

V

Sea foam fizzles at the end of the world
where they think the ocean breaks off, I am living at the edge.
Naked, born from a silver sword
I slide out of that watery slit, the sandbar a conduit for my birth
hands and knees digging into jagged seashells
cutting up this newborn flesh
the wind kisses my skin, fear catching in my eyelashes
I learn to walk in a matter of seconds, knees wobbling unsure—
—the birds caw. I know they laugh at me.
I do what I can to cover myself
Fingers over breasts;
it will not be enough for the spectacle I am
I must bear the crushing weight of man

Justice

I swim poorly beneath all of these creatures
an abomination amongst other inhabitants
the gooey stones rocking back in my skull, dropping into my hands
salty water gushes out of the gouged sockets
I ask for another chance to belong
my fate is sealed, another beast lost to the vast nothing

Excavation

Loud defiance at the scene of a crime
a protest rooted in the affairs of a womb,
they must see what's before them
and no one can deny it anymore.

It crawls out, slimy and slick with liver-colored fluids
an alien sort of wailing emits from both of them
unbecoming unraveling everywhere
they hose her down and it drowns in the watered wreckage