

WILLOW LOVEDAY LITTLE

ON INSIDES

Unhook the bland sky like my dress
Which in collapsing reveals firmaments of quahog shell;
Taupe rings, wet blue-black at night until
Sunrise roiling seismic—tectonic—heaves apart chthonic crust.
You are sybil, sifting through the silt of alluvial deposits,
Mining colander for accumulated ore of katabasis.
Something to nix, to grip by the throat
Then zip back up the seams of diaphanous heaven's
Azure fabric, to hide like an egg within.