

Draw the Skin Back Wide

Draw the skin back wide.
Lay the nerve open to light
so strange it soon forgets
to transmute pestering steel,
sound and air to pain.

*This fish strangling on deck
deepsea eyes coming unbuttoned.*

The voice in frontal section
knuckle white and rubbery
strung from curious points,
dangling among the cords
let out from their revealed
organs. *Shall we throw her
back? No use in that.*

The tip of the tongue smooths,
then root of the tongue swells
darkly in the grasping throat.

*Fish don't have tongues
You think too much*

This one's no good to eat

The membrane arches against
the attack of lockjaw tight
as a frog's sac in rut.

The wind beats asthmatically.
We can't just leave her here.

She's already starting to stink

