

*Rewilding / I'm Feeling Myself Again*

Today I am alive and I am walking home, already winning,  
and because I am quiet, the quick flicker of absence of self

opens onto white space, a haven, this emptiness its own shelter  
and the streets choose me for their secret: Each stone is a tooth

stolen from the river's mouth and look how they huddle close  
and hold me up, and it is a relief every time I remember that everyone

and everything that once belonged must find its new home  
as the current moves and I take this little thought along with my head

into the kitchen. Unpacking groceries, I feel a desire to crack  
an egg over-nude, to feel the yolk run its wet hand down my hair.

The way we used to pretend to do as kids. The way girls touched  
each other to send a chill up the spine and we all knew what we were doing.

Go on, woman. This is how you practice loosening from despair.  
You can burst out of your most confining container, just use your hands.