

MONIKA ZOBEL

The Forest Gives You a Necklace of Hands

—*after Celan*

Her hair at midnight shines
like the butcher's block. Margarete
wipes the light from her forehead.

Who beheaded the century?
Windows invite
the stars for supper.

War situates the split tongue
in the cellar. Margarete tucks half
into her apron, the other—still

breathing—flaps on the kitchen floor.
The horrors of metamorphosis—carry
something, carry meaning. Margarete

carries her boulder lips like a goddess.
And the knife, like exile, leaves
a gash in the psalm of bread.