
Copperhead Wisdom

By Joanna Haymore

Up through the mud she rises,
Bubbles preceding her ascent,
As her ancient body stirs the deep sediment,
Old mysteries re-birthed in new form.

Her reptilian eyes glide across the surface
Emerging into a pink and orange ophidian dawn.
Her belly unwinds from the mud and opens
Releasing its primordial sound.

She winds around my ankle and my thighs
Spreading the feast into my bones, into my breasts
From her long tryst
Inside Earth, with Eros.

My eye opens, my senses drink
From her bronze encrypted skin,
Water
From the deep feminine stream.

(See Joanna's bio at the end of her article, *Transforming the Tower of Babel*, page 36)



Artwork by Vijali Hamilton