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## Two Poems by Jennifer van Alstyne

Jennifer van Alstyne

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JENNIFER VAN ALSTYNE

*Punchao*

I am born of fire or earth,  
Each will suffocate or scorch each other,  
Porous or gas.  
I am born of the hot country  
Where Inti lives  
With his own type of court  
Held high in these mountains.  
When Inti is happy the rains come  
Hot suns bring water,  
Raise maize.  
A woman in my bloodline, *aqllakuna*,  
Chosen for weaving  
Wills me into existence  
I am born of fire or earth.

*Taken*

Sometimes I sprout wings,  
Glide up dunes,  
Twirl juniper branches to bramble.

I fly to nightline sky and  
Finger starlight.

God can't find me in this  
Pagan glow of long set sun,

Glass chiffon tendrils  
Clung to limbs  
Tight from thick air,  
Wet with  
Sea salt slickness.

Dark is for fairylights,  
Deep from oak hearth

We rise, circle in seagrass meadow,  
Crush bayberries beneath feet  
Bare and thorned.

Each night we map coastline,  
Shift tide to kiss earth,  
Pull sandcastles to sleep,  
Palm moonlight.