

ENHEDUANNA

LYN LIFSHIN

a last light
leaves slashes of
scarlet ribbon

she can't let
the day go, she
is obsessed,

she is carrying
the embryo of a
poem in her fingers

soon it will
be dark but while
the temples are

blazing, as if the
light came from
the crude clay

bricks, she can't
stop pressing
clay as if

each word,
each image
was exorcism