SHE-GOD

slings no shit

past or present

butchers the bull & slices

sex fishing-line

through cheesecake

rich silken resistance

breaks the night's milk

mother comet opens her throat

heavens reverb & strobe

she sets a reed in her thumbs

& whistles calls foxes & owls

& they come she is

a whole being godless

—she birthed two

no three—

if she chooses to

count herself

& she does

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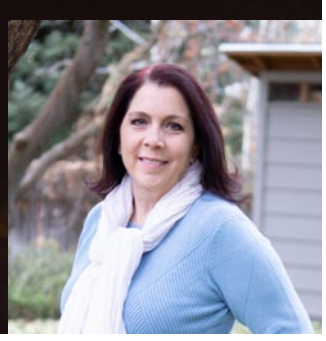
TRISH HOPKINSON



Trish Hopkinson is a poet, blogger, and advocate for the literary arts. You can find her online at SelfishPoet.com and provisionally in Utah, where she runs the regional poetry group Rock Canyon Poets and folds poems to fill Poemball machines for Provo Poetry. Her poetry has been published in several lit mags and journals, including *Tinderbox, Glass Poetry Press,* and *The Penn Review;* and her fourth chapbook *Almost Famous* was published by Yavanika Press in 2019. Hopkinson will happily answer to labels such as atheist, feminist, and empty nester; and enjoys traveling, live music, wine-tasting, and craft beer.