

Grisgris Dancer · *Nathaniel Mackey*

Backwardswalking  
twoheaded  
woman. Bony

feet down to  
which I  
bow but will not

be spared.  
Stored pressings of  
earth in its

red way sourced  
in its own  
embrace, all

the grudges of time.  
All the gathered  
ache of our

severed selves,  
all the  
windowless light.

And of the Beyond,  
that the  
witnesses lie

gratefully goes  
without telling. That  
the aberrant

earth, overrun  
by birds and  
unshod of all

image, greets a  
manyfisted  
sun. That the

backwardswalking  
woman, taken  
up thru the air by

the scruff of  
her neck by  
hoisted snakeskin

towropes, hurries back  
down to be  
one with us,

beginnings again  
gone up  
in smoke.