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Egg

A M. Ringwalt

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EGG

AM Ringwalt

Not knowing how to not be in my body,
 not knowing how to write with death re-
 hatching—
 molasses-veil, headlights’ snow.

I’m not in my body in the way I knew before:
 shell’s curve, shatter shy. I’m not in my
 body
 in the way I knew before: missing the knife
 to my neck as I spiraled toward sleep.

Here, you should see me
 in a darkened room, spotlight on my skin.
 Here, you should see me in prism,
 see me seeing double.

I hold a headlight to my gut. I hold a headlight
 to my gut. I hold a headlight to my gut
 and find an egg, translucent,
 gelatinous tears flicker-enclosing:

bonsai,

grass at dusk,

a stranger’s hand.

This is a theater. This is a theater:

the fear of not knowing whose hand
is inside me, if I let it, if I loved it.

This is a theater:

I hold a headlight to my gut. *Are you beside yourself?*

I sit beside myself.

I'm a body in the water. I'm a body in the water.

I turn my eyes toward montage:

bonsai in a vat,

eggs twitching in grass,

the hand re-entering my field

as sister, child,

oh—

I hold her in my vision.

AM RINGWALT is a writer and musician. The author of *The Wheel* (Spuyten Duyvil), her work appears in *Annulet*, *Black Warrior Review*, and *Bennington Review*. *Summer Angel*, her fourth LP, will release June 17 via Dear Life Records. *What Floods*, her book-length poem, is forthcoming from Inside the Castle.

