

For Betty Playford

Her head battered and bloody. . . . The dead girl was not only very popular with children and adults alike in the neighbourhood where she lived but also with her playmates.

It's me.
All braids and freckles.
You study me,
My death,
As if I was a fiction.
I smile on the front page:
September 22, 1947,
As if alive.
Criminally assaulted
RAPED
And yet here I am,
Immortal.
Study me,
Examine me.
My body is dead,
A hammer blow to the head.
So be my guest,
And look at my conceptualizations,
Historical narratives,
Infinite isms.
Deconstruct me,
Detach yourself,
And see what you find:
Some trampled grass,
Some semen,
Some blood,

Maybe a nostalgic neighbour.
I'll wait here,
Smiling as though,
So?
Just to see all you know
Of pain,
Of death,
Of me.