

Lilith

The wild beasts of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the island, and the satyr shall cry to his fellow; the lilith also shall rest there... Isaiah 34:14

Unmated forever I find peace
among the other outcasts, birds and beasts
of the thorn garden.

Exiled to this no-man's-land
I claim it as home. Let Eve
have Adam, who would want him?

Soft pale lady with curves
and eyelashes, voice of silver,
tapering white fingers, let me tell you

my voice is brass, you hear it
across the swamp. I frighten
even the timber wolves away.

No Man's Land. I posted the sign
over the briar-ridden gate. Every dark thing
coupled but me.

But I am their ruler,
queen of nowhere. The men
wrote me out of their Book, translated my name

as "screech owl." I throw back
my black hair, laugh across the marsh.
I seek my image in the brackish pond.

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