

Prism Soul

By Karolina Piotrowska

My soul like glass

I cannot swim upon the world
as such
for I should burst into a hydra of multi-coloured shards,
each concealing in its belly
all the orgasm of the Universe's
black and beautiful oblivion.

No, I must side step.
Creep closer to the borderland of hidden edge-work,
pleated on the excavated brains
of white-haired men
who took a page from Hegel;

Deemed the ocular
less brilliant than the Sun
but just as dangerous.