

# “Argos”

by

Theodora Georgescu

they want to make buttons out of my bones  
buttons to place on the ashes of the clothes  
this sunken city wears  
buttons to keep the denial and hope in  
guarded by a wall of concrete so thick and so high  
even mama wouldn't be able to tear it down

they want to make dreams out of my skin  
dreams to forget the reality that envelops  
these worn men and women  
dreams that will last for a lifetime  
and when we wake up, we will already be  
in Lucifer's golden kingdom

they want to make blood out of my lips  
blood that will be a reminder of the pain  
these babies felt in the wombs of their mothers  
blood that will run down the crooked streets  
flood everyone's body with tingling sensations of shock  
to jolt us into a never-ending limbo

they want to make wreaths out of my hair  
wreaths that will creep into the coffins of the living  
those so-called living creatures with spiderwebs in their eyes  
wreaths that will break open the darkness of this city  
with their tendrils of weeds and thorns cracking this hard earth  
to bury the fear deep, deep, deep

they want to make sunlight out of my eyes  
sunlight that permeates the clouds of flies  
those choking, hackneyed monsters  
sunlight that will pulverize the sky and ground  
and wake us from the horror that we have wrapped ourselves in  
to protect ourselves from the truth of our sins.