

if i am a fish in the river,
may my soft gray flesh be an offering to you

Sequoia Snogren-McGinnis

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stephanie

itching for new forms,

we step into the still-life that has opened up in front of us - the creature of the flame, the mass inhabited, the wiry mother all look back at us like portraits of distant family or idols lined up in a hall.

the quiet deepens and we are bathed here
in mist and movement.

the opening moments can feel like dying.

and soon after the colors begin to show themselves like ants moving about the mess of their hill.

kobey

we lean in close to see the tissues of things

we see:

pattern and disorder

attraction and aversion

freshness and decay

look for holes and thinnesses that let light through

look for fibers bound so tight together that they sit in darkness

until breeze arrives to tip them into being seen

to witness the textures of flesh, leaf, water, wing, shit

with reverence - is it the most or the least we can ask of ourselves?

within a discerning mind:

whether God-forsaken or god godself

the never-enoughness and the innate perfection of the beholder

sleep side by side or tangled in love

mei

if i am a fish in the river, may my soft gray flesh be an offering to you,
Beloved.

you may thumb through my muscles, my blood vessels, my scales and teeth
for the perfect instrument

i do not know who i am as an offering
i only know who i am when i am trying to be one

if i do not trust you, or i forget your form, may i be reminded as i walk
through the city or down the creekbed

may i be shown your shapes on the skin of lovers and the voices of friends
may i be shown in the horsefly biting and in last breath of the family dog

maybe if i hold us this way
i will learn where to go when the killing does not stop, when the mining
does not stop, when the negotiations and cutting do not stop, when this
world where i can find beauty in natural death does not stop but runs on
to meet the horrors where there is no longer any beauty left

where do i go to feel spirited, effective, and never-satisfied?

if i am a fish in the river, Beloved, please may i remember you, or at least
what i know of you, or what i find true of you, or what i am of you. in this
way may we offer us.

ari

found in the sand i move up over the hill
follow the ant trail
bend over and sing into the water

i am listening
i am made of wire and cloth and found objects, dripping rubber
i am listening in all the orifices of myself to find

i am cooking up beans
i am boiling water for tea
i am stepping on bugs as i move through space
i am brushing up on moss

we are wildly underdone and flailing and dancing flames
we are objects crafting
some do not know how to hear

i do not know how to hear