

November 2021

Betrayal Fish in a Clear Trout Stream & Betrayal Fish Part 2: From the Age of Fishes

Jon Adams



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial 4.0 International License](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/4.0/)

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/ought>

Recommended Citation

Adams, Jon (2021) "Betrayal Fish in a Clear Trout Stream & Betrayal Fish Part 2: From the Age of Fishes," *Ought: The Journal of Autistic Culture*: Vol. 3: Iss. 1, Article 10.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/ought/vol3/iss1/10>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@GVSU. It has been accepted for inclusion in *Ought: The Journal of Autistic Culture* by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks@GVSU. For more information, please contact scholarworks@gvsu.edu.

Betrayal Fish in a Clear Trout Stream



Sit still!

Don't, catch his eye!

Stay invisible in the clear trout stream.

Even if you think, he will see you.

Stare intently,

reading the patterns on the dull wooden desk,

as the lines flow and form,

constantly morphing.

Absorbing?

taking all your concentration

away from the departing words,

that run, scared all over your pages

of hand-drawn neural camouflage.

Wear your bulletproof jacket

with the heart shaped whole!

Snared?

cornered escape-goat!

Released into your dessert playground

with each child's burdens on your back.

Sit still, he will catch you!

See his tall thin voice

blood red stare, cut through the darkness

like a searchlight!

Transfixing you in its pungent beam.

Night frighter on your tail!

my fault,

normal fault,

ready to separate me with a final movement.

Waiting to bring you down.

Blue cold ice-light,

running in flight through my veins.

Inevitable

his flak shaped anger subtly sharpened by

passive words

arc Baghdad style towards me.

Tantalus sacrificed, by books
flung in front of favourite fancies?
 Turning,
 Laughing,
issuing forth from a bronze nebuccanesser
that tells me to eat grass?
Look down!
 Eat grass!
 Eat grass, as I watch
the five fingered words form across the comforting wall.
 Unseen pictures,
telling me to rest, wait, be still.
Only another thirty years of hushed stupidity,
as you are the silenced lamb
who dies each week on ground-down day.

—Jon Adams

Author's Note: The poems "Betrayal Fish in a Clear Trout Stream" and "Betrayal Fish Part 2: From the Age of Fishes" are about that time in the forth year class where I always lived on the edge of betrayal and trauma from the uncertainty of abuse. They are very synesthetic and geological in imagery, inspired by armour plated fish found in the Devonian period. Illustration by Jon Adams.

Betrayal Fish Part 2: From the Age of Fishes

Who will want me now?
word blind and tired
 second hand
 silenced sleeper
unable to find and read your next chapter
no contact 'on the trail of the lonesome pike'.
still dazed from hardy's mallet
a vision in black and white
singing high, as I exorcise the ghosts
of the blue ridged memories kept within her(e.)
in preparation for alexia as she removes your name
 from the spine and cover
another vanished book from J.R. Heartfelt
 mislaidd adventure
slipped between the shelves of misplaced loyalty
where stacked, lie pages of evidence
speaking out against me, using my reluctant words
 signed confessions
presented in absentia.
sentencing me in silence
for deportation is now my punishment, sending me seaward
two thirds of the way to a revelation judgement
handwritten in your book of numbers
while, you remain to dance Cuthberts rings, around my heart.
 Circling
 Crop cycling
leaving me to dry straw
with which I am to burn myself
for wilfully recognising foot in mouth.

I wonder if the horses are still in the fallow field?
Standing near to where I fell,
they looked small then, but I am much further away now
never returning, even when searched for
never to forget
or forgive me, asking

our daylight owl to fly, as we drove backwards
swooping low over the ancient coral seas
in downturned return to the age of fishes.
slither-backed monsters
embedded, rich in armour, sleeping in narrow country lanes
hidden behind thin thorny brambles
biting with their tiny theological teeth
leaving conceit to harbour ever deeper
within my sun-turned stricken skin.
She says 'apply dream cream' to your raw wounds
 raw fish
 wounded fish
 betrayal fish
a dish best served cold with humiliation
and eaten with ginger.

—Jon Adams