

Contents

Daniel Morris.....	4
Editor's Preface	4
Allison Davis	5
On a Day Off, the Neighborhood Girls Try to Save the 1917 Paramount Theater	5
Thomas Fink	7
JOHNNY'S PURCHASE.....	7
TEACHER, IF	8
Ed Foster	10
Hermes.....	10
Basic Truth	11
Willard Greenwood.....	12
A golden World, a Golden Morning.....	12
The Utility Sink in the Atlantic House Hotel Kitchen.....	13
Daniel Y. Harris.....	14
ASCII code 57 = 9.....	14
ASCII code 58 = :.....	15
David Kaufmann.....	16
BLACK STONE/WHITE LIGHT	16
Passons passons pusique tout passe	23
Burt Kimmelman	24
Parapet.....	24
Bridges on the Hudson.....	25
Basil King	26
Vermeer illuminates.....	26
Kings, Queens and Jacks	27
Irene Koronas.....	28
brahea	28
butia	29
Mary Mackey	30
From Irkutsk to Paradise	30
This Car Belonged to a Little Old Lady	31

Lauren Mallett	33
THE ITALICS AREN'T MINE	33
I WALK IN THE LAND OF LAWN ORNAMENTS	34
Sandy McIntosh.....	36
John Hall Wheelock: A Brief Return	36
Stephen Paul Miller.....	38
FOR GERTRUDE	38
AFTER THE POET DAVID LEHMAN SENT ME	41
A REAL LETTER WITH CLIPPINGS OF MY NAMESAKE	41
AND A PROMPT TO WRITE ABOUT MY NAME	41
J. Peter Moore.....	43
Prologue	43
Daniel Morris.....	46
Decoy	46
Daniel Morris and Philip Douglas.....	47
Thank You For Your Concern, James Wright.....	47
Gail Newman.....	48
Breath.....	48
Dana Roeser	50
YTDY, TDY: Covid.....	50
THINK LIKE A HORSE.....	52
Kathy Lou Schultz	56
Core Curriculum	56
She says molasses	57
Dan Schwarz.....	58
After My Father Died (Conversational Sonnet)	58
April 2005: The Man Whose Pharynx is Bad	59
When I was Thirty	60
Eileen R. Tabios	62
CALIFORNIA FIRE HAY(NA)KU DIPTYCH	62
EVACUATION, 24 JUNE 2020.....	66
Susan Terris.....	67
About Aunt Mary's Pearl Bracelet	67

Kicked Out	69
Orchid Tierney.....	70
field guide to lunar cows.....	70
Tony Trigilio.....	74
The Orb	74
Dr. Simon put Barney Hill under hypnosis. Barney described the humanoids. David Baker drew them.	77

Daniel Morris

Editor's Preface

One contributor to this issue, who I emailed to solicit a submission for the *Marsh Hawk Review*, emailed me back as follows: "Thank you for your interest in my poems, Daniel. I see that the journal encompasses eclectic styles; thus, I've sent along four poems from which to choose." I open my preface with this contributor's observation about the eclectic stylings in previous issues because it signals a unique appeal of Marsh Hawk Press, inaugurated in 2001, and its online journal, which first appeared in 2014. From its inception, Marsh Hawk Press has published authors whose poetics range from New York School, to Objectivism, to imagist lyricism, to Language school, to narrative poetry, to narrative lyricism, to writing that addresses ethnic and gendered experience.

Approaching two decades of existence, the press has lived up to its goal, stated on the press website: "Our books' forms and sensibilities assimilate modern and post-modern traditions of poetry and memoir but expand from these without political or aesthetic bias." One sign of the press's commitment to eclecticism appears in the authors the press has assigned to select content for its signature endeavors: The Marsh Hawk Poetry Prizes and *Marsh Hawk Review*. Judges for the Robert Creeley and Rochelle Ratner Memorial Prizes include Susan Howe, Marge Piercy, and David Lehman. Previous editors of *Marsh Hawk Review* include Mary Mackey, Tom Fink, and Eileen R. Tabios. It is my privilege to carry on the tradition of eclecticism that the contributor I quoted above has noticed as a hallmark of this online journal. This issue includes work by twenty-four authors. The styles, voices, and forms included in this issue cannot be easily summarized. We find plain style narrative poems that emphasize individual experience, neo-essayistic prose poetry, image/text collage, concrete shape poems, and poems that echo traditional forms such as the haiku and the sonnet. As much as this issue may be likened to a variety show, I write this forward on November 7, shortly after learning of Joe Biden's election to a presidency that, he hopes, can unify a divided nation. Is there anything that unifies this literary parade? I think so. Writing her essay in the wake of the poststructuralist theory and the "Language" poetry movement that have challenged the associations of "voice" with "presence," Reena Sastri argues that 2020 Nobel Prize winner Louise Glück's "poems simultaneously create the vivid illusion of voice and reveal its artifice" (190). Following Sastri and Glück, I encourage you to enjoy the play between "voice" and artifice on display in this issue of *Marsh Hawk Review*.

