Maya C Popa

The Lyric I

Let the things that I'm afraid of
be things,
                let me see them through the lens
                of a woman's camera.

Winter snaps its tripod into place.

    The long-tailed jaeger, horned lark
    abdicate their thrones.

                I feed on what desire grows
                in its own gardens,

pines by the dozens,
the shape of you beyond them.

I move a theft between the acres
                of my selves,

while in the most unfashionable
of all possible presents,
                someone's Laura
                struggles with a shoelace.

She is not the roundabout
the moon inhabits.

Should I self-reduce
    to a shard in a hoof,
                who will hold me that close?