



## Cycles

by Rachel Bruce

Two skins live in one body;  
her insides are fur-lined, a coat sewn into her flesh.  
Her bones ache from remaking themselves. Twice baked clay.

The forest is never deep enough.  
Even the ghosts that live there fear her teeth -  
they are not limited to the limbo-less.

Chipped nails sparkle in the sunshine,  
but tonight the glitter is bloody,  
like veins on a yellow tint.

Basilisks live in her eyes.  
There is no fight or flight,  
only the whistle of the grass.

Mother moon is a gentle ruler.  
She knows that it is not your fault,  
and is full of tears.

In the morning, her body hums with metamorphosis.  
Twitchy, she drives home,  
hungry for coffee.

