



LOST ORIGINALS

DAVID B. GOLDSTEIN

FIRST EDITION

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OBJECT PERMANENCE



PORTUGUESE DOLLS

LEGLASS DOLL

Wearing my legs
I trenched and wretch'd.
The cramped staircases
could not rivet me,
nor the library confide in me.

Now behold my nubbin!
Gaze on my cracked cotillion,
the starburst of my collarbone,
the gashes of my ears!
Gaze and bow
before your
thumbless God.

BURNING DOLL

Bernardo Soares returned from work
down the street of goldsmiths.
When I raise my hands, it rains.
When I dodge leaves, it burns.

Lenita Gentil took me up to the balcony
to procure me a husband.
She told me one may clean a fish
with dull scissors and a mallet.

The dog hoarses himself by barking.
The hill wearies itself by climbing.
You hear me as I am, little mad one,
for I am ready to paint your portrait.

HANDLESS DOLL

Sometimes a single word
can grant me the will to live.
Do you know how old I am?
Do you find my legs beautiful?
Come, touch the clustered pale grapes
of my hair.

On the day my midnight blood
breaks the skin
the whole world will become blue.

BIG-HANDED DOLL

Each of you must decide
how I will hurt you.

I am about to burn through my joints
and will rejoin the fixed
column of truth.

My eyes are already fixed:
my eyebrows were plucked
before I could speak.

Soon you too will be opened
by the unmouthed key of my voice.

HANDLESS AND LEGLESS DOLL

I must return.
The fight will be severe,
iron-blue.

Watch out behind you:
the flowers
are spare-time poets.