

JANE MCKIE

## **The Monster of Ravenna's Mother**

---

My monster rides my hip. I think him perfect.

His one eye, a Caithness glass paperweight,  
coddles a tiny empire of misfits at its heart,  
clear euphony where only candles penetrate.

As for my heart, that's where a life of failure  
curls, withered from scrutiny. But look at me  
with my monster! The best thing I have made.