

## Canonized Transformations

Yesterday  
Was a day ahead of myself.  
You could not buy the Sunday papers  
On Friday, day for fish;  
Burning my eyeballs  
Grandmother's eyes storm at me  
Guide me to feel in my nostrils  
All we shared on Pagan holidays;  
We were always Pagan, you and I.  
Rituals  
Killing snails by candlelight,  
Taking sweet wine communion  
Under the loving eye of  
Stained glass window trapped gods.  
Easter brought lilacs  
White, cold-scented freedom to Pan;  
We let ourselves loose against the light  
You, small, deformed, yellowhaired  
Smelled so clean, like a saint – virginal  
All I imagined death to be  
Before I grew taller than you.  
I smelled the lilacs all afternoon  
Picked apples, touched you,  
You were gone, and I was happy.  
I should look like you, but  
My hair is black  
My spine is straight, and.  
I smell of bitter lilacs;  
You taught me how to sing:  
"Here comes Lazarus, here come the Palm leaves,  
Her comes Sunday when we eat the sea's gifts."  
My hair is turning white,  
Grandma,

I curl my back before I sleep, and  
Her come smells like lilacs on my body.



## A Poem To Go And Tell Women On Mountains About Nesting

Two by two in silence  
They gather to write the credo.  
They live good-hearted lives  
On opposite sides of the mountain  
Come together at night  
With every flicker of the candle —  
Lit by Aprodite —  
To show the paths into each-other's lives.  
They circle the fire in the rain;  
It's an invitation to love  
Not a ritual for the Goddess.  
Will you see them in the flickering light?  
"You may enter all you think mysterious;  
You may let your lizard tongue savor  
The bits of Plato and Sappho  
You pull from our secret places;  
You may join us to the top  
Where you set us apart from every other woman,  
Where you make us be  
Of earth, and water, and lilacs;  
Where we bake bread on our thighs  
Roll spices on our breasts  
Before we feed our daughters;  
Where our small hands  
Become a giant fist  
Make a difference.  
Wipe the spices off your mouth

Offer — do not give — the bread  
To the women who don't come  
Two by two  
To sign the credo in the night.”

