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JESSIE JONES

ECLIPSE

In every which way, I am living
for potential. I’ve mined cadmium
enough to roulette with Death
and Mars, bloodshot brute,
is swollen in my honour.
My function is action —
to pummel through concrete
and machete hedges,
to shear the irresolute
with only wit and lichen-rich
perfume. Allow yourself
to make you is cross-stitched
at the bough of every ingress.
Fool is to worry. Fool is to wait
for someone to tell me what I know
already. I clap for a mind
that can change and will.
I harness nature’s fortitude
and call bats down to crush
the self-doubt that parades
as my true self in platform
sandals, teetering and ignorant
of the hidden messages of fate.
That I will flourish
even without permission.