

Stephanie L. Harper

Risen

beneath the earth's

most ancient face

a body a body amassed
of untold merges & drifts yes

singing **a molten** torpor a birth-less-ness
of **breath** yet dispossessed
gave the moon her reverberant wobble

she gave **her** infernal **voice** to rewrite the moon's wan echo yes
her tidal fervor she **gave** like a flood
yet **sightless** she gave the moon a song **like** scalding
need **like** skin like igneous **fists**

of too many **tacit dialects** bracing **against** the tides
no **the body**
heeding would not **did not** give the eons such

no the body silent **hardening**
however blind

amassed of un-told surges
amorphous molten
however buried beneath the earth's face
& **faceless** **she gave** & gave

she gave the moon a song like **rising**
like a flood like flames
licking through cracks in the bedrock
o like the magma of restlessness

she gave the moon a song like the shape of her
burning a song **like** her mouth

though yet buried yet **birth-less**

beneath the earth