Eleanor Hooker
By Longing

But I was always that person, even in early childhood.
Small, dark-haired, dreaded by the other children.
– Louise Glück

Some belong some long to
let them some survive some die
some say to belong wear
Steinbeck’s pearl wasp-honey tweed nettle-stings
some lie on the cold earth searching
find only winter bulbs soil some lie
some stand in their birdcage tweet-tweet
in a rib cage staring down a lion
Some say lie down splay – like this and this
is some people is every Jackal
some say angel say angel-dust say black-wing
some speak say angel dust say run river run
say God say p-p-p-pock say little creature
say mantra – say raven-death say coven say thirteen
say no say no say no say say
say malis corpore and live a little more
every solitary day until a fat man sends a text
some say ‘in the gutter now’ some say
some say rise be the dream and the hope
some say this poem is about a witch hunt
some say no she’s alive and well her hide

Quidam dicere verum and live a little more
every solitary day until a fat man sends a text
some say ‘in the gutter now’ some say
some say this poem is about a witch hunt
some say she’s alive and well her hide