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Sui Generis

Diane Dehler

I explore the geography of your
whiteness; a vast country of exile.
Corridor to corridor there is a vast
permeation of ivory.

The setting sun bleeds color on a
flat plane and a pristine territory of
silence, where latitude & longitude
are invisible.

Tell me who else has dressed
themselves in this canvas?
I wear it as a ball gown with pale
geometric lines & circles for breasts.

This is the vast white terrain
where I have loved you.
You and I are together in
monochrome.

Fatigued after a long journey my

eyes have swept from East/West to
North/South, along a stark white
map.

Just this whiteness;
a country of a million
white brush strokes merged
into thought.

This is a canvas that is an
island where bones are
bleached white& death
is paint.