

Poem by Mia Avramut

Autodafé

for Mother

It has been done unto me thus:

this rugged fractured rugged contour
of yet another body low
sunk retina no guts no words
sour enough to close-solder
that wrought iron gate.

A thousand genes humming to no one after her cells divide.

*

These hands aren't mine they're hers alone
she who slipped into the mud
forty years back and more—
limbs not yet fully grown. With brisk remorse
the bud-hands sprout in early spring—
coated in eglantine spikes, oil splatter burns
in beauty marks and freckles faking skinless years below.

As she would moan, "The chill entered my bones and raised me: a lie."

*

Borrowed her spent eyes too. With them
committed blasphemies osmosis rites
deeds out of constellations so remote
they could not blind apostate amulets
of nailed birth hours we once shared.

She hardly sees me from above where she love-lurks:

"I age with faith in you, who stands
accused from shaded heliocentric arches."

*

All senses blank-redeemed. I ring the bell.

*

"So shall it be the trial again," she squints
then circles onto me to rest

my drunken mind on her most ancient thighs:

somnolent sunset piazza too august to carbonize garrote snuff cerebell ...

the Inquisition of a thousand lives.

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Bio:

Mia Avramut is a Romanian-born American poet, writer, visual artist, physician, and brain researcher who worked in laboratories and autopsy rooms from Pittsburgh to San Francisco. She holds a Ph.D. in Cellular and Molecular Pathology (Neuropathology). The first literary work written in English, her second language, was a prose poem published in 2011. She was an associate poetry editor at *Connotation Press- an Online Artifact*, and interviewed authors for *Scissors and Spackle*. Currently, she reviews books for *Ofi Press Magazine*. Twice nominated for the Pushcart prize, her poetry and prose have recently appeared in *Prick of the Spindle*, *Thrice Fiction*, *Conclave: a Journal of Character*, *Escape into Life*, *Santa Fe Literary Review*, *Otoliths*, *Petrichor Machine*, *Menacing Hedge*, *Paper Nautilus*, and several anthologies. A collection of poems and one of short stories are in preparation. Mia Avramut lives in Essen, Germany.

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