

## Foundation

*( glandium musgrum nutrix )*

what tradition but palimpsest  
scraped bare of its code

sister I am leaving this country  
you may tell all women why

our name means bend-shift-  
bone-folder-shaper-of-bodies

keep yours belted always sharp  
sand against walls if you must

o diana let these letters slip  
between us into dark like shavings

each outline casts every teaching  
that comes after      I forget

I have nothing left to offer  
but my hands my conclusion

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*( sic itir ad astra )*

my new home will have suns  
no one has ever seen

not even me                    but my suns  
hold saturn jupiter mars tierce

they will invoke neither plague  
nor prophecy                    only

ellipses that burn red long after  
these eyes have stopped staring

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*( nec flectitur nec mutant )*

anyone who says I cannot break  
forests with my eyes knows

no stemmata            anyone  
who prays I cannot break cracks

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*( nil claraius astris )*

corona white            halo  
narcissus or eclipse made

crown                    I wear  
nothing but flowers    sister

those fine gowns  
those dirndls left are yours

bone absorbs too much

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*( sapiens dominabitur astris )*

maybe what they tell you sister  
is true maybe I will be death

the death of you maybe you  
will choke on goat hairs

I float on the skin of  
your wine or maybe clerics

lick quills speak false copy  
tongues so thick and black

they spit scripture in sneezes  
either way feed these words

to fire                      the moon  
is a better judge no star shines

in her belly someone is right  
it may not be any of us

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*( alis aspicit astra )*

you do not need pretty  
ladies besoms or poisons

keep your legs closed I hook  
my feet in venus by walking

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*( pro aris et focis )*

my desk is my church  
I can trace my lineage back

to the scriptorium  
o sister they will erase me

leave a signet in your window  
that one letter one initial

binding                      sew our last  
histories in your hem

smuggle them out of court  
on fan lace tied to wrists

diana will know your needle  
curved sure as her own bow

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*( sic nos sic sacra tuemur )*

open the cover  
I hollowed the block

text gone  
signatures gone

sorry I know  
its price sorry

no column chain  
could hold me

no words  
could hold my

codex just  
a shadow box now