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Decomposition

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Decomposition

Rose Postma

This is not our first winter living on the edge of things:
once we lived right outside a small town in South Dakota
where we could see the streetlights but were cut off
from town by a set of train tracks, and at night
the train came howling off the prairie and back out again.
This winter there is no train just a highway with semis
furiously down shifting as they pass the house before
they enter town. We save carrot peelings, apple cores, coffee grounds
in plastic containers on the counter—after dinner I stumble
through snow drifts to the cornfield's edge and fling the compost
as far as I can. I wonder when spring comes how much
will be left, how much scavenged by birds, how much
already soil supporting new growth. Also, every night in bed
under the east facing window I wonder how much of us
will be left in spring, how much will have been carried away,
how much will have decomposed and started to live again.

Invocation

Rose Postma

I cannot be myself with you
inside, wedged between breast
bone and pelvis. I am vessel,
harbor, new wineskin, and
bringer of first light. Never alone
in a darkened room, the mark
of every secret touch splayed
across my body. You will give
birth to me even as you wrench
me apart. So wring my womb
limp, descend like molten lava
leaving me empty, all hot blood
drained. Split me apart, stitch
my ragged edges closed, and
I shall be new even as from my breast
you siphon the last sips of self.