

Sister Fish



by
Mary Ann Mayer

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Sculpture and cover photo
 by Carl P. Mayer

Origami Poetry Project
Sister Fish

by **Mary Ann Mayer** © 2010

Old Friend In The Mezzanine

In the new bookshop
 serving periodicals in different languages
 and coffee,

my love, I watched you.

You stood on the landing of the spiral stair
 pressing a point.
 Your hair broke in predictable places,
 caught the light and

fell
 in waves and jags,
 sending your scent
 downwind

through the forest of pulp,
 to fell me where I stood,
 on the ground floor of the new bookshop
 that suddenly no longer smelled of paint.

Squid

We dissected one in school,
 and it squirted ink all over the room
 when I squeezed it.
 It had black eyes that popped out.
 I peeled off a shell
 that grows around it like a basket
 and it broke into pieces.
 Narragansett Indians used the sharp pieces
 to write and cut things with.
 I wanted to dip a piece in squid blood,
 and write things all over my body.
 The last thing I did was pull out the stomach.
 I couldn't believe it had a stomach.
 It was as long as my knee socks.
 It had a heart too,
 but it was just a heart.

Sister Fish

Sisters and fish, my friend
 kerplunks, her arms stretched to ten and two,
 and floats in her sea soup,
 under her, green, giggly waves, and over her
 blue-kissed sky. This is the purpose
 of time (between fish and sisters):
 going to the beach
 and the beach going home with us.
 Salt in our caruncles,
 salt rust in the soap dish, sand in the soap.
 A throttling wave, a good punice,
 a good slumber under a feather boa of stars.
 All night long, waves break and
 break under the cliff, under the floorboards,
 and still we pick out a melody
 against the roar.

I Sip a Martini

You talk about notes—
 A minor 7th and playing the frets.
 I'm looking at your crotch;
 tight denim, orange threads, steel rivets;
 something hard in my throat.
 I study your knee
 swung improvisationally
 over the bar stool.
 I swallow,
 and surface
 Pianissimo!

Kestrel

Like a Chinese painting,
 these autumn mountains
 cloud-hidden peaks,
 mist curling upwards
 over leaves colored tangerine-red
 and lime-light
 a kestrel floats
 acrobatic, streamlined
 all body language, instinct, brush stroke
 into the frame then out
 floating high above the gin.