



Wanda Waldera © 2014 All Rights Reserved

Old Glassy Speaks Her Peace

What you call Dame de Paris,
water peacock—dragonflies
don't bother with, name neither
ourselves nor each edible damsel,
long-legged crane fly,
piss ant. Over 300 million
years, aloe strops drop
into mangroves,
wingspans wide as crows
borne aloft on fields of oxygen
imprint in what-will-be rock.
You move on.
Find pure water, attend a body
call it caddis, mosquito, mayfly,
we've caught it,
flat abdomens ready for sex
in the air, life in the air.
Night splits a box of shot
with a marble hall of cicadas.

We barely hear it,
smell no croissants, burp
of diesel. We are all eyes,
comet-tailed, diamond-minded
hunters. Little nuns, you say!
eyes in back of our heads
like the devil's grandmother.
Our diaphanous oars shear light
from air, 30,000 lenses scanning
your baubles with indifference.

Amy Wright
Copyright © 2014

Amy Wright is Nonfiction Editor of [Zone 3 Press](#) and the author of three chapbooks, with her fourth scheduled for release in 2014. Her work appears or is forthcoming in *Brevity*, *DIAGRAM*, *Drunken Boat*, *Kenyon Review Online*, and *Tupelo Quarterly*.