Four new poems by

TIA FISHLER

mother arachnid

for Louise Bourgeois

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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?
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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 cypsela to dust
across exterior unripe

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

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

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

neath your stable footing

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

there, Louise—

sew me soliloquy simply, teach me

where your fingertips bleed :: trust

me with your needles & I'll thread my lips shut until I meet another ::

the collections an inch dusted—I'll tear

into our cavity, sweep together carapace

O, to be your other—trim faces permanent to feed her

little phrases—I need

you here, Louise

in your studio on the roof,

caviar & lemon juice beyond shadows pale the time spent

a quilt nimbly etched to soak spilled eggs

please don't call me Maman

for Louise Bourgeois

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throughout me I hear you thorning // my throat :: love,
told—we've rose—swim :: I want to drown in you
between voices—say to him // in the red mirror
                                                    why
               do you write—to your captor // mother I've never met
& how
the mirror—obvious, red :: you say
                                    I do what I can :: ask why pain? & asking for him—
you promise us—a rose garden // glass swear
                                                magical childhood
                                                                      we're getting
it through pushing—crowning one feel of your fingers
                                                         tip of my
                                                                          scalp—that
comforting tricle— similarly, you want to itinerary
                                                          the life—what have you done?
nimble fingers I'm reaching—aren't I :: a satchell of little—itsy bitsies—red :: obvious good
daughters // reflect pavement—carry me // by your side // I'll echo your isms—trickle myself till
I know what it is
                     to snort water
                                            to relate to you
                                                                   belittle me ::
big you untangling our thorning until you're gone &
                                                           our stems entrail—then what?
                                                   I'll hide in the pouch // the shark tank
              I won't call you
                                      Maman
pull myself up
                     like the dreams—you purpose me :: safety in confinement—we are all
spiderlings inspired—throughout me, I hear you
                                                         give my sound pockets
I won't name them something you'll hate—not now, maybe later :: what does it mean
                                                                                       to love
                             —to feel them in your breaths // I'm collecting them—knick-
       dead relics?
              knacks & everything else—we don't forget
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