The room in which I am no longer daughter

[When I was a young woman it was the rattling under my skin

When the lightning crumbles I know it's time
Nest of beeswax. Hand brimming with honeyed sun
Bring the desire to make sacred the body bruised
Tie knots in your ropes

Each puff swept up and circled my perimeter

I am within two hundred miles, the room in which I am no longer daughter I want, I want No one can say this but me, I regret

What a sister, canned us inside mason jars

A piece of my country is red dirt Dark till the switch on, but the lake swallow chicken grease turkey vine chop I was your neighbour we ween neighbors

Were we daughters together?

[At my neck, my jaw rose and roared

Sound or sight, which we chew with eyeteeth—
Even inside, you may only hear marbles rolling around

(knelt beside the hull while the rains)
Something that moves like a human body, beats
like a human heart. To see inside the septum

(on my face I felt entire oceans falling)
all the voices from home and to lay them over
A true sense that someone listening

(the keel tight within the throat)
A problem not with possibilities, but honing

[Between my shoulder blades, a silken hum

I kept sewing I loved the motion, fingers pulling one quick pluck—Off a tucked spool between silky unwinding push plys through eye, torso folding at hips to swing forward back and my long looking. My old hands, folding corners holding sleek, tight curves, cutting, poking.

The patterns lit up around me—Now I remember yellow chiffon for my daughter, tractors along seam lines of my son's pajamas.

[I remember this part of my unfolding; it began by moving up

[Later, the suddenness brought lightning to the sand I walked on

Must each molecule of water join hands to make a swell. Across open cavern a string of memory you pluck yourself. And walk covered by blanket up flames like cedar trees on a cliff
A not sea, opulent like sea Bamboo. Tried finding your old city—

[Toes and sleek arch, strokes

Cuts on your fingers sucked for direction. I wrapped twinkle around trees till dizzy: Paths as the crow flies. Buildings crunched too many on a bus in your always travel of pasting the horizon with glue. I forgo our way walking—

[In latter days I called it

One poor choice believe it someone wanted to stone her I shoe fly I don't bother the long of which What you receive tie up I believed I would go on seeing saying birch Trees that burn faster cedar If you are rescued, you won't need it to propagate the myth of the white man, some loyalties Hog tie she born with a cord wrapped neck neck When the barn burned only feeder pigs got away she the wildness got away Tie up

[There I shimmied up tree trunks, lost my girl-ness for marbled stone, owl feather

Try that for which you haven't yet taste buds

[I mention this for the farthest rustle,

They really did hold you together with nails and pins.

To be a woman,
just step into the mannequin of existence.

With songs of this broad night, this evening soiree.

Even inside all the resin rotting.

[the branch I can barely spy, the wing bones, encased and glowing

No one thought a novice could make a baby nor did I hips like plastic fruit like flat shale. All it took was toe-dragging water I'd rather not swim in on my side under my ribs a winged fish sold tickets. Swing my low back, my small shucked hands inside the day's weather who carried a long line of outspokenness. If it was the bones of a shimmying angel cursed into the word I said tender attention to cut hair and perms ushering me toward mother, toward a jar toward wide mouths