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OTOLITHS

A MAGAZINE OF MANY E-THINGS

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Indigo Perry

Cave of Swimmers

I'm not sure I want to
swim away in the obvious directions
of sadness
And the husk of
this.
I'm waiting for the rain. To be drenched in it and have it peel me
of clothes until I am filmed in moony, transparent skins. In breakage, I will be
lovely.
And you
won't go this time, leaving me to the lonely relentlessness of the river in the
night. I'm tired of being strong like unbreakable thread, a fishing
line drawing tighter to corset me, a woman being prettily, slowly quelled
with ribbons.
I don't want to go home to the children I've made. I'd rather
skate surfaces of indelicacy and irresponsible behaviour. Lick away
the pretense of caress and
sink my fingernails into the skin, kiss with hard lips and teeth
until I make jagged blue-red lines.
Lines to be followed back to me.
I will stand here amidst my sharp-tipped flowers with my soundscape,
my score
of rushing water.
And my mouth quivers. Who am I to be the one who is sad.
I'm this one.
I led her here with marks I made like poems in your flesh. Scales
of memory pain flicker me in knife-scattered and -scraped flecks.
To cry through nights seems sweet until I stretch out to feel
the emptiness.
And wonder what mistakes were these

and am I going to stop. Breathe on me
with gentle, warm wind through this bleak desert with its
dream
of rain,
until I wake and remember how it feels to have feet and to have blood circling
inside. What it is to bleed in heat over another and he
rubs it over himself and then puts his clothes over the top
and goes out to the street with
imprints of me
all over his skin.
Rags streaming,
wrapped to bind my wrists, cutting off the circulations,
the fucking endless circles.
Touch me again
because I've forgotten to be here. Forgotten to be
born into this life, instead of caught in flight between.
A storm in the bones.
Breath held in. A hot, red-black ocean surging. Nowhere to go, empty of
swimmers.
I go searching in the waking between dreamless hours for my
cave of swimmers.

Mine.

Do I really look in blindness: in desolate directions.
Fury in the fingertips. The hurt of wanting to hurt.
To have affect.
To be the one keeping you awake.
With my seas,
lapping over your skin.

Prowler

Always the endings and the rhythms
rhymes and the rages rain all night must be thunder the thump of wounds

Around you all our children
thrumming It's you who haunts the mornings.
Who is this self, up with the washing-through the rinse
many dirty dishes to keep me from sleep. The adolescence of loss
left to
those infuriated devices Remember when you said I was present
like a hummingbird.