Janus

Pattiann Rogers
This is the body we know:
the one prolific with seeds, seeds
with translucent wings veined like dragonfly wings, peach pits, and poppy peppers,
seeds cradled in pods, emboweled in birds, sky-flocking seeds of threaded down looking like dixa midges circling midair, swimming seeds with tails like whips, seeds with teeth, seeds with caskets, migrating seeds of needled burrs and thistles, seeds like bits of ash burning through the evening like flecks of stars, and the dust-size seed of death born in every heart coming to light.

This is the body we know:
the one moon-sterile, barren white and barren black, bouldered with the frozen rocks of dry polar plains and dusty drifts of bristled snow, with gray, ancient forests of fallen stone trunks and fronds, littered with smoldering metal, shattered meteors and melting iron, fossilized spines and splintered bones, eyes locked open and sightless in chunks of amber, impotent, broken penes of marble, cracked eggs of solid granite, and the rock-permanent light of the heart born in every seed rising to death.