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## LAMENT OF THE TUĪ Lola Farquhar

My mother curses the moon The small animal curls away into silence Gauzy-faced and jaded She moves in craters Hollows into hag stones A storm brews in the ceiling

Dusky sky bled into the soil that night My skin bloomed lunar pink And fragile as a neck I have cold hands & My rolling stomach snarls and bites We shared a sandwich over the sea

My mother curses the moon Puckered and hiding from her grief Gloating in scorpio Her face waxes and wanes My bones are just tall enough To wrap three times around her in my darkest of desperate days, I might consider reaching my hand back but that is still doubt. that is still weakness. I cannot forget this feeling I tell myself.

New fog cloaks the garden Baleen lungs Cannot uproot the cigarette smoke Her eyes are saltwater Staggering through waves Body of fading silver crescent

My brother is still four and bright like the sun Now angry and melting alone Throat won't survive the heat This ball of fury throws itself around the living room The ocean puffs its chest and roars Seams full and threads meniscus

It's all over the floor Mycelium creeps through cracks He trembles: a lake in my ribcage I swelter and shiver in the same breath Tide drags down my spine How can the end of the world be so calm

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We are two mariners

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In this belly of a whale