

Transfiguration

An eight limbed girl. Hidden under a coat –
a vestigial tail. A grandmother's extra nipples –
a burden, a pleasure. Hair that would be feathers. Children
born in down.

It was not Zeus alone, but the swan who aspired
to shift its shape, pushing its chest up into its limb-like
neck as the cleft of its feathered end met a smoother
bifurcation, rounding back its cruelly split-bill into blue-
tinged lips.

The centaur, the satyr, men wholly halved.
Medusa and her head of hair that would be more.

God, beast or fowl, what creature doesn't inwardly wonder
how the bread of the body might be otherwise kneaded?
What foot, webbed or hoofed moves our own shoes?