

A blue stone hatches pythoness

three eyes fix her snaked and delphic head  
to split the cataracting vision.

Oviparous stone in a cervix of stars  
is the blue jewel of that impregnable egg

is the heat of that seized, unrelenting fetus  
whose rage a lusting god thrust in me.

With the appetite of continents  
a need not relative to hunger

I swallow innocence a whole geography.  
I devour my own heart.

The sun I constrict and the moon also  
for a greater sun's light and universe

in the globed and fiery brain enduring  
the filament of prolonged torturous days.

Postponing pleasure, presumptuous beginnings,  
the softer sphere of darkness constellating lovers

I labor the human-formed serpent.

I take no rest on the seventh day.

Maara Haas

### The Convention

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Come to our one-day fair.  
I suppose you could call it  
almost a convention of us miniaturists, the intricacy  
of jewellers is absolutely  
not wasted on us,  
with base metals we can create  
for instance this plaited replica  
of an exact thumbnail breadloaf,  
this tiny tray of taffy apples.  
Aren't they sweet?  
Loves we must have such stuff to fill  
our doll-houses with.  
Bring your daughter, don't  
bring her, we have stopped pretending  
it's only for the children we put on a show.  
So if a setpiece says  
Edwardian drawing-room scene  
whole family grouped round piano  
or modern ranch-house circa 1970  
note fatherfigure on a scaled down barcalounger  
with miniaturised playboy magazine  
remember we have sweated blood  
worked with needles of astonishing thinness  
in cloth and lace and real hair  
in paper and ceramic and spunglass  
we tried to get the details right.  
For what?  
Is it for the mere satisfaction of seeing  
into every room at once, even  
the ones as children we were locked out of?  
Is it for the charm of having  
behind the glass wall the small  
people as clear and separate in their compartments  
as in the single frames of comicstrip?  
Is it just so we can jam the past  
with a plenty it never possessed?  
(we tend to dwell on the colonial style  
and the kind of crackerbarrel country kitchens  
in real life we'd love to afford if only)  
Is it us reducing what we most deeply fear might be trivial  
to what we are sure  
is perfectly cute?

Liz Lochhead