Janus

Pattiann Rogers

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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.