

The Last Page

Her Whorl

Her whorl of spores wore the
Weavings of the wind
And there was a source of water
And there was a source of light
A root and a spinning, as if the
Lifting gift of life could
Gust the right to her creation
Days when the ground
Could find her plantings, nights
Implosive with her dreams.

Laura Coyne

* Originally written to celebrate
the launch of *The Women's
Worldwide Web*.