

From *Girl in Everytime*

A road they made went up and down her spine.
When they drove it felt as if someone was trying
to draw straight her crookedest part. She couldn't
blame them. Her face was on the east and west.

Winds buffeted her body, most southwest,
especially her dry outer knuckles and cavernous
ears. Since the wind moved without effort again,
and so forth, she was always eager to hear its
news. Often it came with dripping locks, but it
was always the same, and belonged to her.

This

velvet

black and golden velvet

bee

pursues her until at last he looms furious
into her uncovered neck disappears, by her
right ear, and lands. The girl woke suddenly
hush.

hush she wakened stiff and
silent, considering the possible bee. . On the
possible. Nothing appeared to happen. But
somewhere she also considered there had been a
buzz proceeding from a bee who wished to wake
her. Whose bristling voice had crossed every
real thing being not a voice but a sound
made of moving. The girl felt a tickle on her
open *next*. A dead spruce fell on her north slope.

The sky began to thicken with two things: night and the approach of false weather. A storm such as might midsection a myth whose problem involves a vengeful god. Once one, a goddess, rouses a raucous storm over a hunt, so that two riding alongside will find themselves seeking shelter in the same dry bone of cliff. By the time the sky thins again, stars are flashing on all sides and the two are doomed, but happier than before, when they hunted and had nothing. Now, though, thunder lingers far and the girl hears scattered drops patting the hillside, but feels nothing on her face or hands or hillside.

One morning the case turned blue
and went clear gone. The case was enough
to break along an eternal seam, crocheted
into the world by the busy worm.
Softening inward into yarns. So now.
The girl tumbled out blackbellied, fine furred,
bearing. Wings, withery stunts of wings,
quivering with what they know about flight and
with flight. At the end of her velvetink legs
almost visible two
 tiny, hooks,
let her cling to the empty glass walls of her past.
Catch gulping breaths. In a moment she
will fly
 Believe me! And never to. Never
to return. To return only in her next body, her
next, all the way north where they ever found
her every time