

Intimate Contact

Elisavet Makridis

To straighten her spinal column,
Frida suspends nearly vertical
with sacks of sand tied to her feet.
For three upright months, she thinks:
If the heart has a forest, it is a dream-
stomping carousel made of jewels and silence.
In some underbrush the deer dip
their candescent mouths above blue stumps,
each with a spur to devour the twinkling
world, lichened in rain-musk.
This act of cleaving from root to mouth
is nothing short of miraculous, even
a few owls swivel their astonished skulls
to witness the tiny green transference,
between beast and shrub,
so simple it makes her want
to cry very still.

