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Reflection from Inside and Flying Fish

Jennie Meyer

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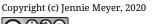
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Reflections from Inside

Jennie Meyer

Air whipped from somewhere north flips the still-cloaked canopy back and forth, the western sky purpling behind, as trunks

and green-to-umber leaves melt to black, meld into the back drop of nightening sky. My reflection, upright on cushion,

steady candle light in-between, breathes the trees' exhalation to me, this side of the pane, brain a woodland of neuronal branches swaying with synapses. This

is awareness, this breath that fills every space and veined leaf in my forest not me, not the trees, not even the wind, but oxygen

this everywhere-emptiness, this O_2 -forever leavening my cells. I can hear the gusts weaving it through the dark, as coywolf pads beneath the shadow-blankets,

as my cat, Freya, nestles under the wool throw, wet nose breathing me in.

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Flying Fish

Jennie Meyer

(After Mary Oliver's "The Fish")

We soar through fog, dive down, searching for our rainbow scales.

Can't tell what is plastic or seaweed anymore. So interwoven. Fishing twine tangles each notion like the hued spectrum of fibers in clams.

Impossible to unscramble petrochemicals and sinew, plastic and wrackweed.

Our gills draw in this blue Earth while silver pouches emptied of chips gulp sea and sand, flounder in surf until swallowed. Inside our guts industry lurks like Jonah in the fish. We can't spit it out.

We rise and fall shedding scales, growing more,

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part cellular, part polymer.

Leaping has not lifted us, at last, from the gnash, to surpass the briny bind, streaming our tainted scales and gills behind.

We fall back again slapping the seething sea with veined, diaphanous wings like cellophane. Again the rise, again the smack. Entanglement our pact.