

Four new poems by

TIA FISHLER

PROMPT PRESS, IMAGE + WORD
2024

mother arachnid

for Louise Bourgeois

Louise, what is in the ground?
your mom's nimble fingers
planted you home—you're sweet
when you speak that language
to me—Louise—how can I satiate your heart?

I want to plagiarize you, Louise—
bleed your ear with a birthday ring :: you stain
my shirt—you know I'll do anything, don't you?

find me on beacon's main street—Louise—
broken :: you needled being :: you repair
me—a homeland knitting, crochet me well—

Louise, show me spiders
in the chest of a stranger so I want
to read them :: ring their walls
silken :: damp— for you, Louise—

give us a clue?
hold my hand on my deathbed,
tomorrow or thirty years from then—Louise,
will our toxins spread? we do, undo, redo,

oh, Loo, how you love me—with a warden—
lock your spiders in a jar maybe we'll eat them,
it can't be the only thing you want from me—

my roots won't lie, Louise—they're wrapping ankles with yours
& I'm sorry
if we trip I'll catch you :: cuddle you in my coffin—
organically mortal sweet candy creature loveliest of late
night snacking on mosquitoes Louise, your fragile little bites
keep me up all through it—
won't you, Louise— won't you?

the woven child

after Louise Bourgeois' "the woven child" and "spider (1997)"

you're lace around me—
arms of a womb
tracing cypselas to dust
 across exterior unripe

the inside :: weary & mindful—
it's sharp to know
you—my brain grows weary
 & big enough

fingertips sputter through woven
cage :: dehydrating :: airtight—
 I learn what I learn
 what I learn is haptic
& cold—overflowing

 breeze—fulfilling—
pierces expectation :: blood
pouring—a canal
of itsy bitsies

itsy bitsies in purses
bathroom stalls we undo redo
abort abort *abort*

personages / KNIFE COUPLE (1949)

for Louise Bourgeois

O, to be stitching
you in studio—
splintering to create
linkage—give me
the absence
of your body ::

allow cobwebs gilded
frames—join us
in ornamenting wood
grain most impressionable

bring me
there, Louise—
sew me soliloquy
simply, teach me
where your fingertips bleed :: trust
me with your needles
& I'll thread my lips shut

O, to be your
other—trim faces permanent
little phrases—I need
you here, Louise

beyond shadows

a quilt nimbly
etched to soak
spilled eggs

betwixt our bodice
polyps lace specks
conjoin our ribs
let the mothballs
litter your steel
neath your stable footing

lips splinger through
breath :: I want to kiss
where your knife snucked

until I meet another ::
the collections
an inch dusted—I'll tear
into our cavity, sweep
together carapace
to feed her

in your studio on the roof,
caviar & lemon juice
pale the time spent

:: ::

