

If Orion Is

nothing else it is
refusal

 refusal
to surrender to
concede

 refusal
to pretend
her one voice one
story could tell history
as if one
vision were as
like another as one
stroke to the next
or next

 refusal
to let
color be dimmed
or muted
by narrative
premise.

 She refused
to let Orion's line
of stars
apparent form
among the random
distances be "belt"
be anything less
than rest
in the scatter.

 She refused
to let her fiery
paint re-tell
the hunter's storied
swagger and sword
mere illustration mere
example of
"what men are like."