

JENNIE PANCHY

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*Translation*

Light snow in the pasture  
where my mother's body was found.  
Bent like an acrobat, hands loose at her ankles,  
she seemed intent on holding herself.  
Ants descended into the wax cup of her ear.

This is the pasture where my body  
was found. On each post of the long fence  
a bird folds itself, breathing,  
a line of commas.