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Self-Portrait As

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self-portrait as loss of appetite

i clean as i grieve,
buy a bouquet for my belly
pray my own stomach acid away,
buy breakfast for my belly
lie, and lie, and lie again.
grief makes you
do funny things
i just came back
from a staring contest
with last night's leftovers
come back, hunger.
i want you back.

Latifa Sekarini

Self-Portrait with Long Stretches for Brooding

A psychic once
told my mother
I wouldn't live
past thirteen.
Maybe
she was right.

Carole Symer

Watching myself through a telescope

Fictionalised
versions of myself
tread mouselike in snow,
lose themselves
in puddles.
All I recognize
is my hair,
unruly spirals
paint the sky.
Below, I dig holes
to trap myself inside,
hold myself safe.

Judy Darley

Self-Portrait as Churning

Lack for want cuffed my
ankles, darned me to the
mattress, drained me into
thinking boredom
exists. I ache. Submerged
in desire
in fancy
in hanker
in pine, I'm so hungry.
I'm so hungry.
I'm so hungry.

Meg Lubey

The Girl on the Other Side of the Moon

I wrote:
My heart is dragging
On an ice-cold tiled floor
And I'm afraid to know why…

She wrote me back:
There are too many
Holes in your chest…

Anya Barlett

Woman

Listen to my words:
I am Helen, I am Ruth,
I who defied Agamemnon
Gasp the scattered chaff,
Kiss a stranger's dusty feet.
I am Rachel weeping
For her children.
I am childless and an orphan.
Listen (turn your face to me)
I'm a witch and I'm a ghoul:
Seared by too much light
My prophecies run down
My hands and softly fall.

Joanne Rush