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# Pro Rege

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## Invocation

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# Decomposition

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*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

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*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.