

**STEPHANIE STRICKLAND**

**Distaff Tech**

Moonmonths synchronized with solar years,  
cycle-paths aligned, the Zodiac belt—

pebbles for patterns, for lattice-logic looms;  
our lettuce-leaf-, our reef-hyperbolica, these we crochet.

The overhang, never to forget! To remember how with fire  
we lost night—we who perjured dark,

cursed the cold. Now winter's lost. (*Fire became the stake.*)  
Each day we ask: will new body-brain emerge?

But whose? How stowed? A portal mind? A gated  
world. We learn to diffract

restrictions super-imposed by the surgeons of light.  
Realities, we re-create daily,

moonshine rules. Many-fingered time has come back  
to our dock. Its twisted braid, enacting Morwen's

coded knots, stops. Awestruck before Maryam's  
incomparable openings of body—

*Maryam Mirzakhani, 1977-2017*

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