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Carp Mountains

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SUSAN ROWLAND

CARP MOUNTAINS

The mountains are my skin and bone,

Weigh down my belly,

Womb, flower dark

Inside iron blood.

They suck the sun,

Speak stars,

Make fire every dawn.

Serpent fleshed, they

Brew fogs in pine trees,

Split rock into tongues,

Are silk silent in purple and gold,

Stick stone feet

Into curled sea.

The mountains braid atoms

Into sand, pull black winged birds

From my hair, from burnt lips.

In caves mountains mould phantoms

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From fossils, winds and roots.

They control rain,

Howl at every moon,

Salt their minerals

Into my pearled eyes.

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