

The Metamorphosis of Sepukku

Donatella Quinn
Capital University

The light catches
a flash of silver,
like a fly tangled
in a web of silk,
as she bites
her own navel
with hard edges.

She penetrates
an armor of flesh,
and with labored,
jerking movements
splits herself open,
like a hanging peach.
fruit too swollen
for it fuzz.

One-hundred noble leaf-wings
flutter out from
inside her, their wings
the most stunning
shades
of vermillion,
as she
finally
becomes still.