eve

Sally Cannon
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Poetry • Sally Cannon

we are the daughters of Light and formed out of
pure chaos
with tattoos up our sleeves, black and blue and pink and
hieroglyphics sewn into our muscles, birds bursting out of our veins
and a multiverse straining against our paper-thin skin
we made this world to play in
and the games that float in and out of existence:
the apartment buildings in New York, 1920
the cabin in a field that hides a Reaper and all his friends
(mechanical rituals that we all perform but no one remembers)
the prison break of the century
(all that was left was the door to a cell, and the imprint of a building)
the towers spiraling up to keep creatures of nightmare captive
the woods with pale, morphing figures you never see straight on
the back entrance of a club with steady pulsing lights and rave music
all come to rest, coated in gold, in the hollow of our collarbones
called goddess
because we’re all seeing, all knowing, we play war with living, screaming figurines
called devil
because people are afraid of a girl that has seen, that knows, that is
raw power
and they cannot control us because
we can be anyone or anything
(a murderer, a mage, the child-eating beast, or the doe eyed beauty)
and as the man of the hour, Apophis has got nothing on us because
he may be strong and wild and free
he may be the man to please
he may be a tornado through a pile of leaves
(a war in the dark waiting to happen, love after a college football game)
but we’re quick to the punch and learn quicker than they ever dreamed
and snake charming through bared teeth with innocent waves and soft voices
keeping pace with the big boys, the chaos stream, the heightened sense of being
the feeling of fighting his matchsticks with a forest fire before we make our great escape
is the kind of thrill we live for