

ophelia down under

she teeters at the soaked rim :: the heat index of down under
is orange and violet :: the interior is violet, not unlike

a PET scan of her sanity, glucose rubbing her white
matter when she is shown penguins, her mother, a hamburger ::

on record, the hottest year down under :: this is deniable ::
if denied, there is no choosing her demise or its particulars

as she overheats, under-hydrated, under-lathered
with SPF as advised :: she *feels* insane, everyone denying

her flushed and peeling body :: she can hardly believe
hers is a man's story, the players lying

on their backs, glaciers sliding, coral blanching :: the stage
is lonely, her hands full of rue, her role to lift her arms

and fall backwards into lukewarm water :: down under,
a woman is a dot picked up by satellite, gown spread

over waves, pinkies pickling in the thickened blue ::