

Prism Review Contest Winner – Poetry

MARIA ZOCCOLA

letters from ophelia

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dear girl-self by which i mean milk-tooth by which i mean
one dark hair plucked from the edge of the nipple and drowned
in the bath. dear linden by which i mean lime tree. dear rolling river.
dear shadow who knows what it means to follow.
dear hedge-path dear snowfall dear goat's eye
with its square window of black, with its allover flood of gold,
with its meaty lid coming down like a buttoned dress.
dear femaleness by which i mean hurting.
dear cousin. dear father. dear mother, whoever you are.
dear highway by which i mean leaving. dear morning
by which i mean ending, by which i mean small bubble
trapped in glass, small flower caught by frost, smallness
hugged by largeness, small dream walled in skull.
dear green things and brown things. dear season of taking.
dear fear-heart. dear garden and its smallest creatures,
dear ants and voles and fallen stars, dear spider building her web
again again yet again every day twice again oh rainstorm
oh tearing windstorm oh little body starting bravely from scratch.
dear all of it. dear every single thing, every bloodcell
and whisper of grass, each feather at the neck of a crow.
dear heartbeat. dear heartbeat. dear you.