Work Cited: Reena Sastri. "Louise Glück's Twenty-First-Century Lyric." *PMLA: Publications of the Modern Language Association of America* ; 2014 Mar; 129(2) 188-203.

Allison Davis

On a Day Off, the Neighborhood Girls Try to Save the 1917 Paramount Theater

—now the theater's boarded up so the theater must
come down, the city says, in condemnation.
We aren't saying what this city is or isn't: we're saying

don't pick on our favorite building. We're saying: knock knock,
we're here. Where could we have learned to bargain so dirty?
The rest we learned from our mothers and have you

seen them fold the laundry? You don't want that kind of precision
anywhere near your body. There's no permanence in towns
where photos of aunts with permanents

line the mantles. We accept all moves towards chaos, even the skyline,
the city's jaw line, a missing canine. But do you think we'd shut up
during a shutout? We don our rally caps. And now,

while our fathers contend to last call, we recall alliances.
We prune our rolodex. This is a mock-up stick up: your money
for the theater. If this doesn't work, it's because there's no work in this city.

The Neighborhood Girls Can't Measure Up

my distances neither Roman/ / nor barbarian
-George Oppen, "Semite" (1975)

—Dverke's great-granddaughter is a 34D/by our measurements the bitch is more
a B//but who's counting outside of Sears/where yellow-tape ladies peddle

brassieres//that reach from ribcage to Saturday night/the distance from
downtown to Shaker Heights//from front clasp to back clasp to push-up to
slaughter/a cheer for

distance and all it's bought her//Dverke's great-granddaughter has a nice pair/and
looks at uslike we have nothing spare//but we've read our Torah

we'll give her a hand/for a hand—we'll give her what we demand//of distance
after all her lies/ oh watch we'll bring her down to size

Thomas Fink

JOHNNY'S PURCHASE

of a nouveau
personality titillated
& alarmed the whole
office. No one cares,
ultimately, who you
“are” unless you can
friend or fund ’em
with more than air,
more than a
pinch of wind. Banner
lighting the ocean path?
Even one’s alleged idols—
with close, protracted
exposure to their predatory
dress codes, their tactical
croons—can grow tedious.
But kindly hold the
sociology catechism;
I’m midriff deep in a
sticky movie’s
escapist
virtues

TEACHER, IF

*I'm real sincere,
craft themselves?
on long*

do the strophes
Some rely
lost lust.

Have
ready for

your thickets
inspection.

Many are
momentarily
vagrant

held
by a
fragrance.

Flypaper can't trap
inauthenticity. Would you be
satisfied to have raised
some monsters on a
diet of indignation?

Less can moor.

The entire train
car needn't hear
the broadcast
misery of a
deracinated
mind.

Ed Foster

Hermes

for Ransom

So much and nothing more
That you might wish,
A sullen wisdom
When you kiss.

Oh, don't I wish.
No time for talk

Maple leaves
And darkened skies
Their plentitude of
Unrelenting
Disposition.

How much
There is left to ask
Of whom?

Looking out my window
Nothing but reflections
Can be seen.

Basic Truth

No touch, and yet
Not wanting touch.
When wind's enough,
heat can rise, warming hands.

Then, wanting is enough,
A simple gesture holding air
In desperation?
No, you mistake to say that's such.

Then winter's dreary day
Convinces you that silence
Is the simple message
Teaching can deny.

Willard Greenwood

A golden World, a Golden Morning

when i hear you blow
drying your hair and talking
about not wanting to go to work
 and as you get the coffee brewing—
i want a golden day
with you.
 your golden towel wrapped around
your glistening olympian torso
drops to mid-thigh
as we catch up on the paper
the gossip of the world
like we're on vacation in st marten
speaking high school french to the sommelier.

the golden beach of the in-flight
magazine awaits us (and Michael Kors wants to
sign you to a lucrative non-binding contract)
and the sand bar awaits your tight white bikini,
which languishes across your golden tummy
in our gilded age

of lunches, of children's lunches
packed with leftover
golden chicken tenders.

