

I stopped mourning the dead. A valley has spread out before me or within me, I'm not sure there is a difference. The landscape feels different here. Shredded in a sense of accomplishment or divination. There's a moon where my heart used to be. It still beats, don't worry. This time on an up-tang. There are other women all around me in these parts. They all have stained blouses. We dispose of them together. In this night now, I'm serenaded by wolves. We howl all night. I don't know how much longer. I mean, I really don't know how much longer. I do know our voices can handle it. The punches and prods. I heard them the next morning at daybreak.