

*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 wee neighbors  
Were we daughters together?



[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  
What you receive the long of which tie up  
I believed I would go on seeing saying  
Trees that burn faster cedar birch  
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  
got away Tie up the wildness

[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

oo

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