

## Goddess

Artemis—  
born of a million points  
of liquid light,  
you move your molecules  
into meaning, into form.

Guiding guardian,  
draped in maiden's  
moonbeams, your  
hands are crescent  
horns, your swirling  
body a note of music, lifted  
from brother Apollo's lyre.

Lilt your way  
through mortal  
darkness—come, hunt  
our woods for your truth.

*Heidi St. Jean*

## Goddess I



*Geoff McGann*

# inklight

a publication of afterimage: the journal of media arts and cultural criticism

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