

Carol Alexander

SCAN

Coral arch through which spiny, fatal fish swim—
their gold frills dazzle underneath the skin.
Seen through, I skim myself, the absence I will become.
My city lying deep beneath the sea, I mouth
the urchins olivaceous, chocolate brown.
Hungered horizon, centuries rise and round you.

Body: endangered reef. History: Adam's rib.
Subdural myths we tell-tale, secrete within the skull.
And salt shrivel upon the Dead Sea.

Memory of the drying snake, reticulated spine. Recalibrate.
Think of femur heap, an eyeless gaze, ivory piano keys.
Here is calcined mountain ridge, strafed by the stripped sun.
Laying down bone, I've built stalactite towers.
And once I held you, frail echinoderm, in a cage of bone.