

The beast has just as many eyes

by Lorelei Bacht

There are others and they are not
like me: some cannot swim, some do
their swimming in the air, like kites.

There are others and I may not
be the center of it - instead, we may
make a revolving door, a spiralling

staircase, a collective kaleidoscope,
a wheel that turns, that turns, returns
each year. Everyone has a place.

There are others - the stars call them
a different name. Their name is just as
good as mine, and constellates

the same. There is more than one
answer to the question why. Some say
ocean, some fireplace, some cloud.

There is more than one way to bead
a bracelet: positive, mutable, fire,
autumn and jupiter, or

negative, cardinal, water, summer,
moon. Morning or afternoon, every
fraction of the iris matters:

The beast has just as many eyes
as there are stars.

