

The best thing about art school is art.

this one sneaks in underneath my skin
four rinds oscillating in the artificial wind
interrupting my Thursday morning.

[even] The Seven Seas took me and made me go nowhere
but first to the shore,
and then it dripped me into a timeless pit of gleaming cells. I'm like you, I nod, me too,
I'm bleeding from my shells. We spent last spring leaking chlorophyll and here we are
waiting for the afternoon sunshine. Hooked from the solar plexus just like Marina back in the
days but a little bit less dramatic. Casual Caucasians hanging around the grids and
gatekeepers. what's left when we have all dried up?

One lonely fish is left on the ground.

waiting to be hung, or simply relieved to stay in the left?

the hooks are too big and I notice them too late but just in time to get scared. 17 minutes in is
the perfect time to be lightly scared and slightly exhilarated. as I get close, I wish came early

you're shimmering.

would I shimmer too if someone were to place themselves right here, this close to whatever
xanthophyll still remains

tear me up, dry me and hang me from those hooks

a see-through, stretched-out sack of skin, barely touching its kin

you howl in sorrow and it sounds like my heart when it is about to break
shallow, dense, flickering
five lines, five hooks, through your mouth their mouth the mouth of the fish and into mine
no flesh, no spine,
but seven layers of scales
crusty locks and orange shadows
a memory of moist and coiled formations,
tender edges, silklike curves

– looking from this angle I see all angles –

no rainbow, no rainbow, no rainbow
but a multitude of faked shadows, mixed and mashed by
fluorescent tubes
beaming

and then, there, beneath it all
algae in its most classic form

(a clump)

same skin,
different Thursday