



over
under
fed Amy
Marguerite

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For the quietly immoderate

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I am still waiting for the right words to explain myself to you.
When there was nothing left to smoke, I drew on my lips with a pen until they were
black.

— Allison Benis White, *Please Bury Me in This*

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discharge notes (ii)

a few years ago i decided i'd write
a list of all the women i owe my life to
even the women who have hurt me
a lot like claudia. it was overwhelming
not to write to carry so i deleted the
phone note wrote a letter to claudia
instead. gratefulness is sore you can't
ever expect anyone to feel how they made you
feel especially if they've never almost
been dead. jean didn't recognise my sister
at the shop said you must have gone
to school with amy but she looks so much
like me even i see it now the way i
still have a problem with things that just
keep mattering like buying normal coke.

jean's gone home now anorexia went
when i buried the tube in the ground
doing well and gemma died that day.

infidelity

i arrive at the berth
with your children.
the shallows whisper
sleep song into engine ear.
the boy shows me
how to anchor but
i am too tired
to climb down the bow.
this water is so limpid
i am falling in
to a lucid dream
just by imagining it.
we lug our soggy bodies
onto public land.
the children swing
on broken swings.
the broken grown-ups
drink their drinks.
your husband crinkles
into the tarp
that single vessel
on his head pulsing
like the tiny clock
of an infant's heart.
i imagine the rupture
the division of
mind and matter
how painful it would be if
he actually ran for you.
when you arrive
late with the baggage
my feet make a triangle
shape around a starfish.
the girl etches angel
figures in the sand.
the grown-ups bury
their brokenness in
the overgrowth. you
pocket me in the thick of it
somewhere deep