

3 for Fay Jones



Marthe Reed

a fish *is* a tongue
an embrace gone missing

caught there
among weeds

splatters of love
blood

's matter
your eyes forget fish

even small fry
red mouths

red tongues
red's hurt

hunger also wagging
touch has

its own vernacular
shiver and glide

a clearer deeper ground
underneath

net's fraught
pursuit

fingers tongues hips
throes of the dice

(#2)

improvisation: ant aunt ought
she bears a fish home from the market
though sky fails to forecast day
amenable as everything

carried through you
signaling neither fresh nor dear
later feet upon a stool
she loses her hair from its catch

ink displaces rain
working a crease
still the ant
and flowers uncut

a cat bathes in shade's
ferny reach
and light grazes her shoulder
possibly amnesiac

stung while weeding
summer's relentless wresting
one life from another
blue finds its blue core

three notes descending
blue ink
or black
a brute force projected

like a bruise
wingless females and queens
epithelial notations
ante emete ameise

auntie's sharp tongue
her shoulder also
sweat in wet runnels
down her breasts and back

insects busy in the earth
flowers and fishskin foraging

(cover)

time slips
outofhand

or reckoning
line

takes its own direction
the illusive nature of shadow

it might be
[im]possible to read the past
near
-ly

not there
naught to be seen
neither particle nor—

figures a-march fore and
aft the ground
nothing is certain
[[*quantum sufficit*

the motion of time reduced to a wave

^{SUPER}
imposition *remember to—*
counting backward toward insipience

sleek lines and pointed toes
[[heel-to-toe heel-to-toe

brownian motives
motion

i have forgotten my lines
left them

lies lies lies

(#4)