

## Marthe Reed

### current of geography

1

moving across a frame in spacetime (place moment) spatiality pushes aside temporality. I drift on a current of geography: insect hum bird call water spill leaf rattle oak pollen & oak catkins drift in the air and collect on every surface sexual snow of oaks south Louisiana douses itself in male gametes turns chartreuse while azaleas beckon white and blushed wanton seed making. generation

2

time reasserts itself. generationally. if I stop. moving do I occupy the same place or has history left me behind. larks still call from lemon trees dart in low trajectory from lemon to oak, oak to lemon. shallow goblets of rose scent wave on pressure of wind, this breeze traversing another space

3

walking or not walking, I rest. now. there. someone gathers laundry before rain. or washes her hair reads voraciously outdoors ignoring summons to day and duty: goldfish carve at algae with orange mouths green giving way to black water spills into itself a long trough introduces sound and oxygen lemon blossom brushes its scent over my skin and spring stays. here. where I stop

At present, **Marthe Reed** finds herself rapping down slot Canyons in Zion, though more usually she lives in Lafayette, LA. Her work has recently appeared in *Dusie, moria*, *Golden Handcuffs Review*, and *Exquisite Corpse*.