

Natallia Valadzko
BA student

Edgar Allan Poe

Ravens walked me to the station and saw me off;
They interrogated me what I was so deeply afraid of.
Ravens carried the message of relentless “Nevermore”;
I demanded to know what they had for me in store.

Look at him.
His daunting character is not a scarecrow
but his stare is still a sharp-edged dagger.
May clever Edgar Allan Poe guard me through my endeavors.

Know him.
His word as dark as the deep blue sea
but his thought as tangible as your own knee.
May dear Edgar Allan Poe sing to me his Annabelle Lee.

Desert Sun

The sky is not
At ease.
There's not a sudden
Breeze.
The heavens
Colored atomic tangerine
Of the world's end
Left me wondering.
Above, the bright
Button
Blinds without
Pardon.
Being a wreck,
I have around my neck
A scarf with anchors –
O, how I lack my Hangers
That hold me
Tight
That shape me
Right
That are there every
Night.
Anchors of the silent sea
You are far away from me.
There, the light is soft and tender;
Here, the desert sun is the offender.
The waves might sing a lullaby:
To me, to you, to passer-by.
But there is not a sudden
Breeze.
Look, the sky is not
At ease.

Hanger

You're a hanger that holds
Such formless me;
Empty inside, with sleeves
Flying upon a gust of wind,
Without any structure or purpose.
Your wire or wooden shoulders
Help me to take shape,
And then retake it,
And retake it.
For now, I'm just an item hanging,
Unironed and all wrinkled.
But you hold me firmly,
And maybe one day
I will put myself off the hanger
And walk on my own –
Straightened, buttoned up,
No lines, and the collar high.