

For the love of the Greenland shark

a perfume of thought brings
with it

the slow drip
of banks & turns

her eye fetched blue
the slick of blood

ripples like oil
in the wash

as she follows
the only journey she can

chasing one last spasm
of heat

blindly swimming

through three hundred years
of greenland salt

the scrapes & near misses

the memory
of a thousand tides

in her gills

body tumbled through
the surf

the same way a flaw splits a diamond
over centuries

somewhere
between smell & touch

her life spilled over
with presence

& what a privilege
of terror to be

the last thing embraced
between her jaws

a final thought held
in parenthesis

Corpse flower

you let yourself be led
closer always

to that note
caught somewhere

between fresh shit
& rotting fish

wedged in the duvet

your limbs burning
in the sheets

the mind an alarm
that rings & rings

you do not care

what is bitter
& what is sweet

what brings life
& what expels it

swept
head to toe

through a field of blossom

each petal the colour
of blood crackling open

in the sunlight
of your imagination

& perhaps
you put the creased corolla

to your lips perhaps
bite the stem somehow

we still pretend
we are sniffing the idea

of a flower through
the bloom & not

that it is the purse-
soft anther

the green stalk & shaking grain

of pollen itself
that is drawn through

the open window
of the body