Therapy Like Fish

Marcella Polain
*Edith Cowan University*

Follow this and additional works at: [https://ro.ecu.edu.au/landscapes](https://ro.ecu.edu.au/landscapes)

Part of the [Poetry Commons](https://ro.ecu.edu.au/landscapes/vol3/iss1/5)

**Recommended Citation**

Retrieved from [https://ro.ecu.edu.au/landscapes/vol3/iss1/5](https://ro.ecu.edu.au/landscapes/vol3/iss1/5)

This Poetry is posted at Research Online. [https://ro.ecu.edu.au/landscapes/vol3/iss1/5](https://ro.ecu.edu.au/landscapes/vol3/iss1/5)
Therapy like Fish

He has eyes like a sky he wants me to fall into.  
On his wall is an illusion, an invitation  
a shutter that opens over miles of sea.  

Squalls come and go all afternoon,  
light pales yellow and mauve, an old bruise.  
I doze and wake from dreams of a storm and a shuttered room,  
my tongue thick as a page.  

Somewhere, I know, there are lines of notes.  
Oh, saviour, let me cut them up  
re-arrange them for you, into poems:  

they. Will read. like suffering.  
Also. Sometimes I have. hated. you.  
At the beginning.  
All night. I think. of. edges. and  
how close. Can she. I get.  

(For once – just once – hold out your hand.  
Let me touch you with one finger  
the way – did I tell you? – I was alone and  
someone touched me)  

You are unreadable as the surface of the sea.  
Still I have seen the shadow of a single sentence  
swim a dark leviathan across your face.  
You are witness to the words I haul, one by one,  
into the glistening palms of my hands.  
Such small offerings.  
How they twitch there, naked and translucent  
as fish.  

How many times will I long to fall  
through the sky, into the deep pool of your arms  
to be weightless, still  
an unasked question?  

Marcella Polain