

Marita Avila

SÉANCE

Returning to all that is Mexico
forces of earth sky
and a water uncommon
to ordinary touch,

I gave myself burial
as a sculpture of the sand;
the copper and clay
colors I had wept for,
longing for self.

I saw my own cunt
surrounded by natural touch;
the shells of my deathbed stunning.

I saw the flesh of my body
wound in their spell;
the folds holding offering:

*an extraordinary medium
of conception and death.*

I arrived a lover of flesh,
the boundaries of Mexico
spun into my skin,
the pulse of my blood
a convulsion
of sand and water.

Gracias,
I prayed, anointing
the deepening hues of color.