



Rewind

after Nate Marshall

a flattened frog on the underside of a black boot; arthritic fingers insist
on shelling peas, six globes unpop i linger at her knee with every
small-headed question; a skipping stone leaves mum's pre-purple
cheek, carves through Lochside air, settles in my unguilty palm

forgetting how to hold an octave between thumb and fifth
strings vibrate to stillness; fingernail on the metal teeth
of my music box, the ballerina twirls, her spine snaps
hear the un-inhaled breath listen nobody is crying

wave from the treehouse dad almost hasn't built
this is not the day neighbour Jon unforces me
against splintered boards, a grey-green slug
cruising his curled lip, i only know predator
means something to do with dinosaurs

the teacher has dressed me as Mary
i ankle-swing the baby, moonwalk
offstage and wait to play the part

i am ungiven the doll, i ungirl
fat as Thursday, unnamed
and more self than not
i am unhere

weightless stone
in the quarry
of another

girl's
gut

by Kirsty Jones