

Nicolette Stasko

A WOMAN SPEAKS

*...and God divided the light from the darkness...
calling the light Day, and the darkness Night.*

“Let there be Light”
he said and I asked
Why?
do not our bodies
bleed
with each full moon
were we not made
to live in darkness,
inhabiting the underside
of mountains
the roots of forests
tangled in our hair,
to hide
in the deepest
part of the ocean
where fish with no eyes
swim in the cold
are we not creatures
of the night
like these?

knowers of unspoken secrets
users of signs
crouched behind the fires
we have been given
no words
though the Word
was made flesh
whose flesh?
who suckles and bites?

the world must eat.

Mark Svendsen

COUNTRY BURIAL

(In memory of Kurt Gordon Svensen)

They will come, in the morning.
I can see them, now
like cattle to a well known place
they will wend, my people.
Uncles, slaughtermen, aunts, fishermen, fathers, mothers.
Like calves with hides seared at branding
they will suffer pain to darken them.
They cannot end it.