

S. A. Leger

Blemishes on a mouse carcass

ganglion rooted
a Tamarack, shallow
fen of capillaries

destined for pond
for dragonfly larvae
most aggressive

in the kingdom
soaked in slightly
acidic blood

or the ganglion is
all ready
in its lymph nodes

where gravity
where bedrock
its one job

hold up our shit
alternative iterations
breathed ancient

breath of undiscovered
elements
before glaciers or

who noticed? we
littering our skies
with pebbles

shattered by arrows
shot by aiming
at our neighbors

instead of all this
plastic

*

whereby my cousin ships me a flimsy box
full of tree snakes and puff adders

& instead of sickly wet earth smell
I smell shallots. Microwaved cabbage.

whereby I hear “autumnal” and see
scrape of mouse carcass, its tracks

& shit like a dress train
weeping dragging through once-

shoveled snow

*

beams of visible light
folks call purple but it’s
violet, goddamnit

impregnate the scratches
windshields, dust
momentary points

of interest as I drag
my government sign
about the landscape

it reads

Rainbow ----- 5 KM

mud covering bow
chipped paint erasing all but
an infinity symbol so that

it now reads

Rain ----- ∞

they who see
know not whether
to expect infinite rain

or reading my expression
never to expect rain again

S.A. Leger is a biologist and writer living in NL. Her poems have most recently appeared in *The Tiny*, *Gyroscope Review*, *Pointed Circle*, *River Heron Review*, and *Mantra Review*, among others. She teaches at Memorial University of Newfoundland.