

Fleurs du Mal

I'm sorry

We were thanked for our service and admired for our efforts but I can feel no pride or appreciation for the recognition I receive as it is only a reminder of the way you gripped at the cold, sterile metal of the table and shut your eyes as if your injuries were something you could hide from, like a monster under the bed.

I'm sorry

For I cannot remember your name or your ranking or how exactly you ended up on my table but the curve of your spine, the bronze bistre depth of your eyes and how the light reflected in them when you finally opened them up but they were cold and distant.

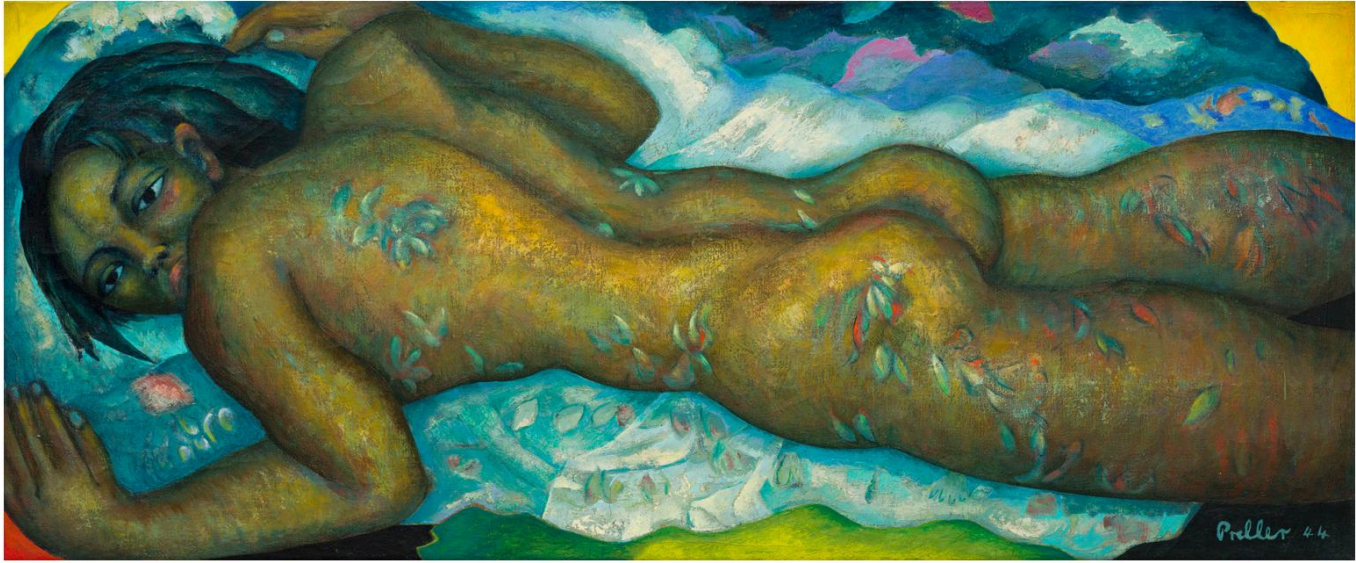
You begged and pleaded as my shears tore through your uniform, my needle pierced your skin and tweezers pulled pieces of invasion from your being, soon the scarlet-vermillion of the bandages became too much to bare as it outweighed the white and then I knew

I'm sorry

As a medic i know i've failed you, stole you away from the recognition you deserve and now i receive but maybe, as an artist i could bandage you up, plant seeds within you and grow back all of the pieces of you that were lost in this war and maybe then

i'll mean it

i'm sorry



Isla Lochtie C6, 08/08/2024

Norval Foundation, Alexis Preller exhibition titled "A Mythical Lexicon"

Alexis's artwork has spoken to me, it's not often that pictures communicate so directly and clearly but I felt as if this work was screaming at me and I feel as if this poem is me merely preaching its words. I ask of you not to think of me as a poet but a translator, a prophet who may speak the thousands of words that this picture holds and begs to tell, in hopes that we can further appreciate and understand the beauty of Preller's piece.