

Nocturnal Disposition

There was a sobbing
knocking at my door
i opened the window
to let the rain in
and a thousand screams
flooded my mouth

tap dancing on a clock
with 13 hours
i moaned dirges and sang hymns
and the moon wept
stars down to blanket her cold children
stealing and copulating
and killing each other
for secrets
they would find in their
own intestines
if only they would
open the door
and let in the sobbing

There was a rattle at the knob, i
threw open the door
a beating of wings covered my face
with snake skin
concealing the darkness
the desert before me
flooded with wine
thick as blood
figs and white paper ships
on their way to heaven,
their cargo
prophets and whores
laughing like dead
come back to breathe
breath come back to wind
rain come back to red ocean
and the tides rise
against natural law
praising the sun
and forgetting their nocturnal disposition
praising the father
and forgetting the womb

The sky a bowl of water
reflecting drowning stars
Venus and Mars strangle each other
with Saturn's rings
and snake skin wings beat
as i tap dance the screams
birthed from my window
from the rain
from the pain
of eating alone
sleeping alone
dreaming alone

There was a sobbing
knocking at my door
i flipped the latch
and sang louder.

Saria Idana

Saria Idana addresses personal and global struggle in her poetry. She has a B.A. in Arts and Social Change and Experimental Performance from Hampshire College and is dedicated to creating positive change in the world through art. Along with writing, she plays music and is a theater and movement artist fascinated with the fusion of different artistic media. Saria Idana works with the FLOW (Fluent Love of Words) Program bringing Poetry and Expressive Arts Education to incarcerated and underserved youth. She is a Native of New York currently living in the Silverlake/Echo Park neighborhood of Los Angeles CA.

