

Barbara Daniels

Like Waves

I'm changing my name: a flower
this time, Daisy, Hibiscus?
Or how about car names-Dart,
Audi, Cooper? And why not
a body sculpt-reshaped nose,

ears, fabulous breasts? I know
what names do, their lack
of innocence. I color my nails
passionate orchid, turn
my hair daylily orange.

Taking a new name melts ore,
strikes it, shapes and balances
a spring-steel blade. It arcs
calm seas into massive
waves, mounting, cresting.

That's what I want: like waves
I'll throw myself forward,
reckless, bawling, my body
rising through lime-green water,
hoarse wind, gesturing reeds.

Barbara Daniels' book *Rose Fever: Poems* was published by WordTech Press and her chapbooks *Black Sails*, *Quinn & Marie* and *Moon Kitchen* by Casa de Cinco Hermanas Press. Her poetry has appeared in *Prairie Schooner*, *WomenArts*, *Mid-American Review*, *The Literary Review* and many other journals. She received three Individual Artist Fellowships from the New Jersey State Council on the Arts.