

Poetry

Elusions

No need here, no urgent body
pleading for love;
only the best and worst of me
raw and actual, eyeing you
from behind a newspaper

Pared down
to the false halves you create
with the expertise of a magician,
I'm black and white,
like hat and rabbit easily separated

But I have my own tricks:

despite the casual way
I sit outside
your barbed silence

despite the fact
that already I am cut

my subversive blood is dancing,
my heart revels in its red

—*Eva Tihanyi*