

DEAR ME

JENNY MILLER

Woman,

You are part magic,
part mayhem
Parted sideways in a vertical landscape
Partitioned into sunbeam and sea brine

You are off-centered
Off-labeled
Off fluttering on whale spray
Offish child dangling spiders from fingertip to friend's scream

You are seagull breath
soaring through ventricles too weak to beat for you

You are siren
enchantress moon luring lost orange halves

You are tempest
swimming in neutrons exploding from mother song

You are sentinel
the two-tongued salvager of soul smile

You are sunseeker
wild child puddle jumping through oceans of darkness

You are woman
and windstorm 100 grandmothers back chanting your name in your veins