



Issue I.ii, Spring 2013

Birdlime

Marta Croll-Baehre

I took these memories from your kitchen sink; rubber gloves shoved
underneath the old, anaemic

Dutch cabinets filling our garden with porous convenient stores
slather these tender fingernails

brownd bluntness between sci-fi blockbusters and fuchsia crayons
and I remember the boxes
pastel tinny lunch boxes - bento boxes - cardboard boxes. I could lie
beneath them inside their
90s cleanliness and coffee mugs where our teeth would connect
with the base of the damp metro
station, indigent empires slathered in birdlime, static snuff. Crenel
eyes hum in behind the valet limbs
of royal glass rabbit figurines. I didn't touch the cabinets only attest-
ing to pasty bath suds and
bacterial scrubs where my fortress lay among the saffron tulips and
arthritic soils arching towards a
bloodless sky in oblong strips of Indian paintbrush and aerial ferns
from Nova Scotia. I took these
memories from your idols of purging turquoise luggage and the
curative Quebecoise who abstract
the carnage of kitsch and coral ceramics and turn it into something
worth witnessing.

