

*Wilderness House Literary Review 4/2*

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**FIAT LUX**

One night I swam black sea and stardust.  
Brushed suspended grouper

that hung like monumental ornaments  
in the ocean window.

Phosphorescence illuminated giant  
rays, their bright hems lifted, flapped

like blankets in the current's wind.  
I raised and plunged moon-sleeved arms,

cut the Dipper, made water prisms tumble.  
My comet body burned

a path that moved the Milky Way.  
I was a brimming pail, dragged through her sea,

spilled out on the glittering sand. When my mother  
died someone said *Now she's everywhere.*

**HARUSPEX**

Fur clots and blood-spattered canvas of field.  
Dragged off body now enfolded  
in something else wild and faster.  
Nothing but steamy bowels full  
and coiled quiver on the trail.

If I were an Etruscan prince I'd stoop  
over the sacrifice and decipher:  
will my son live a long life?  
will my grandchild yet to be  
have her mother's eyes?

But not a princess. She'd have learned other things.  
I remember one whose likeness reclined  
on her sarcophagus lid, content to let the Tarquinian sun  
paint her curls, her pleated gown, her perfect foot,  
the griffins and lions that kept her company.

She studied me as only the dead can.  
I thought she dreamed of me.  
I felt her tease me apart.  
I heard her say: *you, breathing there—  
what will you leave behind?*

**ESTRANGEMENT**

*Parallel times seem to entwine  
your life with mine, he wrote once –  
but not now. Parted, their lives are sharp  
and jagged as rocks at Jenny Point  
where she sits without him.  
How ordinary this rhythm: one moment  
swept away by love –  
spring tide between them flooding –  
and now that love –  
a teeming tide pool trapped  
by the draining low –  
dries up in the morning sun.*