

"Love of My Flesh, Living Death"

By Lorna Dee Cervantes

after García Lorca

Once I wasn't always so plain.
I was strewn feathers on a cross
of dune, an expanse of ocean
at my feet, garlands of gulls.

Sirens and gulls. They couldn't tame you.
You know as well as they: to be
a dove is to bear the falcon
at your breast, your nights, your seas.

My fear is simple, heart-faced
above a flare of etchings, a lineage
in letters, my sudden stare. It's you.

It's you! sang the heart upon its mantel
pelvis. Blush of my breath, catch
of my see—beautiful bird—It's you.

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