

Sitka

wondering aloud about
lives most mysterious moments
Sitka watched as the
stars extinguished themselves.

Not even a heartbreak
could make her cry.

And as each planet
lost itself, tiny, elite
Sitka asked herself
where she should eat.

Often finding herself
lost at sea, she
dreamt, recurringly,
of sealing herself
in a ship in a bottle.

Fond of the bottle and
its many fine uses
she made it her home
in any fashion she could.

Dancing alone in
her dream world
her eyes close
to the pain of her day,
Sitka does a
little jig called
the stymie and
smiles, smiles,
smiles.

Sitka could blink
off streetlights
and often enjoyed
simply moonlight.

For she shone
brighter than any
electric light, star, or sun.

Sometimes she
found herself
at the top of

a precipice
with a pair of
butterflies wings.

Fond of finding
naturally dead insects
she had convinced herself
she could fly away.

She herself had hovered
as others thought
she was still with them.

But as they
used her body
it became theirs
and Sitka found
another-weightless-
body.

Sitka metamorphosed
every particle of
her cellular reality.

Each breath in her
became one thousand
daisies blooming all
at once on some overlook
where no man had been.

Sitka always wondered
how butterflies died
especially because
she knew what it felt like
to have a pin through
your heart
holding you down.

There's nothing beautiful
in nature
that can be caught
she often thought.

Oh, beautiful Sitka.
Her dreams could crack
the whole world open;

She watched the
sun collapse in on itself,
extinguishing the sky.

She always knew what
was going to happen
-could count up the
omens on everyday streets.

Fifteen cigarette butts, and
two crumpled bags
-two hundred dead
in Mexico City...

She never wanted to know
but somebody
spoke through her body
and like an instrument, taut
like a bow, it would
hum with the worlds vibration
as it came to an end.

Sitka dark and
deeply alit tossed
her hair aside
but still it followed.

O, crazy Sitka,
tried to tell her heart
it really didn't matter
but she knew
the earth just didn't fit.

When she
walked into the low tide
like a reed and a seed
and a slave thats been
freed
Sitka asked forgiveness
of every molecular chain
because she
was the only one who knew
-but would not be heard from
again.

Jamie Illaina Gross