

POISON PARADISE
2022 version (part 1-3)
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PART 1

So
we're playing Sex & The City in the metro
and I'm the blond Mr. Big
we're flirting
through faint reflections
of skinny (bitch) underground walls
on our way to
YI-HA
it's tragic
it's medicine
a diet, a hunt for
adrenaline
which calls for a manifold of painful
poses
and so, I wanted you to refuse the delicacy of
roses
because
we say this rose is beautiful
but when this rose is destroyed
this rose is ugly
or this rose is clumsy (1)
we say

anyway

as I came home a note on my door said:
you've been playing naughty, getting with me all day, I know where you live, and we both know exactly what
you want
tonight
and I really wasn't sure, what made you think that was
alright
I clenched my fist, my throat felt
tight
turned around, and someone was indeed waiting under the
street light
a few meters away, oh, how polite
I do have a choice
am I right?

PART 2

Listen

those long nail extensions
do not scratch away the harm of conventions
pronouns are no excuse
for the way we learned to seduce
I'm not the captain of this love cruise
as long as those tricks that we use
remind me of
old news of abuse
indirect cues
a polite no which - still - blows the fuse

and even though you showed up in cold-blooded person
it was still hard to nail the point of coercion
but that little metro game no longer seemed so cute or fun or certain
surely, my fire wasn't lit by subversion

and so even though they say I do a decent job at protecting myself
from what I want (2)
and I, indeed, already live in a room of my own (3)
we're now still here
eating
not dinner
but ya
from start to finish
as we learned
nothing tastes as good as skinny feels (4)
that's nearly all this burning meal reveals
high on all my heels
with a taste of your lips, I'm on a ride
I'm slipping under, a taste of poison paradise
I surely know it's toxic (5)
and still, I sing along:
what's love got to do, got to do with it
what's love but a second-hand emotion
what's love got to do, got to do with it
who really wants a heart when a heart will be broken? (6)

PART 3

Now

this would be the place in the story
where I'd serve the morning glory
but this flower blooms and dies within the same day
by dawn, I'd become a bitter prey
so the morning after serves a doubtful shame
what a classic ending to this type of game
like the Little Mermaid who traded her voice for love
belittled and rejected, ended up as a heartbroken spirit far above
thus — a clumsy rose now stands here in the harbour
with skin of steel like an armour
because
a real soldier has worn a lace
a worn lace
without disgrace

so tonight we'll light a fire for all the broken roses
burn away the aching poses
illuminate the pathways we have been granted
already hundreds of years ago queer, brave women stood up and chanted
those tricks ain't walking, those tricks ain't walking' no more
I said, those tricks ain't walking, no more tricks ain't walking no more
and if you think I'm lying
just follow me to my door (7)
and right there
under the street light
I'd greet you and ask you
to slip inside the very eye of your mind
don't you think you might find
a better place to play?

Goodnight, my gentle folks

- (1) Gertrude Stein, 1913 (*rewritten*)
- (2) Jenny Holzer, 1982
- (3) Virginia Woolf, 1929
- (4) Kate Moss, 2009
- (5) Britney Spears, 2004 (*rewritten*)
- (6) Tina Turner, 1984 (*rewritten*)
- (7) Lucille Bogan/Bessie Jackson, 1930