

POLA VORTEX

By Tricia Knoll

I *am* the witch's tit. My bitch bra is made of silver—not brass. I make ice mirrors and hand you froth. Call me Pola. Lusty wind diva. Cringe all you like.

Be warned: Jail break! I am no longer stuck to the cloverleaf of arctic. I swoop to kick ass on your sad little towns, clog your straight-arrow roads, shiver your timbers, and kill your weak. ICE? You ain't seen nothing yet. I lock you homebound

and rub you raw. Plow me? I keep coming. I'm higher than kites, clouds, skyscrapers, and drones. My slip shows—flakey lace. White and quite long-wear-you-down. Hah! I'm a swirling hurl-a-girl layback spin, skating your way on ice-sharp blades. Flashing my flowing skirts—silver thaw and midnight blue.

You ignored me. You favored rant-chants about warming and ignored me. The sea beneath me went soft. We are going to dance, you and me. Like it or not, I lead the new dance. Buckle up! Snowshoes. All-wheel drive and all-weather coats.

You don't have time to tame me. I'm counter-clockwise. Pola revolutionary.

Fools unlocked the gate. I'm no more stay-at-home dame. Good times from Pola Mama. You get what you deserve.



Art by Brett Stout