

Divine Mother

Within an egg, of clay perhaps, my transformation again
begins; as an engraved crystal, toad-shaped or beetle.
The egg splits and I reemerge,
a marbled chrysalis, with small ovals of my own. Panpipe
against my lower lip, I recompose the song of my own birth.

A capella that at night is carried on the throats
of dogs, a capella of celebration of despair

Above my pillar face, a perpetual garlanding
of bees. (They too have queens and armies
and know when to prepare for war.)

Their delicate hands anoint the air with mandorlas
and beryl thread. First from their celestial shuttles spin

green lace of morning

rainbridges

and a faint veining of wings.

Janis Rapoport