

Harpy
Georgia Hilton

Her body might be
in a provincial town,
yet some part of her even now
is in the North Atlantic,
where she likes to imagine
the spirits of her ancestors
inhabit the sea foam.

The stone-coloured water
ripping through her cells,
reshapes them until she is
no longer a human woman
with a pouch on her belly
where her babies grew,

but instead a herring gull -
quizzical, fearsome, raucous -
plunging into the riptide
like a furious earthbound comet -
turning the cold black penny
of her eye upon the world
as if to say - 'what of it?'