

Poetry

The Still Life

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One extension rises from the curves;
One arch merges with the waves.
Serpentine and silent like the Medusa Head,
She moves her heavy shoulders,
Sprawling back on the boulders,
Exhaling a perfume of dead leaves.
Her eyes, so desperate, absorb the dust of the frame.
Famous, desirable, inaccessible -- who came?
The Madeleine studies the depths of her corpse
And before she collapses, her secret life is enclosed
Into her legs and her arms, like a rose
At the end of the day. Madeleine endures a final
Little death. At night, she bends back her neck;
Under our glance the painting comes alive.
Her desire is reaching one last ray of the moon,
Spreading sparkling stars in the sea.
Nobody has come and she has let her translucent arms
Fall into the silver foam.
The lonely Odalisque blows out her last candle,
Glares at the dark skull and whispers a last prayer
To the watcher. Don't look at her, don't look at *her!*
She holds eyes - she catches souls
She keeps hearts – her journey is dull.
The moon has gone, taking back the rose
That you wanted to keep enclosed.