

Heurodis Began to Wake

Something like	sprained	voice:
my name, folding	inwards	to indices,
swells on your	lyric tongue,	from something
like <i>judging with</i>	<i>breadth,</i>	to <i>showing myself</i>
<i>amply, bareness of</i>	<i>breast,</i>	or even worse,
<i>savage-face, a</i>	hissed	out <i>Agriope,</i>
without you	just	another <i>Auloniad</i> , all
aloneiad, the	concord	between us shrinking
like a woman's	waist	when she does not fall
pregnant, finding her	self	loitering inland instead,
implicitly hunting	change	at all costs, Pandora's
or Persephonian, an	anachronism,	singing myself
a lai against your loud	lyre,	a sound not as simple
as congruence, more	like	translation, in itself
a stealing, a sorting, a	haunting,	which in the meadow
becomes panicked,	hearing	faunsteps in the warming-
up wind, seeing my	sisters,	silent little things
in the double-tied	grip	of the ympe-trees, one clenching
a fruit, gone foul,	pulp	oozing through her whitening
knuckles, and I,	running,	my stanza caught
on its note,	tripped,	into a tense
silence, my ankle	tipped	as I crouched,
	tender	

so that I too was	rooted	when a man came,
or a snake, though	ɪnsaɪnd	posed nothing
new to me,	hændəd	down to quiet
by the souls who	əlv	in soil, the Otherworld,
in short, the demi-	ˈdeɪp	their touch like pigment
on my page's face,	ˌfɪɡɪtʃ	boyish, but shown amply now,
for sure, nothing to be	lɒst	in such a nowhere, as I saw
in Hades' be-	ˈdeɪlɒd	who sat perfectly still, naked, while
at night and it	ˌɔːlweɪz	was, I dreamt I was a lark
without a larynx, a	ˌnɪɡhtɪŋɡeɪl	making Philomel-lifluous
silence, the sort of	skriːm	that bloats on
nightness, small against	ˌblæk,	which was how I knew
I was dead, and	ˌpæstɪd	my mother, her trace of syringa
and the light does	ˌflɪkə	down there, so that it seemed
there were always	θriː	of me, perhaps there were, so
they started calling us	ˌwɪtʃ,	to which we were indifferent,
plural as we had somehow	bɪˈkɒm,	overlapping with one, another,
flashing in the dog-bitten	ˌwɒɪʒ	of the underlands, into which
you	ˌpɪtʃəd,	flanked
by women,	ˌbɪtʃəs,	horsemen,
calling yourself	əˈləʊn,	taking me back
to the lattice of	sɪŋkroˈnɪsɪʃən,	playing a fiddle



