



ELIZABETH ROBINSON

## STUDIES FOR HELL: ONE

I, a hand, reached into the sea for a piece of sea.  
What I brought out,

piece of liquid, split my hand in two.  
Spilt.

And from the gash, came an interpolation  
fascinated with its own blood.

O the tidy world, and how from  
this clear rupture comes

a web of great delicacy, clearing away fluid  
detritus, and charting

the next destination of affect.

She had turned around or inside out

and found herself spelt as two.

Sea more paltry than hand.  
Implanted in this disappointment

comes a parity not besotted,  
only sotted.

This much ocean one could drink down  
with a single fist



where it would surely drain  
evenly down the two throats

charted clearly in the web  
for the prey.

