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AEGIS

I long no more to wake and stumble to the mirror, headless with dreams,
 to look at my wrists, stomach, hair, face, self, untamable, unknowable.
 Who is this goddess of doubt?
 They said I would dream this season. And I do. Like something immortal,
 I hunt for love. With hair no one can run through. Eyes a lake no boat
 would moor upon. Soles and palms, a landscape of callused roads. I try
 to keep glass between me and dreams.
 To peer outside from in. I watch speckled, clumsy fawns dance in fields
 and deserve that drink of air, the afterstorm of relief. I watch the aspens
 stay the same, but I imagine them growing gold and letting go, and me,
 always missing it. I make decisions. I tell reflections *I'm alive*. They said
 someone would come, not in a dream, to stand close, and say everything
 I thought I wanted.
 They did not mention the shield. That it was mine, not his. They did not
 teach me how to use it. They did not tell me I was capable of turning
 myself to stone. And people would stop asking *who is this goddess* and
 I would have to give myself a name. I decide I want
 it to mean monster so I have something to blame. For tragedy, for all this
 sleeping so peacefully at night without a head, for waking to a body rigid
 as rock, for all this venom, for this winged, leaping horse for a heartbeat.