

three poems
by
JODDY MURRAY

Enter Entirety

Fire is not freedom; it is not truth.
It is the skin and the leather that is touch.

You are light. The coefficient of reflection.

The bottom, under the lake's transparent edge:
treasure reflects glints of attention code—variables.

36 You are there. Some gusts say so.

Pop Pop

Under my under-years
I saw each urn overturned,
baked in sun, then pressed
into watery depths so cuttlefish
flash enough luminescence to say,
“Hold on. Stop.” I corrugate a smile
for you. This is the pioneer wagon
I use to explore popular lagoons
while you tell me about my life.
“Stop,” you say. “Hold on.” Dogs
bark through the fence. When flesh
marks its time with crevice and crack,
lie to yourself and sleep longer.
Bounce light around like popcorn.

Pygmy Shrew Asks for Directions

Heart beats 25 times a second,
which means every day of two years
is like four. What happens when every
time you move, you click?
What reminds you of movement
like a vocal glitch, a spasm of sigh?

This is my calendar: a day full of creaking
doors held open with winds so fierce
blue-gray paint opens its fingers and flies.

I am the difference between biology
and mortality tables: algorithms with
marigolds stuck in the binder like
dust in eyelashes, pebbles in shoes.

Where your heart rests has nothing to do
with whether the fly in your eye lands.