

## A Sculpture of Diana

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.