

Five Poems  
Teresa Laye

Vincible

Convinced  
they were  
invincible

they lived  
on the edge  
sharp.

They sliced  
hacked  
flayed.

They diced  
cubed  
stabbed

life to death  
'til they  
parted.



## Fresh Fish

*for SP*

From pike to trout  
fresh water fish  
pooled in him.

You moved close  
to catch them  
with your mouth.

You swam their dreaming paths  
into morning,  
listened to their breaths

a song he was singing.  
And then his fingers  
opened your eyes.

You were hungry.  
You wanted fish  
for breakfast.

## Pike

*for TH*

Long body  
a stream line,  
green and black  
camouflage

he moves slowly

through the reeds  
through the weeds.

Solitary,  
he spends  
his life  
hunting.

He lies  
in wait  
to prey

with perfect words,  
with matching wit.

But she was not prey.  
She was not weak.

She bit back.



## Trout

Earthworms  
and angleworms

grasshoppers  
and slugs

minnows  
and spinners

even grubs.

Sylvia  
unafraid of live bait,  
always fond of the chase

rises readily  
to the surface.  
His spoken words,  
hooks.

When the mayfly  
is in season,

she dances herself  
out of the water,

utters a kind of  
ecstatic, dry squeak

to feel the air  
on her gills.

But once caught  
she fights

with a dash  
with a beauty.

It is why  
he stays,

why we  
stay.

## Terrible Fish

*'Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,  
Searching my reaches for what she really is.'  
from "Mirror" by Sylvia Plath*

No old woman, after all.  
Instead, a Morrish Idol

rare, rapacious, ringed.  
A terrible fish,

who was beautiful,  
but difficult  
when kept in captivity.

Her eyes were emeralds,  
her waters dark, salted, warm.

Ted stayed, swam  
round her table,  
as Sylvia left

to attend to  
a baby's cry.

By morning,  
a giant pike

sat at the table, its  
globed, golden eye  
throbbing

in the not cruel  
only truthful mirror.

She was not astonished.  
She was not envious.

She was hearing her own voice.