

Pill box for an angelfish

Trigger warning: self harm

Dorothy Lune

Rosy pipe on a bone /
Squelch & stemless— /
Afraid of the steep /

Foaming valley /
Or the dark /
Marsh nectar /

—

Oscillation /
Equilibrium: /
Pill box for an angelfish /

—

For buffeting fin /
For royal blue thermal /

Body— self imposed /
Or thought to be /

—

Saltwater /
I leap like flame /

On a pier— /

Poetry: *Pill box for an angelfish* by Dorothy Lune

I let his cat /

—

Knead on me /

Or I don't know /

If I should warn /

Of reflective /

Surfaces mad /

Like moons.

—

Bad intention /

Free & silk /

To frolic in field— /

The rows of blueberries /

Bloated like fins.

Dorothy Lune is a Yorta Yorta poet, born in Australia. Her poems have won the Furphy literary prize twice, her work has appeared in *Overland* journal, *Litro* magazine, *Many Nice Donkeys* & more. She is looking to publish her manuscripts, can be found online @dorothylune, & has a substack: <https://dorothylune.substack.com/>