The Utility Sink in the Atlantic House Hotel Kitchen

Smelled like the ocean when I rolled in for my afternoon pot-washing shift.
I was supposed to fill the mop bucket to scrub the kitchen floor, but
The dead Striped Bass said that I would have to work around him.
The dining room cutlery, the old Victorian children's dining room
And the kitchen's dangling fly strips kept me company
While I changed the bucket water.
Summer's hooks were dragging me just a bit closer
To my last year of high school.
I was also thinking about the fisherman's note, now lost to time and tide.
The note, for the hotel Chef who was surf casting before his dinner shift,
Suggested a recipe
That was laid back, kind of like
The man's fly rod propped against one of the Hotel's cottages.
What a glorious dinner it must have been.
Maine in mid-summer— and having a Chef, who could cook off the menu like a boss.
Condos have replaced the hotel, its grounds
And the discreet row of changing rooms planted before the dune grass.
This Vacation Land angler, who, in my jealous opinion, probably
Had one of the best fish dinners ever, sitting with his lovely wife
In the formal dining room with their kids in the children's dining room.
And now the kids are out of college, and his fly rod is on his wall of fame.
I am sure that he and his wife chat in bed
About that vacation in Scarborough
When their kids were small
And when they first went to the mall
And that heroic brawl with the striper
And now their kids are out of college
And have jobs and have had other vacations
And now Chef Marty is smoking on a jetty with Bob Marley
Or Hunter S. Thompson.

And I am driving back to Maine after all these years
Wishing that I could vacation at The Atlantic House,
But I also remember washing pots for eight hours
And sweating next to the broiler where that Striper is still broiling and how I am still
Body-surfing on Scarborough Beach with my chamber maid girlfriend
In the early afternoon of my life.

ASCII code 57 = 9

Agon Hack's declam is the brutalist nine:
1) ZAHRIM 2) ZAHGURIM
3) AXXANN4) GABAN 5) NAXAXA
6) GANNAB 7) ABIL
8) LUKU 9) KU. Bivouac
his pede's espionage strap.
Mentia passé is overdueli<a href="slides/9
_cryptography.pdf">Cryptography
(continued): Hash Functions and Password.
In this vessel, *topos metaphoretos*
is O.N.A.N.ite, the experialist.

This misprision is an impost built by Cycloid's
techno core ESCHAX. Frame the outcry—nonlife,
sodic's dystop gives drec. Compress
codecs. Lock the pyx.
Lock derstan and ansfig.
Justcog opts in—bodprim.
Agon's marata double as *ichneumonidae*
in Hellpoi. He gutslits *Homo Technologensis*
and contacts the Postcolon. Dysrecogs
enter the ruck with Ganics.

Cryptons in the *verbarium's* markdown-body
pre tt, .btn-transparent, #graphiql a,
#graphiql .btn-link, are addressed
at the *Symparankromenoi*
Colloquy. Agon "Vox" Hack undigests
Toadex Hobogrammathon's
ergodics. Re: analyze *Vniver*,
form an anagram for tholepin.
P=R=O=G=R=A=M=M=A=T=O=L=O=G=Y.
Wink. This ASCII code 57 = 9,
equals *Conium maculatum*.
Here's his bonafides:
3 Arinj (x) 3 Woicem
= 9 Ecjiem.

ASCII code 58 = :

Agon Hack is the authentic heir. Daemony,
if not tificial, is his *pia mater*. Head
as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*' import
com.xisumavoid.xpd.skulls.utils.
SkullsUtils. In Hebrew, U+05C3:
HEBREW PUNCTUATION SOF PASUQ
is [*Forelæst*]*—*rupt in corset and high heels.
Agon is chased by YLEM, ISEA
and SIGGRAPH, not by the paparazzi.

A prosthetic god reaches affect
plateaus. Scrut segues. Paradroids call
it their catachretic nature.
Antitypy frustrates polytropos. Bits
all khrrrrklak in place clack
back: nrepl-middleware
[cemerick.piggyback/wrap-cljs-repl].
Q !AH.yye1fxo ID: d15fcf >> 58 = :
(Qresearch #58) 01.27.18 GMT+
1: 18:43:56—antisera, .44
Webley U.M.C. cartridge.

With the cypher, nymics. Murky Tartaros
(Hesiodos Theog. 736–737): emergent
properties arise when critical mass
thresholds breach. Stage
an antic pageant: sylph
in fishnet—netics.

Not sylphs, necrobiomorphs: gorge rise
from forensis, pocky. *Décolletage* is collected
by Microscribe 3DX® and G2X® digitizer.
Mariposa de la muerte. *Scarabaeus sacer*.
Trigona hyalinata. Agon's
esperanto for geodata is improved
crisis management.
Gene margin, prior.

