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POETRY | FALL 2022

## Haematein - After John Ashbery's *Some Trees*

By Jena Martin

Your body is rendered in invisible ink.

I push a small chip of you across the microscope stage where it blooms  
like a galaxy exploded, one sunk down into an entire planet, one  
thus pulled through a turtleneck:  
inside out.

The dye from the heartwood of the logwood tree  
has a name that sounds like iron in blood  
but isn't.

We render you in purple majesties, turn  
your blueprints plum-colored  
in the hearts of your cells.

In this way we imagine:  
We are suddenly what the trees try to tell us.

Everything we named we did to suit ourselves.  
We strain to hear an echo of ourselves in the  
grind of woodchippers,  
as if we could be matched, tree to tree,  
heartwood to heart.

In the end  
we must find each match ourselves

In the end  
drained of all pigment  
I will cut up my own heart to make a dye,  
an ink to stain this fabric.

I am translucent  
like the wings of the blue bottle fly.

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