Apotheosis

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Apotheosis

Senior Project Submitted to
The Division of the Arts of Bard College

by

Kira Hansen

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Apotheosis

By Kira Hansen

My Lily White Belly flows
Exposed to the light refracting
Hands that cup breasts as
Lips clasp nipples,
as Carnations catch on cold white fire
and their heat turns soft slips of petals
into shriveled husks.

While Leatherleaf lilts out of frame
She wilts under the heat of the lights, alive only
for long enough to be glimpsed with eyes
that squint through lashes thinned by
thick mascara.

I weep when I think of Her,
Soft to Her own touch
Crying out for joy,
more joy.

Look! at the soft grays, Pinks,
and pastels of the darling Disbud
that You stole for me- Oh!
how I had dreamed of that.

I excavate their stillness from the plastic,
Tying thin nooses of thread loosely as
My Cat plays with dead buds of generations past
(Oh my they are beautiful in their repose).
How He delights in them not for their
Passivity but for their
Inertia.

I decide to leave the stems long for later.
I know the beauty in the strain of a breath held in.
I know the beauty in the fold of the fat on my back.
Why would we admit anything but that;
The smell of Rose Death permeating the kitchen reminds us
Of our Grandmother and the bottles of expired
perfume on her dresser.

The Rhododendron bush blooms in bright yellow
Not with the blaze of sun but with the shine of a golden
chariot.

You,
My Mother,
remind me again that it is Forsythia,
not Rhododendron.
I resolve to worship that which is
Both and Neither.
My Lily White Belly flows
Exposed to the light refracting
Hands that cup breasts as
Lips clasp nipples,
as Carnations catch on cold white fire
and their heat turns soft slips of petals
into shriveled husks.

While Leatherleaf sits out of frame
She wilts under the heat of the lights, alive only
for long enough to be glimpsed with eyes
that squint through lashes thinned by
thick mascara.

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Soft to Her own touch
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