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After *Liz and Chair* (Mickalene Thomas)

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AFTER *LIZ AND CHAIR* (MICKALENE THOMAS)

Isabel Ostrowski

This summer I burnt peach colored candles for Sekhmet and you still look upon me with unadulterated scorn. God says “no” sometimes. God says sometimes you have to take matters into your own hands, so expect me in your office, sometime this week, cloaked in furs and smelling of floor cleaner, bright and stinking and fresh from the field of the corner store. Expect the worn sole of my sandal connecting with your temple and rattling the altar in your skull, snuffing your incense with spit-wet fingertips and shattering the clay idols you cast in your image. I don’t care who you are. I wove my throne from palm leaves and salved my blisters with your snot, hot from blubbering.