David Kaufmann

BLACK STONE/WHITE LIGHT

DIOC. A monument does not commemorate or celebrate something that happened but confides to the ear of the future the persistent sensations that embody the event: the constantly renewed suffering of men and women, their re-created protestations, their constantly

LAMPING FOR RABBITS ON A MOONLESS NIGHT

Sure, you'll die, it might

Be spring or morning or rain, whatever.

Whatever it takes, it will take it all--

Poor body, how did it come

To this? Your neck bones

Click against themselves,

A mother hen repeating tricks,

Flipping cards: you lose.

And what will you remember, dear?

What will you remember, heart,

Pulled piece by raggedy-ass

Piece together, making it up

As you go along?

Cousin of the air, in the air,

And just enough air

To take it in, what if I talk,

Talk about *it*,

About whatever much

I've got--edge and ache and atmospherics.

It's just enough—fog--to leave me be.

SIMULATED SAVAGES

My mother chips

Air in laminate

Chunks, one by one

By one by one.

Who, as nothing to do

With you, marks time

The way we do

To mark this spot?

The wave in pieces

Does what it does, all

On its very own. Come,

Particles, I will defend

Your angry

Granular starts,

Your bearings now

Shot through the past.

OUTWARD BOUND, DON'T RUN AGROUND

1.

Lost streambeds, the way

The seeds hang in,

Hang on, switch light like switches.

First waves, then air.

A long way gone,

Bite by perilous bite, be

What ever we're forgetting. Be.

Be waving, bow, even now.

2.

Matchstick bruise,

The burnt edge of the islands

And some other image you've

Derived from the sea.

There are counties that face

The ocean off. Ours

Is elsewhere.

You can just make out

Quick sketches of the beach from here

To there. We could rent by the day, but don't.

Come, tide, advance.

You have no other choice.

SHIPSHAPE AND BRISTOL FASHION

The dark eye on

Our reflections

Makes manifest--

The window and the window and

The broken jamb.

What should I say?

What my mother can't hear

I just can't
Tell and that is not

The half of it.
She describes in herself

A decade of fear,
And so on.

Go home, go
Hhome,

Go febrile image, line,
And door.

Go door--not
Light, not entrance,

Not that "tunnel of night"
That leads to itself.

Not even the wind that pretends
It's always got your back.

Passons passons pusique tout passe

Out of abundance, a caution

Because sand, water and the screen

Door protects the wind

It's sand from the inside out

Because what does it does

What it hinges on

On the particular movement they let

And rent by hour

By hour and you see them

On the beach, out of distance

Because caution, because abundance

Demands

All flesh is glass

They melt the sand

A thimbleful of ash

Because they make us bodies

So we can die

Burt Kimmelman

Parapet

We look out past trees
to a plain, river,
harbor — its city
jutting up — the gray
sea beyond, immense.

Bridges on the Hudson

Riding south in the summer
solstice evening, the red glow
on the water and ahead
of us the next bridge — so wide
the mighty Hudson, the sun

lighting up a white clapboard
house and nearby some tall smoke
stacks at a bend— suppose we
could swim from there, darkening
trees across, a place to rest.

Basil King

Vermeer illuminates

Domesticity is the wildest

And if you leave home

And go into the streets

You will find Holland's Golden Age

Silk satin and lace

The Night Watch defers to sunlight

To a God that is never challenged

Catholic Protestant and Jew

Kings, Queens and Jacks

A royal flush

A tulip as diverse

As a landscape

A hero's

Tooth cracks its tongue

And eats fish and chips

Irene Koronas

brahea

kiva subfloor curves
any spot under feature 1c
300 hummingbirds timber
glazes. include daub

a rich trash made before
hitite waves sent tankant
holes that pave narrow end

and smudge rib sand. rodent
burrow. static oval outline

hiatus: room 164
rm. 175
r. 190

with rin present in italic blocks
7 or 8 pith stub corners concile
butmints during this period.
sill removal. the entrance jamb
plugs pin dowel 659

trace (fig 31) slabs step

butia

raptor with tail and crest bands
the same species, caracara
ground hawks. osprey ulma
found with solid talon on curassow
in single totality yellow neck
vessels its bite in neat joint
border inside pitch

