

JANET JOYNER

What I want to say

about the grace
I went to in my own skin
in that space where
we melted, or it felt
like we did, melted
the way gelatin thickens water
for that brief moment
before it takes over,
filling all the water's cells
with its own self,
briefly, with the exact
swiftness of the moment
it takes to turn *is* into *was*,
to turn the gelatinous
into bone, into the breast
bone, say, of a heron,
is that I, too, know the heft,
the lift off into the blue.



ABOUT JANET JOYNER

Janet Joyner is the author of *Waterborne* (forthcoming from Logan House Press), and her poems have appeared in *Emrys Journal*, *The Main Street Rag*, *The Cincinnati Review*, *The Comstock Review*, and *The Southern Poetry Anthology*. She holds a PhD in French literature from Florida State University and before her retirement was a professor of French language and comparative literature at the University of North Carolina School of the Arts. She lives in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and is a member of both the NC Writers Network and Winston-Salem Writers; she regularly participates in the latter's open mic readings and Poetry in Plain Sight programs.

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