

CASSIDY MCFADZEAN

## **LAKE BABY**

Maybe there's a place we can swim

a lake or creek    Lagoon

to lower in our bodies and bathe

Could we make something happen?

Luring in me    Like the fish

we perceived deep-throating an eel

Unaware the clip depicted the carp

devoured from inside out

Didn't your family used to farm wind

in a space outside the city?

We could stand under the turbines

as the blades grazed our faces

Maybe there's a gorge or quarry

Somewhere we can find

Time still to sink into a salt cave

shining with stalactite

## HELIOTROPE

Standing in the sun like crocuses

with our hair we cut ourselves

We take turns with the smelling salts

Inspect our toes for outgrowths

I comb the virus out of your hair

The front facing camera's dysmorphia

I wore an *unfamiliar smile*

Nostalgic for a moment even as it unfolds

The bud of a tadpole in cupped palms

Prodding the boundaries of skin

Or pink and yellow poppies

reaching the edge of the desk

We sit on Christie Pits, a landfill

of dropped petals covered in sod

All your life trying to recapture a feeling

and failing and trying and failing

to surrender yourself to the sky