

## Well Women

### Amy Leblanc

I fell/ when my hands stopped spinning/thread// I was replaced/  
by unmarked palms/ those lily hands/ those lying hands/ in time/  
those hands will not mend/ after/ paper cuts/ gashes/ hangnails/  
pinpricks/ the loose ends of girlhood// She will join me/ when  
the water is shallow/ there will be no need/ to float/ and my rain  
boots/ will fill with tadpoles/ overflowing/ like ladybugs/ from a  
golden edged cup// I climb walls/ in the well/ I am well/ no one  
asks// I move bricks/ I make masks/ from water/ and the crust/ of  
the earth// When she falls/ she shrieks/ like a fox/ that screams/  
to speak// I tell the same stories they tell/ about me/ about *us*/  
how one day/ they will come to save the lily/ lying/unmarked girl/  
they will lower a rope/ what a joke/ it will be/ when they see my  
face/ come forth/ from the well/ poked/ poked/ teeming with  
water/ like a bloated calf// I will laugh/ when they die/ at the sight  
of me// In the well/ her hands will cease to mend/ they will stop  
spinning thread/ she will speak / to the vermin/ the damp/ the  
tadpoles/ which become/ her closest friends//