

Reflections from Inside

Jennie Meyer

Air whipped from somewhere north flips
the still-cloaked canopy back and forth,
the western sky purpling behind, as trunks

and green-to-umber leaves
melt to black, meld into the back drop
of nightening sky. My reflection, upright on cushion,

steady candle light in-between, breathes
the trees' exhalation to me, this side of the pane,
brain a woodland of neuronal branches swaying with synapses. This

is awareness, this breath that fills
every space and veined leaf in my forest—
not me, not the trees, not even the wind, but oxygen

this everywhere-emptiness, this O₂-forever
leavening my cells. I can hear the gusts weaving it
through the dark, as coywolf pads beneath the shadow-blankets,

as my cat, Freya, nestles under
the wool throw, wet nose breathing me in.

Flying Fish

Jennie Meyer

(After Mary Oliver's "The Fish")

We soar through fog,
dive down, searching
for our rainbow scales.

Can't tell what is plastic or seaweed
anymore. So interwoven.
Fishing twine tangles each notion
like the hued spectrum of fibers in clams.

Impossible to unscramble
petrochemicals and sinew,
plastic and wrackweed.

Our gills draw in this blue Earth
while silver pouches emptied of chips
gulp sea and sand, flounder in surf
until swallowed.

Inside our guts industry lurks like
Jonah in the fish. We can't spit it out.

We rise and fall
shedding scales, growing more,

part cellular, part polymer.

Leaping has not lifted us, at last,
from the gnash, to surpass the briny bind,
streaming our tainted scales and gills behind.

We fall back again
slapping the seething sea with veined,
diaphanous wings like cellophane.
Again the rise, again the smack.
Entanglement our pact.