

# 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.

