



genesis
by Christine Beevis

thoughts, armed with daggers
wage battles behind my eyes --
soldiers riding memories --
multi-coloured horses pave
hooves into the valleys
of my mind

jets of ink wash
over hills and grooves,
flood into
the channels of my veins,
delineating branches, trunks

become a forest,
bleed beneath my fingernails,
choke, struggle to keep afloat in the current behind the rolling ball

emerge victorious,
and print myself into
the fibres
of this page