

Ghazal for The Sisters of Mercy*

Bowl cut, bumfluff, bucktooth: Other. Russia
bore moonshine, soul & gilt. *Oh, brother. Russia.*

Billeted in a Saint Petersburg Khrushchyovka
(stairs' bare filaments, piss), I wanted to smother Russia.

Lake Ladoga's roaches, three white nights,
I'm seeing double ... Another Russia ...

On black market postcards I could scrawl no more than
Dear Grandfather & Grandmother, Russia

Cocooned by headphones, cassettes by The Cure,
I overthrew 'Dominion/Mother Russia'.

Stuart Barnes

* This poem is a companion piece to из России published in Transnational Literature, Vol 8, no. 1, November 2015

https://dspace.flinders.edu.au/xmlui/bitstream/handle/2328/35651/From_Russia.pdf?sequence=1

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<http://fhrc.flinders.edu.au/transnational/home.html>