

rub the rim  
chuff the gills  
side the fin  
scales in grip  
eggs to blade  
stack the creel  
pick the line  
gum the hook  
coarse with salt  
sting the tips  
sharp to touch  
rusted blade  
sorted quick  
destroux flick  
sixty beat  
painting tiles  
hats of fish  
shore huts dry  
cracked by wind  
sun sore smell  
neat cured flesh  
strung by fire  
wet removed  
tails point down  
flashing knives  
soldier's flags  
balanced mouths  
patchwork fish  
made by wood  
made by thatch  
woman lifts  
women's work  
leather skirt  
sing in yards  
limbs in one  
eased fatigue  
fabric voice  
curer's vowel  
cadence: seam  
start of day  
many miles  
basket weighs  
feet slap road  
oil cloth floor  
sleep and bleat

Danny Leyland

<http://dannyleyland.com>

<http://vineboxpoetry.com>

<http://cargocollective.com/cavecollectiveedinburgh>

“Do you never have the sense that our metaphors eat up our world? I mean of course everything connects and connects – all the time – and I suppose one studies – I study – literature because all these connections seem both endlessly exciting and then in some sense dangerously powerful – as though we held a clue to the true nature of things?... - all reduced to boiling jam to – human sexuality. Just as Leonora Stern made the whole earth read as the female body – and language – all language. And all vegetation is pubic hair.”

- A. S. Byatt

“The Lady of the lake stood: all her dress  
Wept from her sides as water flowing away;  
But like the cross her great and goodly arms  
Stretched under all the cornice, and upheld:  
And drops of water fell from either hand;  
And down from one a sword was hung, from one  
A censer, either worn with wind and storm;  
And o'er her breast floated the sacred fish”

- Alfred, Lord Tennyson