

FREDDIE

by Estelle De Zan

I met a woman once
Boredom seething through
The curtains of her thinly veiled mind

She kept her hands busy,
Her heart heavy,
Her head sedated,
Because two minutes of silence and her mind wandered
back-
Two decades silence and she couldn't backtrack.
Trampled bodies,
Fallen children,
They crawled under her skin.

Laying in her bed of straw
She looks into the mirror
And in her graying eyes she begs for relief-
Hands and knees
She trades her soul to the devil-
Sells her sins to be free.

Two faces she can't forget
Two sounds she can't erase.
Ripped apart,
Torn to shreds
The whitest of noise-
He came to her bed.

The song of her life,
A rejuvenation
An abrupt end.

Butts of rifles
A looming threat
In Flanders fields the poppies blow
A march in the woods-
He sat by heWWr side

Hands shaking
Expensive glass
Ugly smile
Supple lips.
All they saw was a monster.
All she saw was a face

A march in the woods
The song of his life
Laying in her bed of straw she looks at the sky
Behind her closed lids she begs for mortality
Soot and screams
She trades her soul to the devil
Sells her sins to be free





VANISHING

*Poem by Rachel Rosen
Photograph by Estelle De Zan*

For years they called me moth-mouth.
Said I learned to speak by listening to the moths outside my window at night,
Stealing my voice from the brushing of their wings.

I lived in between places.
Home was the walk from school to my mother's apartment
Where I let tears soak my blouse in silent outbursts.
Every day I waited for the rain to come and wash away the salt stains
Painting my cheeks.

I looked at myself in the mirror
And could not believe the reflection staring back.
I never felt like I had a face,
As if I were already gone,
Already a ghost of the person I never actually became.

I don't think I ever learned how to speak.
There is a difference between knowing a language and knowing your voice.
As I walked in between places, I felt myself vanishing
Storyless.
Faceless.
And I knew that if I fell with no one there to hear me,
I wouldn't even make a sound.