



## Celebration

*Susan Musgrave*

*(from Songs of the Sea-Witch, Sono Nis Press.)*

Being somebody's last woman  
and the only passenger of the day  
I rode out after madness,  
that long journey beginning nowhere  
meeting shyly at motels  
not for each night's love,  
but sliding around the edges  
from earth to earth  
on parts of a face  
that love wore out.

Of course I'm still living.  
No one has taken too much blood  
although I admit I stole some extra  
where fine needles had coffered  
bundles and rolls of it. I came back  
after to burn the hospital down.

But no one will find me here  
asleep in my bones as polished as the night.  
I am bled now  
like the end of a spear  
and blunt as a carpet  
ruined once by careful feet.

One day the right disguise  
will work, the right frame  
slide into place  
like counted medicine.  
One day I may give up everything  
and wear that disguise  
to its final sleep.