24 ollas quick on the front

fletch seen on tall
midrib man

rattlesnake

Mary Mackey

From Irkutsk to Paradise

Earth's a convection oven
New Delhi's a gas chamber
birds are falling out of the sky
California's burning
and we're up to our ankles in green foam

the wet bulb temperature of Houston
is steaming wildcat oil well drillers
like organic kale
and just outside of Phoenix
355,000 recreational vehicles
are baking climate refugees like cookies

the coral reefs are whiter than your back teeth
the bones of the great cats
lie in the jungle
like discarded marimbas
even the fucking cockroaches are turning belly up

This Car Belonged to a Little Old Lady

who only drove it to church
on Sundays
before she was a little old lady
she was in a covert US military operation
so black opped she couldn't see her hand
in front of her face
dropped behind enemy lines from a
Black Hawk helicopter
she gathered invaluable intelligence
that shortened a war and saved hundreds of lives
then made her way back to the front lines
shooting, stabbing, or strangling the
eight enemy soldiers who tried to kill her
and breaking the neck of the man who tried
to rape her with her bare hands

This next car also belonged to a little
old lady who only drove it to
a sex club on Saturdays
before she got old and little
she had thirty-two lovers
although only twelve were serious
affairs

This last car belonged to
(you guessed it) a little old
lady who at the age of 80

went on an 8 state bank spree
shot an elk
and founded a no-kill shelter
for tigers, lions, rattlesnakes, and
other exotic animals
she liked to kiss the snakes
and put their forked tongues in her mouth
she called herself "Eve"
as in "Eve of Destruction"
(you would not have wanted to meet her in a dark alley)

Lauren Mallett

THE ITALICS AREN'T MINE

Impersonation's never been my strong suit.
Slant [sic] in that curvaceous nother voice sorta way.

Instead, for my talent portion: grating Beauty Heart Radishes
down to their vociferous, magenta nubbins.

I've got a non-slip fingerguard for that.

And a sequined cardigan with shoulder pads
accented by my fennel tramp stamp with stalk and fronds.

*Vegetables that keep a long time without
processing or preservatives are to be respected.
Pickle them! Slice into half-moons or matchsticks.
Use as a garnish. Boil or steam or stir fry solo.*

All that? My speech for the judges. Entice them into
the world of serving suggestions, where all you have

to do is first separate the roots and leaves from the bulb.
Today's recipe uses the discards as handles.

Hold on, reader. You're in for one bright fake bloody ride.

I WALK IN THE LAND OF LAWN ORNAMENTS

Call it the centrifugal
pull of tacky, call
them strewn memorabilia:
the split plastic urn,
its fallen half
propped on the banister
of my neighbor's
front stoop. The scrape
of horse-n-buggy
weathervane, duck-flapping
vane, bird feeders
abandoned by seed.
Little town by the river,
if truth be beauty,
where are the maidens
caught in legend?
Stray whorecats traipse
among the pumpkins
turning in on themselves
as a burning candle
turns, burning at once
in all the colors of turned
leaves, wincing as I do
at the one-note wind
chime a lawn away.
Rescue me, tow truck.
Watch me place the fender
of my thigh in your rusted hook.
Swing me in half-circle.
Make me burlesque
of the backyard. Undo
that knot of porch shade cord
fastened around rosebush.
Free the stooped
statue cherub across the way
blowing invitations,
spitting in the face
of her palm, divining
the lines there for the kiss
of what fire not having yet
reached her, not asked her to

unstrap her wings, to walk off
to the No Dumping
grounds where someone
waits to call Mercy and
take Mercy home.

Sandy McIntosh

John Hall Wheelock: A Brief Return

Wheelock had been a celebrated poet in the first half of the 20th century, a winner of Yale's Bollingen Prize for Poetry, and--more fascinating to me--an editor at Scribner's publishing. Along with his senior, Max Perkins, Wheelock was responsible for discovering and fostering the talents of Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and many other novelists and poets, including May Swenson.

I.

"You will excuse me," the elderly poet said as he adjusted the pince-nez glasses before examining the book I'd offered. "I misplaced my new glasses. I suppose these look rather silly, but in my time they were an essential part of a gentleman's costume."

Wheelock asked what writers I'd read. I told him I'd spent my teen years reading biographies of authors, and about my pursuit of a favorite British writer, P. G. Wodehouse, that began with a trip to England to meet him and, when I found he wasn't there, ended with a visit to his actual home in Remsenburg, just east of Westhampton.

Wheelock said, "You know, I had a similar experience. When I was at Harvard I fell in love with the poetry of Algernon Swinburne, the British poet. Unlike you younger poets, in around 1907 we were deeply in love with rhyme. And even though English is not the most facile language for producing rhymes, Swinburne was able to work magic, producing three, four or even five rhymes within the same verse line. And all of them sounded so natural!"

