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## ***Skull Grip / Circle Way***

Janet Elliott Waters

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## *Skull Grip / Circle Way*

### **Abstract**

Skull Grip: But then, Athena sprang from a headache. This stabbing pain, like slivers of glass flints, could be birth pangs. Circle Way: I, Hunter, arrow cast I know your magic ways I track your secret ways

### **Additional Keywords**

Poetry; Skull Grip; Janet Elliott Waters; Circle Way

I stood. He offered me his arm and I took it. Later I tore the soul free from his body and devoured it whole. I had to look at his face the entire time, had to see his eyes as the life left them. I see all their faces now.

It goes on like that. Every night someplace else. But not always someone else. Sometimes I can't go through with it. And I've noticed I'm getting weaker.

What happens to a shark when it can no longer make itself eat? It soon dies, sinks to the bottom and is buried in mud, forgotten.

But one thought will make that long descent easier. I will not be forgotten. Not as long as there's a small, framed sketch on a wall somewhere.

## SKULL GRIP

*by Janet Elliott Waters*

But then,  
Athena sprang from a headache.  
This stabbing pain, like slivers of glass flints,  
could be birth pangs.  
This scraping pain, like continental glass plates,  
could be skull bones sliding  
as the unborn Athena grows to skull size  
and more.

She was fully armed when born, full grown.  
Her spear hammers the top of my head  
even now.

I can't think. She has my wisdom.  
Zeus survived the birth—  
but he was a god.

## CIRCLE WAY

*by Janet Elliott Waters*

I, Hunter, arrow cast  
I know your magic ways  
I track your secret ways  
I am your brother  
—we are together  
power and love are one.  
You are mine, end point of my arrow  
You live in me  
I am your strength  
I am Your gift.

I, Mother-healer, touch  
and you are one  
sing, and you are safe  
hold you with Her arms and hands  
feed you with Her earth warm love  
birth and suck and keep you  
in Her name.

I, Speaker, tell the roads  
tell the pathways of the journey  
tell the names, beginnings, ends  
tell the songs that capture gods  
tell the dance and throw and touch  
tell the Changes.

I, Dancer, trace the circle of the ways  
spark fire magic circles in the dust  
scout the path that all will chance  
dance the unmarked Path I make.