

J a d a A c h

Francis

wore her nightgown
into the yard and yelled *take me!*
to space and it answered
with morning.

All the bones lit up
around her: femurs, wrist bones,
the planetary curves of sockets,
ankles.

This isn't what she asked for.
Hated the grass, hated the feet
in the grass. The wind arrived
or didn't and there she stood.

