

Eleanor Turning at the Gates

Maybe I got it wrong again and what of it?
I am laced up tight in the web of the world
Wound and woven, crawling and clicking
across the ceiling of my life and
I don't want to hear about it

I won't lurch and snap and buckle
beneath the weight of this lost luggage
While my fingernails are growing -
I have things to do

I'm gonna marionette these bones
All the way down to New Orleans
With just my headphones and a Catch bar and
I won't be talked out of it

Carve runes into my sternum
Wind my way to Appalachia
With a pumpkin costumed puppy
Act like no one called my name

Hallowed ground, there are remains here
Ice in my coffee still and nutmeg
Tori Amos, frogs, sequestra
Scratching sounds and shredded silk

Let it resound, a shriek from the treeline
I'm not the damp that soaks the skirting
The condolence book is closed
I am exhumed, gnawed, reassembled
And I am haunting my own house

Aoife Riach