Sometimes, as a child

when the Greek sea
was exceptionally calm
the sun not so much a pinnacle
as a perspiration of light, your brow and the sky
meeting on the horizon, sometimes

you'd dive from the float, the pier, the stone promontory, through water so startled it held the shape of your plunge, and there

in the arrested heat of the afternoon without thought, effortless as a mantra turning you'd turn in the paused wake of your dive, enter the suck of the parted waters, you'd emerge

clean caesarean, flinging live rivulets from your hair, your own breath arrested. Something immaculate, a chance

crucial junction: time, light, water had occurred, you could feel your bones glisten translucent as spinal fins.

In raingreen Oregon now, approaching thirty, sometimes the same rare concert of light and spine resonates in my bones, as glistening starfish, lover, your fingers beach up.

Olga Broumas

Artemis

Let's not have tea. White wine eases the mind along the slopes of the faithful body, helps

any memory once engraved on the twin chromosome ribbons, emerge, tentative from the archaeology of an excised past.

I am a woman who understands the necessity of an impulse whose goal or origin still lie beyond me. I keep the goat

for more than the pastoral reasons. I work in silver the tongue-like forms that curve round a throat

an arm-pit, the upper thigh, whose significance stirs in me like a curviform alphabet that defies

decoding, appears to consist of vowels, beginning with O, the Omega, horseshoe, the cave of sound. What tiny fragments

survive, mangled into our language. I am a woman committed to a politics of transliteration, the methodology

of a mind stunned at the suddenly possible shifts of meaning—for which like amnesiacs

in a ward on fire, we must find words or burn.

Olga Broumas

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Olga Broumas was born in Greece and now lives in Oregon where she teaches women's studies. Her books are Beginning with O (Yale University Press) and Caritas (Jackrabbit Press). She won the 1976 Yale Younger Poet's award.