

vii. The supine demoness, *geomantic plateau*

My thighs are melting crags with rivers flowing out of them.
My belly is temple after temple, stacked like books on top of one another.
My breasts are mountains in the clouds.
My heart is a lake, my blood, brine.
My armpits are wells into which you laid your ropes.
My tongue is smoke and my eyes are the concentric circles of your wandering, finding.

Suppressed by your ritual dagger I lie, a splayed demoness. I inconvenienced your understanding of the whole: you thought of place as territory, I suggested a world, a collection of fragments.

I offered the horizontal tangle of roots, the compressed confusion of soil. I offered lust, bestial, ecstatic roaming, the natural chaos of lines curving in and out of one another. For centuries, you tamed me, silencing the serpentine spirits that formed there to protect what birthed them. You built structure atop structure, erecting statues according to the scriptures, sharp edges streaming through air, discipline puncturing the synovial mobility of my joints.

Earth is intuitive, its spirits mischievous and unbounded, fertile, fresh, free.
Land is composed of a vertical palimpsest of smothered plunder.

Then: an earthquake, and I come loose. Your steeples crumble. I sit up, the mountains in my breasts now upside down, avalanche in my pelvis. You divine me with your geomantic calculations, dices thrown in the air, sticks and threads. You cannot pin me down. I rise, your strata tumble into a heap of stones. I flick one of them with my long and lustrous nails. Charged, it falls on a different path, part of a different form. Like this, all our fates will turn.

