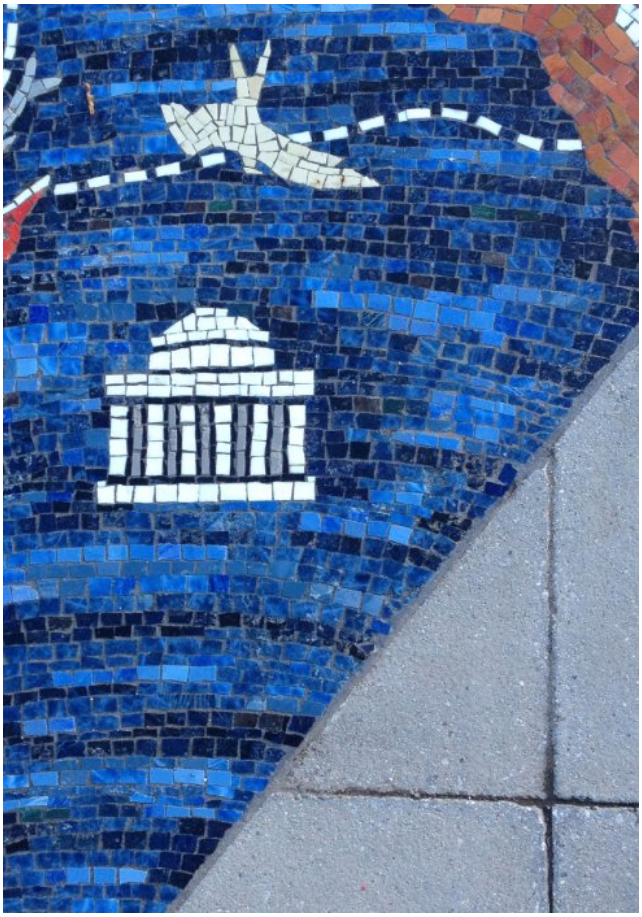
TINT JOURNAL

POETRY

Into something rich and strange

by Lisa Giacalone



"Atlantis" by Jennifer Weigel

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There’s a house on the hills of Segesta.
A hand
so wet,
it drips when it knocks.
Passioned plastic, porcelain mothers
nail their wooden sons to the cross.

There’s a house on the hills of Segesta.
The gas stove’s leaking taste,
saline.
Brack water,
black
brine fed to us in the mornings.
Long
have the Gods been drowned.

There’s a house on the hills of Segesta.
She called
from beneath;
Our father heard her
calling, too:
He cried out from the shore,
he knew, yes, he knew.

There’s a house on the hills of Segesta.
So you
went — you were wicked —
you had to die.
You
would breathe water.
You went under and I —

There’s a house on the hills of Segesta.

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