The hunt is over. Do you feel guilty
for your slaughter, the way
you turned him into a stag, then pointed,
your bow unstrung, carrying
the dogs to your prey?

Goddess of childbirth and fertility,
you are only partly beast, hair swept
up in motion, carved in waves
indistinguishable from the dogs’ fur

and the grasses your feet barely touch.
Virgin Goddess, your body
gives you away, the divinity
of your skin, your curves unnatural.
Goddess of the moon, Goddess of menses,

Goddess of shedding blood, do not resent us
for sculpting you, shaping and reshaping
until you are balanced and symmetrical,
domesticating your breasts against
our fear of the wilderness.

We only want to hold our
hands above our heads in triumph
as you do, to gaze at the stories
we turn into bronze and words
because they have seen us naked.