Leda, After the Swan

by Kirsty Logan

tick of ballbearings
tack of spoons in a drawer
clack of polished boules

some mornings I lie
too still for breath
so still that they are
still.
I do not jerk up to sirens birds doorbell shouts
hello hello through the letterbox hello
those mornings I lie

until I hear their applepip beaks
tick tick ticking
past my womb and my appendix
my spleen and my cervix
along tubes and funnels and meatlumps
(my body a phonograph, a flowerpot)
tick tick ticking
to escape

hush, babies.
we will.

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