

Pantom for invisible ceremonies, part one

Judith Krause

Tonight we are the theatre.
Walls of silk surround us.
One by one, we make it ours,
this brazen dance of light and sound.

Walls of silk surround us.
The shy ones watch
this brazen dance of light and sound
from their roost of chairs.

The shy ones watch
little mothers move with purpose
from their roost of chairs.
Horse tails swish across the stage.

Little mothers move with purpose.
The woodsman works alone.
Horse tails swish across the stage.
A block of wood beneath your head.

The woodsman works alone.
Iron, iron, our steely ways.
A block of wood beneath your head.
Distant storm of knives and forks.

Iron, iron our steely ways.
Bite down, bed down, brace yourself.
Distant storm of knives and forks.
Keep the beat to broken songs.

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Bite down, bed down, brace yourself.
Crushed clay and bleeding hands.
Keep the beat to broken songs.
With each heartbeat, turn the page.

Crushed clay and bleeding hands.
Tonight we are the theatre.
With each heartbeat, turn the page.
One by one, we make it ours.

Judith Krause is a Regina poet, editor and teacher whose third collection of poems, *Silk Routes of the Body*, was published last spring by Coteau Books. She is presently at work on her fourth collection, and wishes she had the body of a dancer instead of that of a writer who spends too much time on her duff in front of the computer.