



Sculpture by Linda Ganstrom. Poem and photo by Elizabeth Dodd.

Fossil from the Anthropocene

after Linda Ganstrom

The woman's clay-fired form sinks into graywacke and stasis.
Child's pose: only her ribs still hug her heart

while her subtle body casts
Mandelbrot ferns across her back.

Doesn't grief sleep in a chitinous cloak?
Asana. Asana. Sough and surf.

Seed syllables, devil's claw pods
unravel the basket she dreamed for herself.

Once, their dry arms caught the hair of passing mammoths.

Listen for the calcareous rustle of their forms.
Listen again: disappearance's hiss.