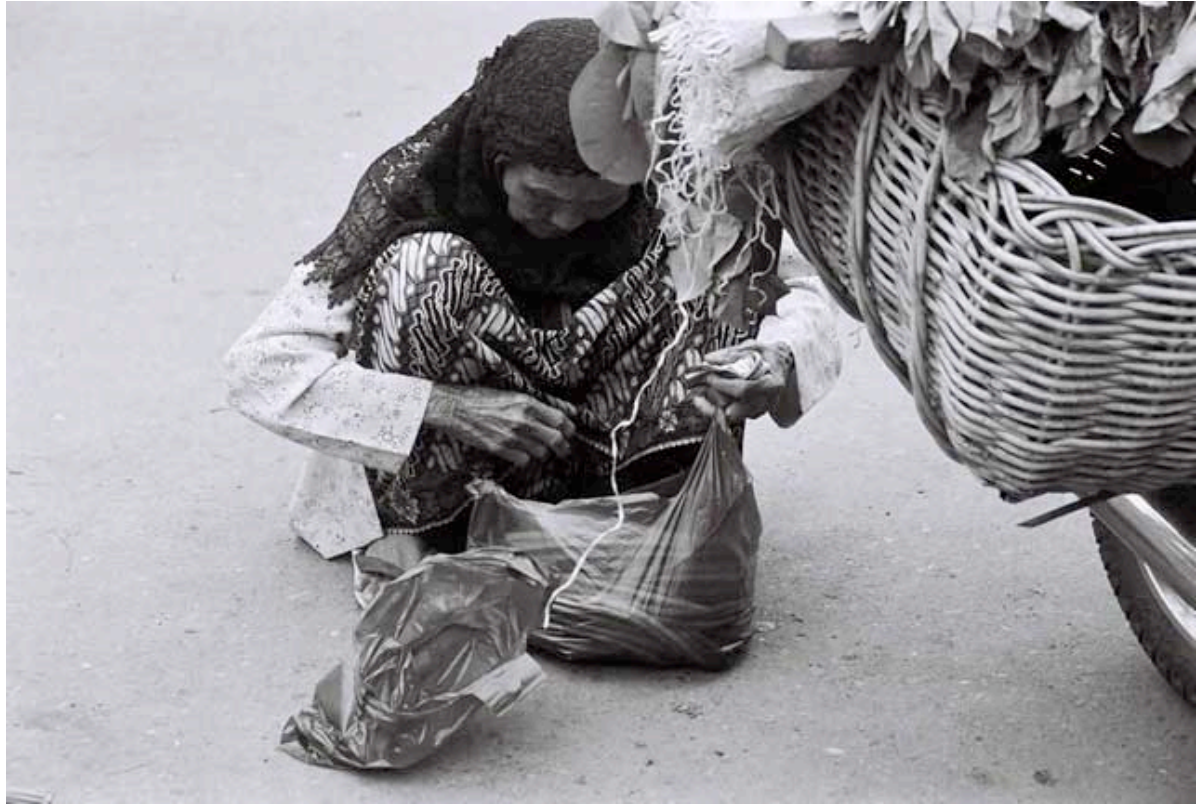


Gallery

Tsunami Notebook by Margo Berdeshevsky



Margo Berdeshevsky

To My Friend The Midwife

The girl determined to change it all, tears like pick axes against walls of the ignoble news. Body parts or blood where her sons have island-danced. What bandage for babies she ushered, whispering a name of God in each ear, emerging? What toweling for this & not that grave or grieving? Midwife for the gentle births, girlfriend with guts, it's getting worse not better, let's yes get disappearing drunken monkey-eyed & stop our dreaming. Let's get young & ignorant. We were going to be old ladies at a Paris table checkered for banality & charm. We were going to dance with sons. Let's get middle aged & merciful with the god dam god beloved, who needs our prayer the most this

night of fallen dust and lark.
Let's hush. The hawk in every land is chanting.
Let's not sing. Your babies should stay unborn,
my darling girlfriend.
Put your profession back in its dream case.
No cellos. No more important sounds. No more umbilici
curled & buried for peace under mango root & breadfruit.
This is again no autumn for hosannas, dear, when dancing
knees on an island of temples have lowered to the drums of one
more month colored unnatural crimson, another floodlight of
curdled bloods : I tell you, stop the milk, my friend : to the girl
determined to patchwork our world, I have nothing to bring you
from the far rim of this circle : it looks the same over here : equinoctial
rain like razors splaying the flight of eyes. But stop crying. The world
we wished to alter is phoenix wing & sewn to every other shadow.
We will let it fold. And beloved, burn.

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