

*Marina Gipps*

**A Man Who Disappeared and Came Back Again**

It was a man who disappeared and came back again;  
somewhere in a dream, blinded by obscurity.

A man who walked in, sat down, throwing his coat  
to the ground as the elves shook below the seat cushions.

A man who was too busy to love me; a man yet not a man  
but a disappearance; deeply obscure in his sexual demeanor.

On computers, tracing the pantylines of magazines  
too numerous to mention. This man, i knew, but did not know

And so i came to be: alone and walking. Not thinking much  
of today, the day i met him, some years ago. And so the years  
crept up urchinlike: the man growing old only to be a man  
blinded by his own folly. And i, blinded by my own.

**A Prophecy**

These ravens with their black shadows  
were perched on a water log.  
Under the blue night-  
all five in a row,  
they were singing.

These ravens  
outside of myself.  
These ravens,  
I've heard stories about them,

caught the reflection  
of their blackberry eyes  
under the silver moon  
on the silver water.

These ravens,  
why do they sing for me  
when ravens do not sing?

**I hang this picture on my wall  
to remind me of everything.**

You think you can love  
almost everywhere-  
especially on the crude  
wooden boat behind you  
that never forgets.

Sometimes purple  
mists over the waves,

invisible. Your hands  
catch in an hourglass  
that shatters  
before it hits the ground.  
What does it mean

To be invisible  
in some lonely place  
with busy nature  
freaks saluting leaves?  
It makes you think  
Why

You came here.  
To get away from  
you or from that boat  
that carries filthy nocturnal  
thoughts, hushed,  
to an island-

Where two ravens pick at the back  
of a bloody scarecrow.

**Hellhole Winter**

I am going where I needed to go,  
going somewhere nowhere needed to go  
I am going this way towards the sunlight  
hitting just the tops of the beercans  
christ,

It is chilly this morning, this noon, this evening  
everyday the words across the cans  
look at me like they are scripture  
and I am scriptless on my measley way beyond  
what I am seeing in front of me-  
that jagged edge of ice I mistook  
for one fearless rabbit's ears.