

**ILONA MARTONFI**

***Giacometti's Woman of Venice***

Bronze sculpture  
laid bare

cast in plaster

exhaustion and failure  
tall, emaciated figure  
tiny head

wedge-shaped pedestal.  
He obsessed.  
He never finished.  
Fragile, skeletal oeuvre  
a lens on loss  
units of decorum  
urge to touch and stroke  
I saw it buried  
splinter off into parts,  
narrative continuity  
gouging its way on to a trial  
to take the old, the unfamiliar  
Rive Gauche  
lone acacia in winter  
the ones left behind  
saying: "Love. Love? My love?"  
This void almost a  
carapace  
putrefaction, impotent  
no 46, rue Hippolyte-Maindron  
made the unsayable, death,  
language of  
Montparnasse in Paris  
14<sup>ème</sup> arrondissement  
stood and watched  
a lingering trace of sadness  
scattered, micro-tumours hidden  
giving birth, when life pulsed  
improbably

I saw a caress  
touching and being touched.

**L.A.R.K.**

**Prism**

In the corner of my mind  
I see a prism,  
Prison  
In it is nothing  
But a place  
To sit, eat,  
And think about my thoughts.  
Not free, but silent, alone.  
I think I would like to write on the walls.  
Something that says, "Fat is Beautiful."  
I am not too tired to think about it,  
In this prism, the corner is turned.