

NAZIFA ISLAM

**Her Instinct**

*a found poem: Virginia Woolf's The Waves*

She stands among the stealthy and assured  
in a corner of the barnyard.  
There is no light. Dressed as a beast—  
a bird's beak nailed to her,  
speared by the sharp moment—  
her face assumes a dazed futility.  
She is a wild creature now.  
And yet—the alarming wish to be loved.

**Note:** to write the poems in this series, the poet selects a paragraph of text from a Woolf novel and uses only the words from that paragraph, without repeating or adding words or editing the language for tense or any other consideration.