

**Luke Fischer**

**Metamorphosis**

I've woken from deep sleep and forgotten who I was, am. All I recall is an atmosphere of green, darkness, then incandescence. My mouth is strange—long and delicate as a pistil. My legs are spindly—comical stilts made from dried stems. Reaching out from my head, twin filaments sense vibrations, and far above my lean body extend four immense flat things. A man is admiring them, says they're more beautiful than the rose window in Chartres, compares them to an emperor's fan from the 16<sup>th</sup> century displayed in the museum of Taipei. A girl beside him says they match one of the blossoms pressed in her book. I don't know what they mean or what to do with these things.