"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.
