

## **Soliloquy of a former Harpy**

Don't you remember bird,  
that once we were one?  
Sisters under your feathering  
and chicks under my skin?  
Your shriek in my mouth  
and my weight on your wings?  
In this antiquity, that was ours,  
we were both mythic and hybrid,  
hyper-hyparchetypes

I am sorry bird,  
for that your claws had to cling  
death and womanhood,  
brute and pretty as the wind,  
a dark Greek cult in a blackout of strife.  
My tits hung out of your plumes,  
but they didn't matter to the dead we were given,  
cast down to Tartarus when their Tarot was read,  
we meant the world to each other  
in this Dantean forest of suicides

We, lovely haired, never tried to kill or cure  
In our Cretan cave or on the Strophades' beach,  
what do I know. And we settled, settled,  
obsessed the heart and the tongue,  
the narratives lung.  
Those fabulous creatures, lovely haired.  
Birdlady, Ladybird, the Other  
in a discourse wide as a mediterranean Cave.  
Thank the savants and their pencils bird,  
for that we could be so close!

Don't you remember bird,  
the worlds end and the end of skin?  
Men unlinked, insular then, again,  
but still the Other, just insular.  
The Lady. The Beast. The Bird.  
You are chanting and chattering, flapping your wings,  
simply in your element.  
I am not mystical and I can't reach you anymore.  
You are leaving one discourse entering another,  
leaving it behind.

You are the Bird

I am the woman

The man

I am

You?