RACHEL MENNIES

March 27, 2018

I am learning to treat my beating heart as if it belonged to another—
as if it still belonged to you, Naomi.

I am learning to love equally the dead flowers in the vase and the ones I’ve just
planted, wet with new life.

The dress I wore to my grandfather’s funeral—he who wept once in his life, just
once—now wrinkles in a drawer.

Everything inside of me has changed, and everything outside of me has changed.

I just returned from a week in Boston.

My sister and I stood in front of Escher at the MFA and counted each incremental
tessellation.

I imagined my hands tracing the woodcut shapes of the *Metamorphosis II*, as if
touch could solve this puzzle of loving the space between a thing and a thing.

I hovered my thumbs over a half-geometry, half-animal grayed in its remaking.

A rounding cube.

An unfeathering dove.

Here, the print—like our love—both begins and ends with a word, which means
the word will remain in each shape’s body forever:

the wasp turned to water.

The turret turned to rook.

The woman you turned to light, to shadow, and back

(at last!)

at last!

to light—