

Advice I Would Have Given Myself, If I Had Known

Daughter, ethereal fish, everything
will drop and seed, will breed
and want, even when you don't want
want, because wanting breeds wanting,
and seeds. You can't be impermanent,

the sun shining through sea, the light
a ringing telephone strung
across poles, open-throated calls—
daughter. Daughter, when longing calls, swim

through the wet weight of it, smother it
in your musk, and crawl, fur-less,
to its furthest shore. Answer the call
in your own lucid, green voice.

In this way, become newly shorn.
In this way, mud-blessed,
receive yourself alone.



ABOUT ASHLEY ROACH-FREIMAN

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