

GREGOR THE GIRL

by SALIHA SAYAR

Man needs to wake up as an insect to see that he has transformed.

I wake with a bleeding between my legs.

A girl went to sleep, and a woman woke up.

The child went down the drain of the bed like a slippery soap.

It's a quiet study of metamorphosis,

When I ask myself "Did Gregor's mother have to change his sheets too?"

"How does a (male) body transform into an insect?"

Clean and neatly.

Without laundry.

My body becomes a state of Judas with its betrayals,

The hips widening,

The chest fattening,

The hourglass inside the womb turning and the sand starts diminishing,

The ancient treasure winking,

And the voices-

I would take being handed to the Romans.

...

I am breaking into womanhood like a burglar.

Unwelcomed.

Unwelcomed.

Unwelcomed.

But it suits me all the same.

The painted face is a different kind of balaclava,

The jewels different kind of handcuffs,

And the lush-lipped laugh - isn't it a gleaming gun?

Let me take what I can get my teeth on, before you call the cops.

Hold your hands up -

And put them on my body.

I am sorry, I am being shameful. I'll leave now.

...

A brutish hand shoving you to the other side of the curtains.
On the seats: all this world.
You think: there was something behind the curtains.
You will spend a lifetime trying to find the fabric gap of
the curtains.
And the desperation will make a good show.
Some days, I have to remind myself that Mary was not
always a mother.
(There was something behind Mary's curtains too.)
Then, something, some events, science bending-
Suddenly, God's baby in her arms. And he talks.
Great.

...

Every few years, they knock on the
door.
The bloody sheets, the curtains,
God's baby.
There is always something red
begging to chew me,
On the outpourings of flesh where
the brain grew out of the skull,
Too enormous to fit in the resting
place it was granted.
After all, nothing I am but the
ripped rib.
Take a piece and make it whole.
You can't.
The Angel of Patchwork has her
funds cut this year around.
Nothing else to do, she sits in
the garden,
Playing with the versions of me
like dolls.

