Woman,

You are part magic,
    part mayhem
    Parted sideways in a vertical landscape
    Partitioned into sunbeam and sea brine

You are off-centered
    Off-labeled
        Off fluttering on whale spray
        Offish child dangling spiders from fingertip to friend's scream

You are seagull breath
    soaring through ventricles too weak to beat for you

You are siren
    enchantress moon luring lost orange halves

You are tempest
    swimming in neutrons exploding from mother song

You are sentinel
    the two-tongued salvager of soul smile

You are sunseeker
    wild child puddle jumping through oceans of darkness

You are woman
    and windstorm 100 grandmothers back chanting your name in your veins