

## TWO SIDES TO EVERY STORY

*“But Lot’s wife, behind him, looked back,  
and she became a pillar of salt.” Genesis 19:26*

There are few predators here!

Her menses punitive, Lake Natron  
is a hostile bride. She bleeds vermillion,  
only rocks those with salt, those strong  
enough for caustic mothering.  
Flamingos furnish her flow,  
build crèches in October’s flush,  
wade in cinnabar waters  
feeding on blue-green algae  
its properties priming  
plumages of pinks.

Mami Wata lures delicate birds  
to burial grounds,  
seduces them in sanctuaries.

Scouring shorelines for stillbirth  
from a lake that swallows swallow,  
a photographer poses corpses  
perfectly petrified, perches a bat  
on writhen branches, postures  
fish eagle on driftwood,  
positions one flamingo floating  
its greyness mirrors into pools.  
A haunting dove calcifies  
with wings enfolded.  
He captures them in photographs,  
sepia                    black and whites  
under a chalcedony sun  
encompassing every  
shade of macabre.

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