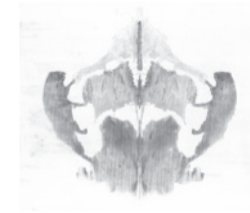


MAUREEN SEATON

Destiny



Grizzlies climb the trunk of a woman who stands headless before us, beyond language, beyond voice, a body without tongue or throat or the possibility of screaming wildly into the Grand Canyon. Take a moment to notice how not a word burps from our own lips to save her. Don't feel guilty. It's been this way since anyone alive can recall, her deeply reliable hips, her capricious undergarments.

History



Sisters from Whoville play patty-cake with such fury their knees collide, their hands press together with a force that makes them float above the earth like blimps. See how they hold each other in a deep gaze? Their noses, their swirly scarves, their faux fur coats. Note the negative space that resembles a child's top or a flying saucer taking off between them. Or perhaps it's simply their sibling history, alive and menstruating.

Mango in Retrograde

Be aware that this may or may not be the first day of summer. And the music that winds into your brain's dark furrows may be full of violins or trumpets, or the voices that still your nerves may be in your native tongue or they may salute another god or another star. Be aware that on yet another day of blue blue blue when the ocean brims in your sink and overflows onto your toes, blessing you with salt, you are alone as a spoke in a wheel is alone. That is, not exactly, but for all practical purposes, infinitely.