

Vida Sever - Anja Glavinić

A Dry Place

thick

the family hair

spills over lunch

after we've become

weak and thin

my hair ends up in the plate

and pretends to be drowning

I silence it

with shyness behind my ear

the teeth are the answer

to the childish carelessness

when I splash water on the hair

bound around my waist

barely pulling out my hands

I offer them the remaining drops

with a firm poke

and the hair between their fingers

they crush the streets on the map

joking I'll surely get lost in the city

as they clutch the hair

I laugh and unravel myself

from the kitchen

through the hall

and down the staircase

never dye your hair

I won't.

the self

I was the tallest woman on trams

that are now time capsules

buried in my mother's garden

says

the words that straighten up the body

grown out of a child's blackness

after her mom died

she pulled out all the furniture

cut down the pine in the backyard

and buried all the familiar shapes

and postwar photos

in an apartment with fine edges

high up and far away

from her first words

the carved bedpost

above her head

fits a whole family at odds

each member in their own slit

going stone-gray

I can't take the tram anymore,

but still no one is taller than me

says stroking the relief

of the family tree

and pressing the fallen leaves
into my fist

transliteration

our fingernails imprint apostrophes

into the plastic tablecloth

everyone says that it's not a word

yet something more

stuck to the back side

but the family can't read

so it connects us with thick tendrils

if we touch each other

for a moment we know

how to separate the words correctly



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