

Plagues

Georgia Ryan

I drowned,
 though it took six months,
 in my own mouth—
 I flooded my fields with rapids
 I could not dam, I could not
 un-flow the rivers that followed
 after me as I dove into
 him headfirst

I was a desert then.
 There was no gutter deep enough
 or trench long enough
 or canyon grown enough to
 swallow down those rains that poured
 no building tall enough to catch that strike
 of lightning—he struck
 my earth and set
 his fires.

Buried by mudslides, I was self
 lost but treasure found.
 Fault lines unearthed me, rebirthed me,
 splintered my walls.
 He walked freely
 through the fractures and
 claimed me—
 his.

I liked until it wasn't
 his body anymore, until
 he had become a god,
 a snake in my garden feeding me fruit before
 His bite. Sweetening
 His prize and softening
 His blows
 Until I could not forget (remember) what I was

I melted thinking
He was melting
I fell thinking
He was falling
I wanted because
He was wanting something
I could give
Him.