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Birthday

Sessa Kratz

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Birthday

Death ate my father
and held me instead
in its detached embrace.
In the evening, when sleep
crumples lids like parchment,
then mine opened, a new,
wild thing. Where fingers
and toes should grow
were claws and hooves;
where there should be
no teeth the sharp
curves of incisors.
I curled and uncurled.
I yowled like a cub,
cold without fur.
The light made color
and shadow of my skin,
until the camouflage
was complete.
The wild creatures
all clapped their hands.
The dark said secretly,
This one sleeps inside of me.
I began to eat my mother;
she began to feed me.

About Sessa Kratz

Sessa Kratz is an MFA candidate in poetry at Texas State University in San Marcos, Texas.