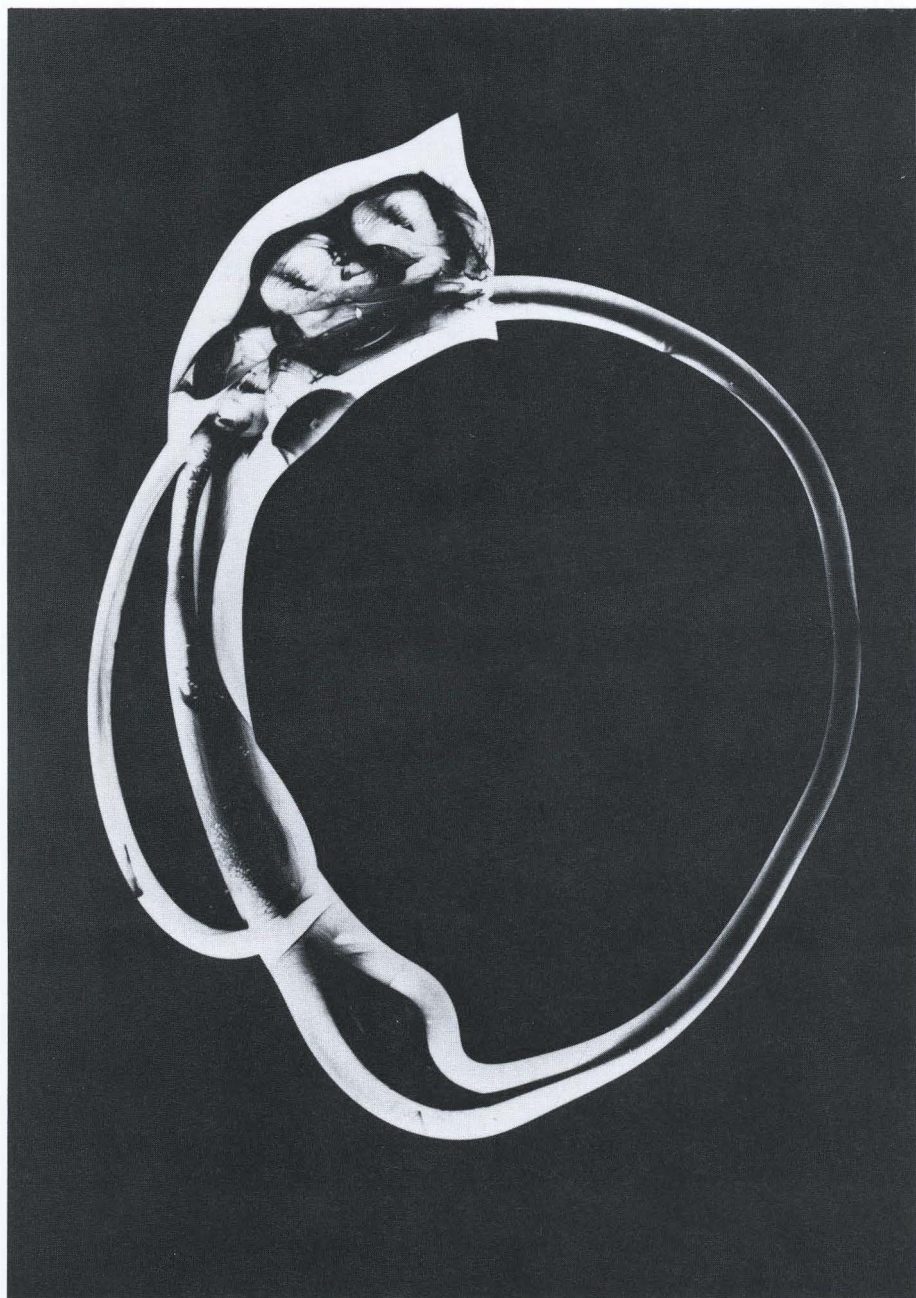


## Basia Irland / OUROBOROS



## ouroboros ii

The others  
meet in this ancient garden  
joining hands to  
encompass  
you  
hanging from your cross  
dripping layers  
of skin  
shed  
into the wind  
of rebirth and rocks

(Dry-tongued marks  
trace concentric words.)

Gyrating through the garden,  
past dancers  
and on toward  
the stream,  
your self-containment  
perpetuates the continuum.



## ouroboros iv

Lying exposed in horses'  
excrement for twenty days  
you devour your tail  
and swirl around scholars  
attempting to counterbalance  
opposing forces.

While mist floats  
among the icicles  
bumping into reasons  
for returning to the river,  
transmutation begins.

Glittering in assumed  
radiance, you find yourself  
etched into another  
ancient page  
of drawings.  
Robed figures  
bearing bound and winged volumes  
paddle against the current  
to reach you.







