**A Fable**

Backward from palms, she creates unknown life

half human, half crustacean, into the world

she knows well: pools filled with golden toads,

porcelain sea-monsters, snails listening to sins,

a procession of mosquito larvae, squirming.

Morphed woman, with one-spanned slate wing,

circling Aconcagua’s conquering peak to see

this world upside down. Once she is christened,

her ears will be pierced, her hair coloured dark.

The sea-hawk goddess. Before giving birth at dusk,

orange nocturnal bonfire, to her black-necked spawn,

the criollo chant: *Para que no se te muera nunca!*

(Lest your offspring never die). She dies later, anyway.

Lobster baby, born from the gardener’s wife.