

POETRY

scorpio season

by Niki Orfanou



Untitled by Ona Dubakaite

she showed me
a jar
of scorpions
she picked
with a fork
the mark
on her hand
one jumped
stung
one half
of her
howled
like a bear
trapped
in wire
the other half
turned
to onyx
this was
motherbeast
and stone
I was her
soldier
twig
now
she's won
the earth
eternal
life
my veins
still run
black
with venom