SPIRULINA
LAUREN MARSHALL

I tipped the midsummer grass coloured,
calcareous drink of water and spirulina down my
dry and eager larynx,
plugging my Cleopatra nose to mar the smell
that was something akin to Brussels
sprouts and sulphur,
which manifested as stinging nettle and spinach
on the papillae that bulged from the
throbboing Baker-Miller Pink mass,
which should have been numbed by Oolong tea
and agave before the mixture was
ingested,
but the Asian-American beauty blogger did not think
to mention that because of her philosophy
of “beauty is pain,”
which is hard for those with sensitive sensory receptors
to tolerate and not immediately
satisfactory as a chocolate bar,
which when taken for riboflavin in one, 88% dark square of six inches,
bi-monthly will boost the
collagen producing cells,
presumably making one have the face of an ama-loli,
that can lure in sugar daddies or
beat the age-guessing masters at carnivals,
which can win one enough pocket change to purchase
the higher quality, algaliec
spirulina,
which unlike chocolate has no lipids and is 1/100th in joules, making it the more practical choice, as it also boosts the immune system, leading to oily follicles that produce keratin filaments stronger than that of the average mammal, save for the ailuroidea melanoleuca, whose diet of bamboo gives it a lustrous coat for guests to admire through Acrylic and Carlos Mesh, which is why my epiglottis closed and the spirulina skidded into the stomach where it burned, like my cheeks when he said my cherubic face was simulacrum perfection and his weathered hands ran down my hair like it was the road to Canterbury.

**LETTING**

His picture is surrounded by carnations and gladioli. Mother liked petunias. It should have been petunias.

The black pudding mass of people wear poppies with fuzzy stigmas. Her husband holds her hand, eyes like the floodway in Lorette.

Father is ashes in a cedar box that also feels displaced from its mother.
She keeps him in her basement, along with five Fort Garry Horse badges. Three star-shaped gold. Two silver.

“We could use those old tools of his.”
*click* The phone dies.

Her house is near the Red River that stretches lacustrine from Agassiz to Emerson, lingering and bulging in Assiniboia springs.

The edge is a lulled slope of loose sediment and tawny grass. She grips his ashes. Muddy waters, she thinks, are too much like the field he limped away from.