

The Wounded Dear

(inspired by The Wounded Deer by Frida Kahlo)

Fresh from dreams

of running from hunters

i go down to the kitchen

nursing old wounds

it's always the same

early morning when a mist has fallen

when it lifts i see her so clearly the creature i mean

the body of a stag the face of a woman

agile and muscular

magnificent head of weapons

stamping on my bedding plants

at the end of the garden

woken from her own drugged dream

of being dragged through scrub by her ankles

and dumped in the back of a flatbed truck

she comes to look

she wants to know what happens to the wild spirit

when its body is taken

when the spell is broken

she drinks it all in

the human house with its locks and keys

many rooms each with its own sleeping beauty to tend to

clothes left out on the line all night hanging like skins

the strange old dear rinsing cups at the sink

blink and she's gone

yes

but which one