



Writing from the Last Page Backwards

By Inkaliisa Voionmaa

There won't be Poetry, but there will be
a jumble tumbling down the length of my pen,
blots of coffee, caffeine in my blood and a rush
of ink flowing through my veins and the night.

There will be the excited dreaming
of a bleeding pen and
arrows by which to navigate
the rewrites of this ocean.

There will be the events of this evening and
that look – that look! – but I will not love you
and this text will falter as a mere attempt.

I will drain the swelling of this night.

There will be a time, maybe ten years

from now, when I'll think to myself:

Did I really not know that I was beautiful?

And there will finally be poetry.

Inkaliisa Voionmaa was born in Gothenburg, Sweden in 1984. Her parents are Finnish, and they came to Sweden a couple of years before she was born. She has never felt Swedish, nor Finnish, but always Gothenburgian. She says, she's "one of the few people who love that grey lump of a city even when it's raining horizontally and the raw chill creeps through your clothes, however thick they are." She once had four of her poems published in the major daily newspaper of Gothenburg. English is her third language.