

# INTERZONES

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Vortex waves through water of the worlds where  
spindled spines of lace trickle and tally.

Floating among those vapid whorls  
find shrimp-fish, glowing iridescence, dust  
lay gently atop, a soft mud-foam.

Drunken mermaids submerged in clammy pearls  
and a darkness spread further in the deep bellows  
points within a point, a lodged starfish there.

Cave bats, shrunken and ear-bitten,  
shrivel as they lie naked in a turquoise cove.  
Worming their way through the waters,  
a bath of warm memories; fungal milk  
and learning to clip one's leather wings,  
snubbed of their own wilted waking.  
Tilting, near and there, among the interzones.

a clambering, a longing only to see: to jump.