

## Reflection from Inside and Flying Fish

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Volume 36, Number 1, 2020

URI: <https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/1075884ar>

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.7202/1075884ar>

[See table of contents](#)

Publisher(s)

Athabasca University Press

ISSN

1705-9429 (digital)

[Explore this journal](#)

Cite this document

Meyer, J. (2020). Reflection from Inside and Flying Fish. *The Trumpeter*, 36(1), 76–78. <https://doi.org/10.7202/1075884ar>

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# Reflections from Inside

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*Jennie Meyer*

Air whipped from somewhere north flips  
the still-cloaked canopy back and forth,  
the western sky purpling behind, as trunks

and green-to-umber leaves  
melt to black, meld into the back drop  
of nightening sky. My reflection, upright on cushion,

steady candle light in-between, breathes  
the trees' exhalation to me, this side of the pane,  
brain a woodland of neuronal branches swaying with synapses. This

is awareness, this breath that fills  
every space and veined leaf in my forest—  
not me, not the trees, not even the wind, but oxygen

this everywhere-emptiness, this O<sub>2</sub>-forever  
leavening my cells. I can hear the gusts weaving it  
through the dark, as coywolf pads beneath the shadow-blankets,

as my cat, Freya, nestles under  
the wool throw, wet nose breathing me in.

# Flying Fish

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*Jennie Meyer*

*(After Mary Oliver's "The Fish")*

We soar through fog,  
dive down, searching  
for our rainbow scales.

Can't tell what is plastic or seaweed  
anymore. So interwoven.  
Fishing twine tangles each notion  
like the hued spectrum of fibers in clams.

Impossible to unscramble  
petrochemicals and sinew,  
plastic and wrackweed.

Our gills draw in this blue Earth  
while silver pouches emptied of chips  
gulp sea and sand, flounder in surf  
until swallowed.

Inside our guts industry lurks like  
Jonah in the fish. We can't spit it out.

We rise and fall  
shedding scales, growing more,

part cellular, part polymer.

Leaping has not lifted us, at last,  
from the gnash, to surpass the briny bind,  
streaming our tainted scales and gills behind.

We fall back again  
slapping the seething sea with veined,  
diaphanous wings like cellophane.  
Again the rise, again the smack.  
Entanglement our pact.