



On the Eve of the Burial

By Inkaliisa Voionmaa

Clothes of mourning are hung on a
hanger that clings to my closet.

Draped over the rigid plastic
a slate-gray bra with polka dots
nuzzles a black silk dress, as a
pair of cotton panties watches
over them and weeps for the dead.

A pair of chestnut pantyhose
wrangle themselves around the hook
of the apprehensive hanger.

In the morning I will wake up
and enclose myself in those clothes.

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.