

Skin as Translation

casing, crust, membrane, peel
conversion, paraphrase, change, interpret

1.

We want to see hummingbirds:
the hover, the beating of air so fast
our eyes cannot find something
to touch. Our bodies, our breath,
our wingless skin. A whisper: fly.
A broken husk, what covers and spills.

2.

We need to feel fragile:
a lightness, an erasure of form.
Our skin cannot find some way
to drink. Our hum, our blur,
our song of thirst. A question: still.
Salvia, zinnia, the color that calls and calls.

3.

We peel away, molt, discard this skin,
a body we no longer recognize. Shape
holds space, the capture of wind
into breath. Feathers bury the ground.



ABOUT AMY ASH & CALLISTA BUCHEN

Amy Ash received a PhD in literature and creative writing from the University of Kansas and is the author of *Acme Book of Love* (Main Street Rag 2014) and *The Open Mouth of the Vase* (Cider Press Review 2015). Her writing has also been published in *Mid-American Review*, *Prick of the Spindle*, and *100 Word Story*.

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