Wheelock's admiration for Swinburne was so great that he convinced his father to pay for his passage to England so that he could introduce himself to the great poet. Once in London, he found Swinburne's address and, not having brought with him a letter of introduction, could only wait outside for several days, hoping that Swinburne would show himself.

On the third day, Swinburne appeared walking toward his building. Wheelock, gathering his courage, approached him but couldn't speak. "Swinburne had an extravagant reputation that he, no doubt, worked hard at. Oscar Wilde had said about him that, though he affected to be a great homosexual and bestializer, there was nothing either foppish or bestial about him. In fact, Swinburne turned out to be a little man, conservatively dressed, and without the flamboyant hair waving in the wind that his portraits depicted. Even so, I hadn't the courage to speak to him. I managed only to touch his coat as he passed in the street. I spent the rest of the day in my hotel room lying on the bed, thinking about the great man."

II.

In Hays' library there were several of Wheelock's poetry collections and I borrowed them. My idea was to get to know them before our next meeting. Reading, though, I was immediately overwhelmed by what I took to be gushing sentimentality--something contemporary writers I admired rooted out of their

work with cold diligence. One poem especially repelled me: a long, loving, lachrymose poem to his mother. Others of his poems were easier to take, especially those in which he wrote about the ocean and the East Hampton beach, a mile or so from his house on Montauk Highway. In his poem "Pilgrim" he writes: "The cold wind cries across the rolling dunes,/ The gray sails fleck the margins of the world."

"I lived in the City and spent weekends here in the country. I composed my poems while walking on the beach. When I'd get back to the city I'd write them down. I believe I know all of my poems by heart, even the multiple versions that preceded the finished product."

The next time I met him he surprised me by saying: "Mr. Hays told me you'd borrowed some of my books. What did you think?"

I hadn't expected the question and was embarrassed that I had no answer that would circumvent my real feelings about what I disdainfully considered his out-of-date poesy.

"Don't feel bad," he interrupted my silence. "I suspect you're uneasy with the style of the poems. But you'll miss something important if you judge the past by the present. Remember what T. S. Eliot wrote? 'Some one said: "The dead writers are remote from us because we *know* so much more than they did." Precisely, and they are that which we know.'"

He went on to tell me of an experience he'd had at a Shakespeare performance. At some point he heard the line: "'Sleep on, I lie at heaven's high oriels.' I thought, God, what a wonderful line; I wish I'd written it." As it turned out, the line was not Shakespeare's at all. It was his own creation. "Yet, I swear I heard it from the stage. That's a poet's experience, whether a poet of yesterday or today."

III. On the artist's reputation

"One generation takes the place of another, inevitably. I don't worry about how my work will be appreciated by future generations--if it is at all. My poetry is less visible than it was, and my ideas are out of favor. If I need a mirror to reflect this, I contemplate my friend Van Wyck Brooks, who died some years ago. We had put together a collection of poems while at Harvard. He'd gone on to write about literature. His immense project was to read more than 800 books by American authors from the beginning of the country until our time, and to write his major work about their significance. But I've seen his name in the literary press less frequently, and I assume the public significance of his life has faded, except to his friends who still remain--to me, at least. (I remember what he said on our last visit, when he was very ill. I'd asked whether he'd like me to leave him alone. 'Oh Jack, I never want you to leave,' was his reply.) Reputation is a bubble, as is history itself."

We had been talking in the shade of a tree that transfixed the Hays' second floor porch. Although Wheelock lived around the corner, he had difficulty walking and asked if I would give him a ride home. Despite his literary accomplishments and heritage (one ancestor helped found Dartmouth college, others were fixtures of New York society), he was a modest, polite and quietly elegant man. He invited me to visit him again. "And thank you for bringing me back," he said.

Stephen Paul Miller

FOR GERTRUDE

*“Thou protest too much.”**

*“You can test too much.”***

*“We’re here and you’re not.”***

*“I’m Chevy Chase and you’re not.”**

**public domain*

***presidential stylings*

“You know there are those who say,

‘you *can* test too much.’

You do know that?” asks our president.

“Who says that?”

“Just read the manuals. Read the books.”

“Manuals? What manuals?”

“Read the book. Read the books.”

“What books?”

Clearly Donald draws

“You *can* test too much” from

“The lady doth *pro*test too much”

updated to

“The lady protests too much.”

Donald knows “You can test too much”

because everyone “knows” it—it’s in the “books.”

