

on the seventh day

I PUT HER TOGETHER from
self-reference. eyes on the mirror.
hands, on the keyboard. she will have
this - skin, like mine. freckles, like mine.
fat, like mine. she is half-spun from my
dreams; i sleep just for her, orchestrate
a crown of thorn / placed upon her mantle.
her name means 'to tear', but in passing
i call her Woman King, the Eve who
sprung from the pulling of my ribcage.

(when she is grown, i will lay my bone
down and let her bloom).