

POETRY

MY MOTHER BUILDS ME OUT OF STICKS

creekside,
she whispers to sycamore, eucalyptus.
kneels to the whistling water.
prays. Waits

three days, awakens
blanketed over with bark. Leaves
cover her eyes.
she knows what to do:

with a rock, lob off
locks of hair.
bury beneath moss and lichen.
sacrifice.
conjure.
go deeper into the green.
gather brittle pieces.

she might magick much,
fashions a girl out of it.

hands, branching from rickety arms.
feet, rooting in worm-darkness.
head, nodding heliotropist.

ever reaching, eight-directioned,
arching and undulating and locked
to one spot.

i know nothing of the love of man.

the center of me, mysterious
and swirling, secreted from
intrepid fingers, fastened,
impenetrable.

Rachel Kann