

FROM BIRTH TO DEATH

POETRY

Andrée Solé

PLUMP

Here is life, full and plump,
learning and falling and
round-cheeked, on your
ass, persistent.
Adorable.

ENTRAILS

I should die
With my entrails in a wolf's mouth.
When the elk's dodgy knee gives out
It gets a quick death
With ruthless efficiency,
Not locked in a room
Wondering who I am or who you are.
I will wander off into the white,
Still myself