

t h e c r o w n i n g

this is how i'd like to go. the night
before st lucia's (lucy, dear, breathing
light) i'd like to hit the bars of
malmö city. outside the wee café on lilla
torg (where every winter they serve spicy
wine) there'll be skaters and the howls of
drunken teens. yes, i will too, to our
long-forgotten ancestors (the liquor
warming icy skin beneath fells) until i
am anaesthetised and giddy, trailing layer
after layer of bright acrylic cloth, i
will arrive at the foot of that final
bridge. there to twist this naked body,
blue & blooming, through the looping cords
of twinkle lights (the battery a box slung
across the belly) and to perform this
version of the seasonal rites, step into
the sound and step-by-step

(the fizz of electricity and
burning water) somehow the lucy
crown of girlhood will still glow, when
weeks later they find this singular
heirloom atop a seaclean skull
on a beach, just off elsinore

