

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Julie Maclean: Dreaming of Lost Things

Julie Maclean · Thursday, July 11th, 2013

Julie Maclean has been shortlisted for *The Crashaw Prize* (Salt), *Whitmore* (2010 and 2013) and *Press Press* manuscript prizes, and was a joint winner of the *Geoff Stevens Poetry Prize* (UK). *When I saw Jimi*, her debut collection, was published in 2013 by [Indigo Dreams Publishing](#), UK.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Babushka

So when we get there  
her Christmas decorations  
are still up  
It's April I say  
What's going on?  
She says she loves them  
Russian designs on gold  
shot cloth  
He's sitting in front  
of the screen  
No move to make  
small talk  
She tells me she's left him  
seven times and tomorrow  
she's going  
for real  
Little girls  
no bigger than your ring finger  
lashed together by red ribbon  
skipping all over the walls  
Nailed on  
\*\*\*

### G

I have started to dream of lost things:  
a blue button from my coat, an aspirin tablet,

Siamese cat called Milly  
 Then you came, ready  
 for a party in a black cocktail dress  
 wreathed in red roses  
 which was fitting, since I've been dead to you  
 for some time now,  
 and of those lost things  
 I would like you, above all, back again  
 \*\*\*

## Snuff Copenhagen Style

On the boat we're rows of well behaved  
 blue in a cloud of plastic poncho.  
 The Little Mermaid's in the wrong place.  
 She's too small and has her back to me.  
 I want to see the join where the samurai  
 beheading took place, the arm filleted.  
 Today she is ravaged from all angles,  
 wide and zoom  
 We take the train to Elsinore.  
 Ophelia outside the station is reunited  
 with her man in life-size interpretation.  
 She has the face of a blow-up doll.  
 A Manga moll. My lovely girl  
 on her barge of abandonment in  
 Pre Raphaelite Delight (name for an ice cream)  
 daisies in her hair in Midsumma Madness  
 (another one) reduced to a copper troll.  
 And it rained

*Cultural Weekly is proud to premiere these poems by Julie Maclean.*

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