

## Huntress

Look with the eyes of the swan on her nest.  
See what the water brings towards you.

Look with the eyes of the resting calf,  
see the beaks of rooks at work on your flank.

Look with the eyes of the rats on the bank –  
see strengths, weaknesses, opportunities, threats.

Look with the eyes of the spiralling gull,  
see a river of open mouths raging at your ways.

Look with the eyes of the styrofoam boats,  
the eyes that see further than any other eyes on earth

witness their prophecies for blood and soil and water,  
for everything that beats and roots and flows.

Look with the eyes of the broken poetry of bridges,  
see the skinny bitches, the filthy massive,

the cocksuckers, the motherfuckers, the dog shit  
hanging in bags from the trees.

Look with the eyes of the beautiful graffiti –  
*All I ever wanted was to pick apart the day*

*put the pieces back together my way.*  
From the steps of your hours

see the styrofoam boats  
the rats on the bank

the swan on her nest  
a curse worth believing in.

Look with the eyes that see what else is there.  
Look with the eyes that don't look away.

*Janet Lees*

