

# antipathy of a form

gregory maher

“The sleeping female is divine,  
no?”

- said he-serpent, scale-encrusted  
dim-eyed crawler of the deep  
responding I

quote the Romantics: “She walks  
in beauty/ like the . . . “

“Nay!” said he, sneering  
creature, his lips

voodoo masks:

“Her soft curve, the just-moistened  
lip, each

limb, pulsing, pulsing, pulsing  
with the rich

crimson of life

Her dark lashes, fern-branches  
fluttering in primordial

gust

Dreaming, her eyes

flash with a bright world,  
enscreened

Her veins, blue, snaking  
through her flesh

Roots deep as her heart, focused in on  
her slow, pumping heart . . .”