

*Skins*

**Kirsty Laverack**

Each wire is severed with gentle precision, as  
steely brittle prongs scrape at pulp that  
stretches, layers bending for their daily intrusion.  
Tough and unyielding leather gives in to tears,  
trapped in well-oiled ritual.

A sanguine saline runs a race to shoreline,  
drying up to join the others: already stolid and stuck.  
Bark becomes dyed cardinal, and a reminder of regular wrongs.  
The carpet is rough with trespassers, and churned up crumbs.

Your lineage lies in rockpools,  
It sifts down to join hermit crabs and arthritic limpets,  
to move only with their sky, which shifts  
in ripples and waves, and sporadic craze.

Cracked teeth must be sheathed and brushed,  
ziplocked and glued tight shut with rigid joints.  
Metallic tinges still manage to seep through a rotten exterior,  
they cling to this rusted palette, a different set of innards.

A waste of a corpse, left for more picking.  
Soon, a frenzy over unchewed lunch,  
and a tossing of marshy tissue against steep slabs.

**Poetry**

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