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POETRY | SPRING 2014

## Fanny (Your Monster)

By Sarah Joyce

What is the shape of space between us? How composed?  
Pry my dry mouth open tear black weeds from your eyes.  
Try to find me.

My tongue-tied words are encompassed by your great sea.  
I lay my weapons down (you cannot see).  
If you cannot read me am I already gone?

My maternal bones tighten as I sit waiting  
for time to come undone but I was sewn  
from vindication, named for blood and mapped with scars.

You and me were cut from the same mother  
her red-threaded name binds me here in expectation.  
Let me be part of you. Let me return. Draw me a horizon.

In your turning face I see time has passed away.  
Use your soft tongue to lick my wounds.  
Pacific words cut our bonding ties. Deliver me.

After burning seasons eye-small windows close and I will taste remains and sweet undertows  
that bitter liquor leaves  
(then it will be over)

How time has become round again. Your back recedes.  
Strange the thought of him with you and me  
discarded in the bottom drawer, wrapped in stained brown paper.

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**Sarah Joyce is a writer with a background in Fine Arts (Visual Arts, Art History and Curating) who has read work at various writers' festivals in Canada.**

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