

**Attraction**

Heart, liver, lungs dried up,  
but the skin was fresh and supple  
(Reuter News, the Thursday *Globe*).  
A woman found, Mongolia,  
bound up in copper mesh;  
a human bronze, there almost a millennium  
inside her metal skin,  
a sheath to keep the body sweet;  
not sweet as taste,  
but as a fragrance, a bouquet.  
A whole body, living,  
like a hand's grasp of flowers—  
something rises from it,  
lighter than perfume  
and more natural.

Perhaps a trace of scent remained  
in her; some distillation of her sweat  
slipped through the metal casque,  
dispersed  
like a sunburst  
into this century's air,  
drawing a search team to her lair,  
homing them, as pheromones  
the female bee releases  
draw the drones.

*Julia Keeler*