

## Slant of the Girl

I cut my feet that autumn  
on all the bay-rocks.  
The hill without end.  
My tent was a net in the air.  
I ran down the hill so my legs would give out.  
Poison ivy everywhere.  
The others reddened and boiled  
into spider nests, any rough cloud  
that could hang them  
above the green.  
I lived happily on the outcrop,  
walking on mountaintops,  
scarring my soles.  
For once, I was blood and bone,  
my feet like rhythm-bowls.  
I thought I had what you had,  
a strange mind. I thought I was  
born to grow upward.  
That autumn, the hill ran  
down into darkness, and I slanted  
with the trees toward the bottom.  
I walked on ground forgotten  
by humans. That's how I learned  
of the moon's jaw, opening for virgins,  
as if a temple could be made  
from moss and foliage.  
My mind is stranger every day,  
it works by rock and moon-cut.  
I sleep in tents of air.  
The others have gone  
to find help for their bodies.  
They'll find none.  
I learned how to die as I lived,  
like a photon, and weigh  
the salt of my years  
against the exoskeletons.

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