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## Two Poems

Daphne Marlatt

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### such multiple scales

for Frank some 35 years later

fishy depths you were sounding  
with your *shadows & shadows*  
*on square inches*  
*falling* not falling for

any cache but the hard-earned  
*see it* as in through  
the way light inhabits  
*20,000 feet of green water*  
*standing*  
far below commodity  
scintillance

the quick-silver  
signatures of presence  
to have and to hold

such multiple scales of skin, blood's  
liquid barometer airborne our  
long shadows cross and re-cross  
that reflecting surface

krill-less now

still hungry and long  
out of our depth

### written over

fairy witch or queen generic  
eye glitter butterfly cheek scarlet  
five-year old lips Big Bird  
might have pecked  
Huckleberry Hound in labels  
i.e. "cute" and not to

*one-eyed*  
*one-horned*  
*flying purple's*

taste the itty bitty

mom's bought him Spiderman's  
buoyant red and blue he sticks  
his web-watch at her  
three-year old hello  
back from separated dad's  
black cork bearding him  
"my little Jewish man"

whose then whose  
fantasies enclose or clothe  
these squirming bodies?

>>>>>

fear and desire  
the necessary salt

"this is not reality Hallowe'en"

>>>>>

describe un-scribe at this  
critical juncture

“Armageddon election”  
prescribed belief saturating  
the rah-rah

can the poem

or what can the poem  
do with a mass script?

>>>>

un-choir the right  
not rights, the look

that gazes back from the mirror  
of billboard, tv screen, that’s you  
in the car, with the brand (ah) new  
tampon, cell phone, shampoo  
the right to deserve  
a new you

spinning wheels  
in the burned-out grassland of some  
unimagined future

who will inhabit, o  
fairyland citizens?

>>>>

ah the *monster mash* its

smash hit lip-  
sync a

people-eater

>>>>

when the palm pilots  
joy sticks it to us, sky dives  
into a sea of bits, bytes

a.k.a. the body politic

we’ve climbed so  
high on numbers  
the number crunchers  
can swerve a curve  
‘significant,’ say

bending us to belief

what to do with this  
once-only, this so easily  
overwritten  
body --

dress it, feed it  
screw it, hoist it  
over the void to  
another earth?

(Hallowe’en 2004)