Blurring “protest” with “can test”

his poetic license exchanges “pro” for “can.”

The next day his polls tick up.

Who likes tests?

He knows *he* doesn’t

need to know

just like Gertrude.

“The lady doth protest too much”

is her mocking

the Player Queen

for going on and on

against remarrying.

Gertrude likes having a husband around

so the PQ’s words ring false to her.

Trump’s knack for hitting on

evocative scraps of crude truth

mirrors what’s rousing Gertrude—

They both don’t want to know! It’s about desire.

But still—think about it—what does it mean

that most people read

“The lady doth protest too much, methinks”

as the insight of a keen

observer who knows the score
rather than a fortunate soul in denial
about where their privileges come?

And more to the point—
What does it mean that Trump gets Gertrude?

Not since Lincoln has a president
not only played off Shakespeare
but also gotten him.

I always wanted a poet to be the president

but I never thought it would be Donald Trump.

AFTER THE POET DAVID LEHMAN SENT ME
A REAL LETTER WITH CLIPPINGS OF MY NAMESAKE
AND A PROMPT TO WRITE ABOUT MY NAME

“Stephen” was for my mother’s Uncle Shalom—she loved his sweet smile
and how fluidly he interpreted the Talmud.

When my mother was a little girl, a hit and run bus killed Uncle Shalom,
a pushcart peddler. His body lay there for hours. My mother told me,
“People thought he was drunk. They took his wallet.
My father couldn’t find him.”

Whenever I asked about my name, my mother would cry.

She took Paul from my father’s aunt, Tanta Pearl,
who died after her year at Auschwitz.
From James Joyce, I learned Stephen was the first
Christian martyr (stoned and beatified),
and Paul was the first Christian, Jesus being Jewish.
“Stephen Paul Miller” was the most beautiful,
WASPiest name my mother could imagine.
She loved my father’s father’s *real* last name,
Maleskiewitz, but passing a Miller High Life
Champaign of Bottled Beer sign, my mother said,
“See, ‘Miller’ means the best in everything!”

But then I read the news and found
I was in Trump’s administration — Stephen Miller —
the only senior White House aide to knock Emma Lazarus’s “The New Colossus,”
saying The Statue of Liberty wouldn’t really want “*your* poor.”

That me is Jewish too, but he doesn't have a middle name.
Lucky when my mother named me "Stephen *Paul* Miller"
she added that dash right in the middle,
a sweet addition to the standard bris, like the sugar cubes
Orthodox Jews place near the eight-day-old,
making up for what the mohel and history had removed.

J. Peter Moore

Prologue

after Blackstar

A furnace kicks on in some sequestered
room for the first time since summer.
The smell of singed dust in the air sends
the occupant to open a window and
stop there a moment, lured by the fullness
of a perilously low hanging moon.

Ethereal light falls across the faces
of the city—famous, nameless and unseen,
giving the paint the illusion of being
wet once again. Sketched as they are
and enlarged, the ladder-sized
portraits flank the block. On one side,

an interstellar kabuki rockstar reads
the room, acrylic antenna. Around
the corner, two wheatpaste girls witness
an implied dilemma and a mechanic
rolls up her sleeve. Street over,
lawfully lynched old head sprouts wings.

The full moon is a sublimated camera,

has that strange ability to suspend
in silver the subject of its rays,
blurring for a moment the line
between change and the inanimate
thing meant to weather it. Window

fatigued the occupant is about to turn
away and make the best of what remains
of the evening, until the fast-moving
clouds roll in and corner the eye with
quivering shadows cast on the pied
patterns of public murals. The look

is of chests heaving, against the flesh
of the evening. The occupant leans
out the window and listens to hear
if this wind, running through tattered
tree limbs, along boarded-up boutiques,
is the sound of graffiti breathing.

Escúchela, la ciudad respirando
The furnace makes setpoint, shuts
off and the decrease in sound
strikes the occupant as silence.
But there is no silence. Just as there
is no way that this is happening.

Window fatigue subsides as terror
sets in. It's obvious, though. This is no

fluttering eyelash here; twinkle in the
brick there. This is larger-than-life
works of art moving, stretching,
sloughing off the hindrance of facades.

They descend into the innermost
outskirts of a gone world and frolic
for the sake of the shuttered, for the
sake of the sick in sterility, jubilant
visions of vicarity, free of masks,
free of apps, they find each other.

Beckoning along the blank corridor,
a distant matting call guides the once
one-dimensional to a venue where
they might continue their stenciled
sabbath. Its source, a throbbing marquee
that reads *Theater of Our Sacrifice*.

