

## The Call

I lay naked and still watching the slivers of light  
listening to the machine gun rant  
rata tat tat on my pane  
After hours of Plath-like obsession  
I've had my fill of myself  
My wound still hums and pulses  
with the fluid of my body  
now known to me as the vibrations of my soul  
My head aches with ancestral thoughts of pursuit  
The blood cry called  
and I am the muse  
She inhabits me for a time  
I've been cavorting with the White Goddess  
so hurl your masculine rituals of devotion at me  
I crave them  
I've been waiting  
Creating spaces  
The pause between breaths  
Birthing the place where you can sleep in the folds  
of my mind  
Evacuating the past  
The imagined faceless fantasies  
that held others names I can't remember  
and once thought I could never forget  
Come closer and touch me in the twilight  
For now I am the bride, not the mother, nor the  
crone  
I'm waxing  
Now full  
The drive will soon escape me  
I crush a beetle between my fingers  
roll his legs off my hand  
She was here and now she's gone

Sara Joy DelSavio