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## Dialogue with Herself

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## DIALOGUE WITH HERSELF

Your body spends a lifetime in decay.  
Your body boils with its own waste.  
Your body boils with the venom of ants.  
The art of the flesh is destruction:  
the bee injects its life into your veins,  
the grass withers to bring forth seed,  
the nectar of the sundew is honey to the eye,  
poison to the ants who scurry into its grasp  
searching for centipedes and grasshoppers  
whose eyes they sting and devour.

You know a stone cast into water  
creates ripples, ripples create waves,  
waves wash against the shore, dissolve.  
The body dissolves, the stars dissolve.  
The universe washes the shore of darkness.  
The universe washes the shore of itself.  
We wash ourselves. We consume ourselves.  
We live our death.

Love death.

Love the seeds dying in your womb.  
Love your sweat, the taste of the death  
of your body. Love innocence, whose loss  
begins with death, begins with life.  
You will never find it in the insects,  
in the delicate red blood of the sundew,  
in the myriad eyes of the grasshopper  
reflecting its life, its death, the body's decay.  
You gain nothing by living.  
You lose nothing by dying.

Nothing

but the bittersweet memory of children  
spinning around, two at a time,

until their hands dissolve, the clasp breaks,  
the bodies spin into a field of grass  
delicate as stars, the final slowing  
of the earth the one moment of living  
when we know we are living and dead,  
when we know the ant moves in the thick juice  
of the sundew, lifts one leg, another,  
breaks free. The world spins, the ant  
dies another day and we wake up children  
glad to be still in a moment of resolution  
before the stars fade in a flicker of blood and light.