



11/22

A bullet's like a planet  
Orbiting the brain  
No heart will go unpunished  
Tho it never enter in

For tho it didn't enter  
Yet it did & does & shall  
For tho we only saw it  
It is moving thru us still

#### MISTRAL

Haven't you traveled enough?  
Don't you understand by now

That dust can fall on anything  
In any country, on any day of the year?

That wherever you go there will be  
Diseased ground your feet

Will have to stand on? Don't you see  
That between the people who want

To be machines and the machines  
That want to be people women

Are still, still at this late date  
Running?

#### TENTH BODY

I was a double of this world  
And though I shrank from your gaze

Stiffening, I know, visibly  
When you aimed your thing at me

Let the record show  
I caused my flesh to thicken to protect

What you and your connivances  
And everything they presumed about who

I was and what I wanted to buy and why  
Would otherwise have dispersed, translated

Moreover into money for you  
And not for me, though money

Gold as it is was the least  
Of what I sought. I might as well give

You the lion's share of the grain  
From the land I now plow like an old

Serf. But I am no different  
From anybody else. What we till

Now is spiritual, is cultural, immaterial  
Partaking nevertheless of pain

Like what shimmers at my base  
An obscure future even now

Exceeding all predictions  
As I write you

*Ariana Reines*

#### MEDEA

[...]

I have to say our ancestors  
showed very little sense  
when they invented melodies  
for revels, festivals, and feasts,  
the sweetest sounds in life,  
but made no songs or harmonies  
to soothe the bitter grief  
that leads to death and devastation  
and brings whole houses down.

[...]

*Euripides*

#### ATTEMPT AT GENEALOGY

[...]

Put your bones into braids of graves, woods.  
Put your bones into braids of graves, ravines.  
Put your bones into braids of graves, fields.  
Put your bones into braids of graves, swamps.

Put your graves into braids of bones, mother.  
Put your graves into braids of bones, moth.  
Put your graves into braids of bones, ghost.  
Put your graves into braids of bones, guest.

Braid your bones neatly.  
Braid your bones bravely.  
Finger-comb your bones  
into neat braids  
in our woods, ravines, fields, swamps.

[...]

*Valzhyna Mort*