

My Name

Ayla Walter

Slit eyes
and crawling among unfamiliar constellations—I am
toothy, pushing squat bunched legs under
gaining footholds atop of moon beams
clawing at the sharp stars.
Up—I am
going up.
Rib cage over treetops, curling lips
stretched like electrical wires across mountains
over train track seas—I am
swimming. Swinging back and forth and singing
like this: at times a feeling of constraint, panicky and wide eyed brimming
into rage
a curious hurricane
letting myself reign
pretending all land lay out beneath this perch is my domain.
Or calm, setting for tea with beasts, smile in my teeth—I am
my monster mutable. Unafraid
of softer darknesses speaking in second hand words
and dreaming—I am
just dreaming. Breathing dry through my throat
exhaling the night, dripping it out onto the floor
and inhaling more. My
back broad, expanding, shoulder blades scraping from one horizon to the
next
my spine
cupping the curve of this world—I am
belonging.
Or at least longing.