From “alice, eaten”: A Series of Twelve Poems
by Siel Ju

the rabbit sends in a little bill

alice had no creative juices.
she thought, i’ll just see what this bottle does
with old ice cubes frozen and cracked neatly at the seams,
ready for a glass and tonic.

time ran behind her, playing house.

alice said, at least i’ve moved the mess
and concentrated it
onto a desk. or two.

a ringing silence.

to the little vials:
i’ll break you on my tongue
and hold your juice in my mouth
cool, like genuine sulphur.

she pushed her teeth through, chewed methodically,
philosophically.
a fashionable apathy.

there ought to be a book written about me, alice mused quietly.
something interesting is sure to happen
whenever i eat or drink anything.

beware, sweet words.
i’m coming to devour you.

a mad tea-party

alice was lost in a maze of bright thoughts.
she was at a loss: how to darken them appropriately,
convincingly.
she tried to inject them with a lazy angst.

she wrote: how to begin writing—
well, i’ve already begun.

alice needed inspiration: what dark stories are there?
one without much of a plot.
she wasn’t much for memory.

in eight minutes she filled a page,
on to the next one
in the twinkling of a bat.

what will happen to alice?

she admitted: my m’s wind tightly like mousetraps.
the muchness of the moon. munchies.

sweetening her tea with maple crystals
alice considered the reader.

a threat: you should thank the postmaster that i’m writing you
at all.
remember my warning. do write back.