

LEX ORGERA

THE SMARTEST MOLLUSK

At first, I think it's my sister pulling me down into the dark water & why is she playing such a cruel joke? But then I'm pinned & it's not my sister at all but an octopus staring with her grifter eye, arranging stones around me into a message that I'm meant to read on my skin. Propelled by curiosity, the octopus waves her many wands over my head. Shadow-mollusks, housemates of the lady in charge, chat in the next room where my voice is imprisoned. I'm searching wildly for a way to rescue it. In the rocky outcrops of the octopus den, I am somehow more myself than myself. I wake to my own muffled scream, husband's steady breath, to the cat perched on my chest staring at me with yellow cat eyes, but I can't shake the inexplicable sanctuary of being encircled in those eight arms.