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**Subito**

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"Statement of Purpose"

**Subito** is an experimental poem that is the result of ludic activity. It is an open game in which a subject speaks with an object, which, in this case, happens to be a doll named Phoebe (=Full of light, like Apollo as Phebus). Phoebe ultimately comes to live and switches roles with the speaking subject. In this endless game of role reversal the initial speaking subject goes through a trance and comes to terms with its inner desires and fears to finally fully submit itself to love. Lyrical and philosophical, this game continues on the level of language (a mixture of English and Greek with allusions to Greek myths and the Orthodox tradition of the Holy Virgin) by evoking vivid imagery while drawing the reader's attention to its inner symmetry, mainly illustrated by acronyms reminiscent of Byzantine hymnography.

**Subito**

**ACTIVITY I**

Phoebe

the doll's name

she lay by me.

Subito naked

she walks on my body

staring at my eyes.

I SEE suddenly

sea flowers

puppets of actual gods

endless meanders

chameleons crawling in the woods

terracotta in search of breath

rains of sacrificial cries

untold laments of a lying destiny

moonstruck pencils ceaselessly scribbling

ochers on island walls,  
firemen in a forgotten ocean liner

storms

unearthly lava

brides alone in a desert parish,

joyful lovers of herons

eagle feathers wide-open,

chapters closed to the blinds

tropical algae in a woman's neck,

ideal broaches in silken veils

viruses haunting in the citrons,

endless diluvium drifting away everything

other virgins in a stormy time,

beautiful morning melodies

joint stars shining in the night,

edenic waves of magnetic fields

combs in a black braid,

trumpets of vanished elephants

iodine rainbows in wide seas,

orgasmic moments of an amber

neck fearing to bend in

spring nightmares.

## **ACTIVITY II**

Phoebe seals my eyes

And starts dictating to me these lines:

Notes ask for a hand

A llama in a Morocco vessel

Garden, full of flowers

Ionic ashes hiding sparks

Astrolabe

Glorious meditation

Lyrical rose in your bosom

Your fearless song

Keeps you safe from a knife coming out of its hilt

O thou brother who embraced compassion

Fresh deliriums of challenges

Inspired you a handsome child

Lullaby of the sun for you

Ode of a word ready to be spoken

You kept the slow elegy in the blank space of a violin

So that a dream can flourish inside you

So be it

Amen

## **ACTIVITY III**

She opened my eyes,

Hoping that I saw her

Experimental frescoes:

Creatures of

Arcanes

Lovers

Leaders

Erudites

Dragons

Heifers

Eruptions

Rapes

Seductions

Eclipses

Lures

Fires

Echoes now my own voice:

Ruthless

Ingrate

Nasty

You

Arachne.

Then

a wound pours in the light,

a pain hurts me more and more

a shoe wedges in a horse pad,

a hand is in search of another hand

a dark stone grows on the prickly bushes,

an albatross starts a slow elegy

an exit gives way to the hunting,  
a station is flirting with the passengers  
a mincing voice yearns for love,  
a watercolor longs for the color  
a satin,  
a fluff,  
a cyclotron,  
a clapper,  
my only arms.

## **CONCLUSION**

**L**

“The limits of life are the limits of language.”

In the tube the first grain of brain rain alone  
'Ela your name, an invitation to you  
the definite article of my life, my pillar L  
a crossroads twisting our limits.