

# Girl Who Sculpts a Lion

*Allison Wilkins*

As child, she played with dragons  
store their fire, replaced it

with florescent tin & a single  
apple tree for each charred ember.  
She liked to drag her fingernails through

the heat & burn telegraph lines onto her skin.  
When she was a teenager, she coveted  
the strut of the scorpion, picked it up

by the tail to extract the poison.  
She planted yellow flowers & learned  
to read cardiac rhythms.

Now, adult,  
she sculpts a lion  
from Aegean sand, like a chemist

trying to calculate the formula for desire.  
Each day she feeds her lion  
octopus & chickpeas, waiting for

him to break out in hives.  
But he only grows stronger, harder,  
more measured in his movements.

So she braids her hair, plunges into the sea,  
discovers a child in an oyster shell.  
She knows that soon the North Wind

will start to blow away all the sand  
& what will remain is marble.