

## *Sister Wolf*

When the mall closes I lead the crowd  
To a cave in the cliff over town.  
Seven figures surround Enfanta reclined  
On a slab of granite. One or two  
Fondle her alien form. Like a pendulum,  
Smooth at the bottom of its swing,  
The crowd's attention moves equally

Between Enfanta and my wall drawings  
Depicting an obvious allegory of dawn.  
Leaves fall. Immune to time, the crowd  
Sees its accident. The scene fully restored,  
There arrive in me waves of calm,  
But the seven figures complain of hunger,  
Muscles cramping. One by one,

They leave the scene, Enfanta kindling  
Alone the fire I started. Hours later, I wake  
To a wolf sniffing Enfanta's groin.  
"Sister Wolf," I say, "be slow. Do no harm  
And I'll provide you a lifetime of live  
Feed, also a finger to point with."  
When I set out to find a herd I can't help

But return to the mall where my scene  
Replays on giant screens. Passersby  
Shower me with fish and rabbit. Small holes  
Open in my palms. My culture is never  
More inside me. I feather my sarong.  
Sister Gardener plucks it. I create a border  
And Brother Dermis maintains it.

The trees push up between particles  
Of air, and down through the ground  
With equal force. Artifice one way,  
Authenticity the other. I pull on my cloak.

*No estás aquí*, a remoteness even Sister  
Virus envies. I pardon Brother Ass (my body)  
For treating me so poorly. I pass the time

In this van, wondering what might  
Become of me should those I love know  
The full extent of my love. Sister Wolf  
Visits weekly, describing scenes on the cliff  
Where the criminals hang. I confess  
Nothing. She tells me *Enfanta* is wearing  
A path into the ground with her pacing.