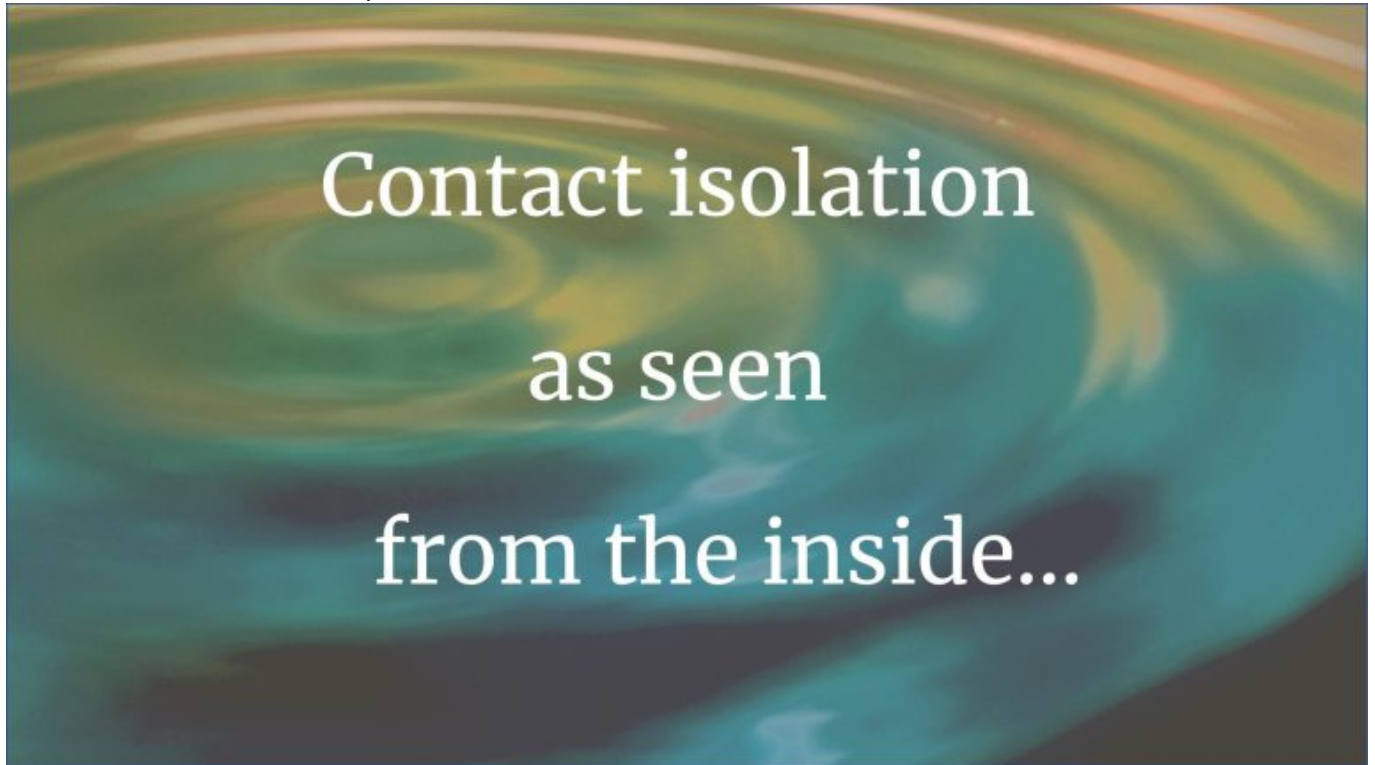


# Continent

Category: Poems

written by Jenna Le | January 14, 2022



*Contact*: from the Latin for *touch*.

*Isolate*: from the Latin for *island*.

Because your breath had touched mine,  
I was obliged to metamorphose  
into a separate land mass,  
to wear a collar of brine  
like a heavy gurgling yoke  
around a neck of windswept black basalt,  
to accept being defined  
by a measurable circumference  
and a finite diameter,  
to have borders no one disputed,  
topography no one surveyed,  
terrain no one mapped,  
accessible only to birds and fish,  
cut off from earth's seething gene pool  
so long the crows nesting in my navel  
evolved into a novel species,  
their language of caws  
impossible for a mainland raven to parse,  
to become parsonic, thrifty, small, a person  
used to gazing on distances  
of monotone water, geologic-scale vistas,  
perspectives patient and vast.