

## Joy Martin -- Two Poems

### Scents

Even before words, there were five senses—  
connections to worlds outside our bodies that  
identify each other, sustain, help find our place.  
Liquid lines drawn establish borders that notify  
unknowns where territories begin and end.

Some canids can smell things a mile away,  
measure mood, danger by facial expressions  
and assessment of angle and height of tails.  
Shameless, they sniff to express interest,  
for recognition, acceptance of desirous intent.

Our natural scents, masked by fragrances,  
hide our true aromas, at will and whim.  
Once committed to a lifetime union, humans  
now care more about what's good for them  
as wants displace our need for one another.

I lie here beside you pondering these things  
knowing our staying together would be best.  
You press your body and nose against me  
inhale deeply, sigh sweetly, calm, at rest.

### Straight Shooter

*Have you lost your marbles?* you ask.  
squint at me through cat-eyes  
your steelie jaw clenched.

Molded from your clay, I remain silent, opaque—  
not the translucent glass you wish you'd birthed:  
molten-mass round, confident as a moonie shooter  
or smooth sulphide with no sharp edges that prick.

Southern-born, **Joy Martin** resides in the New England's Boston area. She is a member of the Newton Poetry Group and the Poetry Society of Virginia. Her poems explore the many facets of life, including her and broader humanity's place and challenges within it.