

anne BLONSTEIN

from *sand . soda . lime*
thirteen

rapunzel in a test tube, maze haired,
snow white cultures
climbing up sterile walls—my must sealed in.

hardened in the past
soaked in all those experiments with gibberish,
single blade expanding fed by buried eyes.

but gnaw with me speechstones, pitted with silences,
flesh clinging to loded cores
a guide through storms of flashback.

confined to calm
color with me
silver.