

*Gregor's transformation into a creature he does not recognise, and which causes significant reactions from those around him, reminded me of the metamorphosis women undergo during the menopause. Hence, my poem...*

Woman on Fire

I, burning, metamorphose;

Adrift in a well of obscurity,

A crucible of liminal chaos.

Murky shadows plague my frenzied soul

With mania:

*Come, Alekto, metamorphose.*

Wrath, burning, awakens,

Volcanic Erinyes from their,

Nocturnal Dragon cave:

RAGE!

*Come, Alekto, metamorphose.*

Luminous ferocity, burning, fuels,

The alchemical furnace;

Cinders, crackles, cackles.

Molten, incandescent, She-chimera,

Emerges:

*Come, Alekto, metamorphose.*

I, burning, rise,

Taboo snakeskin beast.

Birthered by fury, fusion, fission, obsession;

Medusa stare,

Commands and curses:

*Rest, Alekto, metamorphosed.*