

her twigs' slow ash watches cauldron-kissed frost-steps

she made federico garcía lorca from olive twigs & snowflakes then watched
andalucían sun melt him down a slow blue iris grew from her eye

she nailed ted hughes' hand to an ash stump to the west of a path
that crossed fox field she hid and watched as a vixen ate it

she pulled coleridge from a cauldron he'd written a fish-shape across his
thigh's boiled skin she kissed this sore fish softly

she cracked a voice of robert frost against a frozen birch the report
burned her throat but fed her steps down an ice-stopped river

patiently she eats her sweet vomit of berries flesh & hissing runes
gravel ligaments semen & crocuses all or air