

*Maria Casey*

**meeting a demigod**

you were a trout  
salesman selling  
fish behind icy counters  
counting glassy scales  
weighing heavy  
in your leaden hand

grey clockface behind  
your head speaking  
ticked tongues strung  
out on minutes  
lasting nights you wait  
counting fishy time

your seeking silent fins  
wave past wetness  
searching through dry death  
slapping on the slivered dock  
drowning in thick atmosphere  
oxidating frigid

blood green with  
moss and i with envy  
counting on never  
knowing the weight  
of your heaviness  
heaving on my line

the corner  
of my ear hears  
my foot tapping time  
remembering to wait  
to be waited on  
as i fish for  
the kingfisher

## **tempest**

your shoe black  
slickened hair  
is harrowed in  
the orange autumn  
wind that shifts  
your slender body  
to the place  
above the pit  
in my stomach  
it rumbles  
from hungerlust  
that knows  
of the bones  
of the dead  
limbs of winter  
love's passed  
like the sound  
of slitting wrists  
my heart rips  
and the knot twists  
tighter as you  
move towards me  
in the churning  
crowding my noes  
with yesses

## **skeletal purge**

in the three-way  
mirror counting  
back bones hanging  
see through swayback  
an ichabod crane  
horse frame  
never too thin forever  
counting bones  
through yellowed  
lucid skin  
spinal xylophone  
see death shown  
in oppressive counting bones