## Elizabeth Hay / WRITINGS TWO INSECTS

a woman lies on top of a man

two insects

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dragonflies
              blue
abundant
everywhere among the weeds
clinging to our shirts five or six at a time
blue lines with wings blue shadows
flitting
       erotic thoughts
       dragonfly tips
glue lightly two together
brief
all the aberrations off one plant ivy
curly straightleafed
aberrations off one bed long
fluctuations of tension
pleasure
offspring muted monsters
       dwarfs
on my shoulder
                    dragonflies
                    blue
                         luminous
                         among weeds
```

## YELLOWKNIFE SUITE

we were looking for ravens

and walked in a valley slight incline between rock birch and poplar yellow bronze

(they often ride the updraft on one side of the rock)

the earth smells strong reaches up

tipped by leaves the expected presence of fruit pears apples the same colour as the leaves

graves are on the slight hill
fenced in with wooden weathered fences
weathered fallen wood
wild roses
aren't in flower
their leaves are red

the ground stained

violent

ravens are stains absorbed seasons absorbed all year round ravens shade the ground

her fingers hold onto the edge of the boat her body in water the first joints are cut off then the next finally she gives way to darkness sinks down into August light turns to ravens under water they tug at her heels her wrists float beside her white fish strip flesh off her bones they make evening they make her a moon

a mound of shining bones shining

said of coffee black

of earth

without cream ravens

sugar is possible (whatever dissolves)

light stirred in disappears without regret certain things desire eventual black

others bump against me into my legs hard nailed boxes unreceptive to the pull

others dissolve more slowly on the shore shells and bits of dishes the cup and saucer

.

snow comes out of the walls

and falls

inside the house lamps and tables become a woods walk in this light new white

dust

covers us in sleep all but the ovals our heads leave pillows have ovals where heads lay

a quiet revenge against looking out at the world as separate it comes in