

Metamorphosis: Punished, Echo Disappears, Repeats the Last

what woman has not told a story and been punished
for the story, the telling, I stared
into, then through, like a moon, my own undeserving
desire, soothing the moss-furred
rocks at pool bottom, I punish lost hunters, fling
their last frantic syllables back
careless as fingernail clippings, laughter, shed hair
sharp as glitter, I mimic and mock
flirt with acting the savior to any stranger, calling
the caller deeper into orbit
the gravitational heart, the heavy white shrouded
summit, I freeze, I starve the ones
who laughed at my burning body, choke each
name in my own relentless mirror
I carry a body-long shield, a bloom beyond
touch after I fed my sorrow my
sorry body, strip of bloodless flesh by strip
to float in the cold socket of a cave
no one chooses the shape their immortality takes
outside the body, abandoned glove
the blush, the scatter of bones I left, now numb
as stone as the air vibrating bow
string, I am waiting to be called by name, found
in any other mouth, I went to look
into his mystery, into the water, the dark blank
unbroken, there is no lakebed, no
stars here anymore, no more throat waiting
to sound my voice in his language

Metamorphosis: Prosperina, Queen of the Underworld, Proclaims into the Thaw

Not so unlike the stars: the bone-bright
electric messages through the weaving
I mimic the language of seeds:
a door, when scored, or the soft
What travels through the hungers
without leaving: a cathedral of stalactites
of an underground lake, the tip
pierces its reflection, doubles into
vertebrates, seamless as a woman
into rope. All grows toward what it knows
then binds. There is no change without
bend, without consequence,
of a flower, golden-throated, haloed
above a spill of green. Now, bound
thinks to ask what cracks open, unfurls
inside my body—the half-dead
any other part before. I am the hybrid
who remembers and the one who
thaw, the hibernating and the hunger
the dream of a mother who does not
like to die. The one where I do not have

rootlets of trees hum
that traps dirt into my ceiling.
my hide, hull, what splits, like
dissolve of groundwater pores.
of others. There is no return
cleaves the mirror-still surface
of minerals in suspension
a column, the bilateral radiation of
chewing the ends of her hair
to need: a vine climbs,
repeat—how many times did I
to gather beauty to me in the form
inside a bone-white starburst
by what I was said to eat, no one
roots into or through the dark
half of me cared for more than
plat of two strands—the one
does not remember, freeze and
that drives me to back into
have to ask what it feel
to ask which death. Which time.