

Crone: (n.)

1. Late 14c., from Anglo-French *carogne*, from Old North French *carogne*; a term of abuse for a cantankerous or withered woman, literally “carrion,” from Vulgar Latin *caronia* (see carrion).
2. An old woman.
3. An old woman commonly connected with witchcraft.
4. In modern Paganism, Crone is the third incarnation of the Triple Goddess, the aging woman after motherhood, wise from life experience and serenely preparing for the eventuality of death.

The archetype as commonly discussed originated with poet and scholar Robert Graves in 1948, who described the personas of the Triple Goddess figure primarily from the white male European perspective, with no verifiable research grounded in ancient world religion.

In contemporary Pagan religions, the cycle of the Goddess through Maiden, Mother, and Crone also relates to the changing of the season. The Triple Moon is a goddess symbol representing Maiden/Mother/Crone: waxing, full, and waning.

5. A way of being a woman
6. A way of being

1.

I wake in the desert Sylvia Plath,

in sand until it becomes hot enough for pain,
eyes burn under their lids. Morning

always

noon

these
days: too

late.

Death

a bauble where conscience should be, finding
a new girl in granular limbs,
swimming.

How long before we bake into paper?
How many endless-sky afternoons blonde as baby days?

Bones force a body to find water.

Of course topography: for muscles, contours.

Of course dunes and walking, falling
through,

back into a greater expanse
of particulate flesh, exponential
hours of loose failure,

heading East.

I was ample, once.

How soft that was, sliding into my own loose earth.

Of course topography:

Blue for sky

blink fetal red glow

blink chameleon gold.

Blink grit.

Replace dune with bones, bones with mountains.

Topography:
To loom and provide shade,
bring purpose to womanhood's negative space.

Out of grit, become disparate anatomy: fairy-tale being.
feeding land from decomposing mythical flesh.
One day, if I'm lucky, I too will decline

my spine will fall
away,

scoured clean with sand.

Another girl will blister-foot her way up to me,
waste valuable water crying in relief

By that time, the word 'relief' will hold no meaning
if paradise is all it cracks open to be.

We crawl into the first cleft of rock
pull legs in
tibia-fibular siblings marionette-like,
useless ankles
bloody feet

We know bone weeps if you dig deep
enough. We know we must drink
before flesh forgets native function,
chars and peels
all
away.

Feeding here means hand-to-mouth succulent and tough green leaves, bitter but full of juice,
tearing my tongue and cheeks to match my soles. Their redness corresponds: my wounds talk
to each other because my voice has turned to sand.

In a churchyard I bite into a smooth white round tulip bulb dug from the border of the chapel.

The taste burns for days,

blink blue,

blink cooling.

I stuck my face in the hose, mouth open to rinse out the sting of perennial mistake