Severes

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Kate Moss tires of the runway

She is tired of stars, the sun, the boring moon. Prefers sand, silt and mountains;

cool streams for bathing. Wishes for a wayward breeze to dry her hair;

dyes it brown then blonde then back again. Her body feels a shimmer

of light, she can feel the shape of his heart in every beat of her own.

She sits at the left hand of God when he decides to take the serpent's side. Takes his voice

and calls it her own. Calls Eve her sister even as she steals Adam away

the moment he bites into the apple. Winds her way down the crowded streets

of Nod; jeans slung low, hips a swagger, ready to start a revolution.

She builds a hinge for the sky, swings it open

and closed, names it the beginning; names it love.

Babyshambles

There is the anticipation of road trips mixed with the leftovers from last night:

albums gone sleeveless, bra and pants, loose change and dishes in the sink.

Curtains shimmy to the pop and hiss of Exile on Main Street.

The skyline breaks at the same time side one skip-bumps to a stop.

The open window is a promise, the asphalt simmers.

Everything but sin burns at the right temperature.

Pete Dougherty reads to Kate Moss from The Book of the Dead

There is a dead bee on the sill. I want to believe it died of old age. Want to believe a breeze will blow in the room that will have power to heal my wounds. I am your sculpture with chipped mouth, glazed eyes, ready to listen, ready to have the bits of my life swept under your bare feet.

Kate Moss wants to bring bees back to life

She watches an orchid, white and purple; yellow at its lip, as a bee drawn

by its scent, drinks deeply.

Watches as limbs, painted yellow, float into an abandoned sky;

speeds up time to match the flutter and flash of wings.

Kate Moss flies first class to Paris

She likes the colors. Likes that they're with clouds.

And come from rain. The wind is pure of eye and graceful.

Thunder arrives on schedule.

The earth is illuminated and hungry. She feels a chill;

wonders if she is real.

Kate Moss takes to the sea

There is space. So much space. It is suffocating.

Light pressure, not the stifling wall of drowning in a shallow pool.

The sky bleeds:

from the clouds from the wind the rain a crimson curtain.

The sun is a bright white shark in a tar black sea. The moon remains

simply the moon. Sinking upward, a cliché whose value has been spent.

Blackonts and Epiphanies

She watches a piece of the sky fall to earth.

It's picked up by a bird.

She feels what a warm breeze might feel like if she were outside. if she were in her sundress, if it were a day in June.

A child pulls a red wagon across the street. Desire is a memory.

The horizon is a crooked line.

The child's mother runs into the street takes the child's hand, leads them back to the house.

There is a flash of silver in the bird's beak as she lands in the nest.

The wagon tips. The child begins to cry.

The Geometry of Size One

What loves the stones. For they seem to exist.

She can't put a name on silence.

Figures it must be God. He knows the nouns and verbs that spell despair.

She asks, for no one:

What loves the sky. What loves the hawk circling the field. What loves the field the hawk circles.

What loves a well wrought story.

There is nothing left but completeness, the quiet balance of morning.

Kate Moss drops a dime on the devil

She lights a match, rubs the ash between her fingers.

Realizes how much remains to be unsaid

It's difficult to resist the feeling of weightlessness that comes from longing.

The sea cowers.

If she were strong enough, she would worship it.

Kate Moss burns an affirmation on CD

The White Stripes follow Charlie Parr, followed by Cowboy Junkies. (I'm so lonesome

I just died.)

Johnny Cash and endless possibilities only dreamed on an open road. Haley Bonar and Nick Cave

sing of a religious experience. The self same one written about in that letter; never sent,

inside was a poem a confession a planned conversion a one way ticket

and an excuse.

Sealed it and put it in back of the desk drawer, it's there right now, waiting.

Kate Moss practices meditation

Once she opens her eyes it will be all over.

A small brown bird sits on the sill, next to geraniums. Believing is art.

An unfinished painting leans against the wall.

She folds her hands together. The wind passes over in a trance.

She says it is cruel to capture fireflies, steal their light.

Her lips are dry, a leaf flutters then falls; she says *fuck it*, but never out loud.

She is unrepentant.

Kate Moss plans her getaway

There is always the sea. The last place to worship. It is primitive, the future. It is the altar for heaven.

The sky is awestruck, feels feeble and helpless, runs through possibilities:

roiling tumultuous serene tempestuous

settles on tranquil.

It is sunlight scattered amongst the leaves. It is within reach; limb by limb she begins.

The sun, tethered to a power line divides north from south

night from despair morning from rapture.

She favors midday, the scorch and burn of silence,

the possibility to catch God with his guard down.

Make him stumble, stammer the wrong answer

like that time in the garden; not Eden but Gethsemane.

She tilts her head at the sound of the earth as it spins, unafraid

as the line curves into the horizon, heavy with the voice of God.

Savage Beauty

She falters, doesn't take sides never wanted a title, a mark, never

asked for a name, a label; but there it lays, bought and paid for.

She becomes still, as if made of glass,

everything turns black and white and blue, a pure blue of patience,

the untainted blue of immortality.



She is determined to find God, figures it's easy to recognize a peddler when you hear one:

a teller of tales, raconteur, that serpent in man's clothing.

She wonders if it is enough to fly into the highest cloud but all she finds

is a nest built from high hopes and thin air.

The Gospel According to

A young girl rides by on a pink princess bicycle, legs pumping, braids a-jangle;

the wind shudders quietly, a death rattle disguised as a sigh.

The door between what was and what is left becomes unhinged. She feels incidental,

refuses to unshine the past to appease an old testament God stranded in a new testament world.

This street is unknown but the sights, the smells remain still, certain; like her. Alex Stolis

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