

annie ross and
Catriona Strang

FUCK VARIATIONS

Fish head Sea greens Potatoes
Cooked over a Driftwood Fire
Orange Flames Cave wall
Frozen Night of the Black hero Twins
in a Winter Squall

my Mother said, i know them. my
friends said they would come
i had gathered
potential breaks, Flower Clay dishes
mixed styles from the baptist mission store
spoons, Bread, all snug as a Bug fabric
napkins made from festive tablecloths
and Sand

i waited. one road, our Island is small
no one came to our Holy Observance
Cottonwood Trees, River meets
Salt Water, flying. our only faces—
Salmon heads, my reflection, the Moon in broth

our enamel Pot
We watch the same Stars as
we watched three thousand eight hundred years
before, ahead, eternal

North Pacific rose in Gales as
is want to do, be, as
Sun set hours, Eons, ago
Night Beings blew our Fire out
Grit became Perfume, floating
a Red Fox watched, reading our Souls
i left our Warm and Filling Pot behind, open
for any every Hungry Soul

1.
unjustly fuck-belly
rapture, hopeless
insert or rough-chat
counsel – some lens
for unseeing all we
did fuck
up

2.
sometimes pain fucks
me sideways, anglo-
saxon straining at
my own margins my
fucked back sets
these teeth of mine
in the mouth-margin
sometimes I can't stand
grit-fucking, sometimes
that's my fretful de-
centred edge

4.
but there's still hard
grit between
the teeth in my mouth

*and what about
the debt-fucked?*

fulling buds on my
feckless brain, but really
loan me any other
fucking function

6.
when did I
come so closely
to resemble
the Venus of
Willendorf how
deep into the
earth might my
spine dissolve why
am I ambivalent how
hard can my tongue
press against my
teeth how far
will that red stain
spread feels good
until you stop
scratching how
fucked up
is that

9.
sideways straining
in this mouth-grit, some
fulsome folly or
febrile inset rupture, graft's
candid rustling grips
ruin, all roiling: people, what
the fuck?

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