Daniel Morris

Decoy

After "Musée des Beaux Arts"

About the situation of suffering as amazing
disaster Auden understood surprisingly little.
Take, for example, his innocent revision of Brueghel
and the birth of the blitz in a blanket of black and white; --
September one a date from which he'd dive from Brussels
to Bowery until each island's desire to learn to love
or die dissolved into the frame of *Understanding Media*.
Let's not, however, censure a singer for failing
To note the sound of base in superstructure.
Even Gramsci chained their melody in his misprision.

In Kobe's kismet, for instance, how every outlet turns
towards Sikorsky's shell. Could TAWS have cautioned
the copter not to fly so close to Calabasas? And we,
who wait and watch for delivery, weary from wearing
our softening fingers rough from surfing channels
to check if something more amusing might be on,
eyeing no distractions from distractions about a wall,
a cage, a trial, a burning Koala, appreciate escape
from screens of warring ants disturbing our reception.

Daniel Morris and Philip Douglas

Thank You For Your Concern, James Wright

I think it's mainly the loss of having a physical job to go to.

Six days a week I would commute. 47 miles, Champaign to Decatur on I-74;
It didn't take me long. I knew the route by heart.

I think it was that sense of ritual, of having a role to play.

The travel made me feel secure.

Once, I was this man, driving off to work,
My Fighting Illini flag, securely mounted to the hood,
Hitting like a tailback against the biggest fastest line.
Of course we must announce each Big Ten win!

On a Monday, after a Saturday victory, I never minded
Sharing an office when I arrived to start to make cold calls.

Gail Newman

Breath

Did you ever have a family?

Yes. And a table. Chairs. My brother slept
in a bed beside my bed.

Our voices were thick with singing
as we walked the rain-stained streets—

horse-stink, cabbages, the sky camouflaged
under chimney smoke from textile factories.

Home was everywhere in that place.
And we were the stories our parents told.

Did you ever have a family?

I did. It was winter.

We skated on the drugged frost of God's breath

as if the world was a frozen lake
and we in our mittens and cloth coats

could not see the cold clouds

rising from our own mouths.

Did you ever have a family?

My father carried in his pocket,
my hand, our paces in step,

others walking toward us in black fedoras
and colored kerchiefs, a crunch

underfoot of dry leaves, snow,
apple blossoms, earth.

One was taken, then another.
The rooms of the houses shrank with loss.

Neighbors pulled shirts and socks, still damp,
in from the line. Children were kept indoors.

A woman was hauled by her hair
down a public street and no one called out.

They looked away. They said later they did not see—
in open daylight, at the news stand,

in front of the café—

From Blood Memory, Marsh Hawk Press, 2020

Dana Roeser

YTDY, TDY: Covid

How much can your life change
 in a day? The terrifying Covid.
The switch that was flipped
 in my friend N. when she
suddenly fell in love. Her radiant
 face. The same could be
said of me. Not the radiant part. The
 shedding of some coil. And
rebirth as a teenager. The big re-do.
 Egads. Z. asked
how I felt about the age
 difference and I thought
Why should it
 bother *me*? I said
Everyone has already acknowledged
 I am immature.

 Yesterday,
or YTDY as it is now called, was
 a tornadic bouncy castle
an upside-down snow globe
 all day. And I haven't
landed yet. In a tree in a bathtub,
 bouncing down from
a

twisting swirl of marital debris
 into a swimming pool
and banging my head. Or YTDY
 flying off Indy the horse
full speed forward and
 over the left shoulder,
falling clear, on my lower back,
 on the packed ground.
Unsettled breeze, winter to spring.
 One of many interminable
mud seasons. The "furniture"—
 the jumps—for the outdoor
arena had just been brought
 out. A gnarled pile of multi-
colored saw horses—for cross rails—
 a lunge whip, a green

plastic barrel (for I have no clue what,
maybe another jump
component?). Indy came around the
curve, me posting
the trot, with my mind elsewhere—
b/c Covid—caught sight
of the jumble, then leapt forward
and “propped,” Christy
called it, jammed on the brakes
and I was gone. Swept
forward and up in a rapture,
then *thwap* on the ground.

One “girl” went up in a bathtub,
Z. told me, and ended up
in a tree. And a thirteen-year-old
who’d been sucked out
of her house and her parents’ arms
landed in a swimming pool
and got a concussion.

The tornado passed
within a half mile of Z.
and his bantam chickens
at the very beginning of
Covid. Can you imagine
the PTSD for those girls,
I said. But Z. and I
started talking about the frost
that was coming
that night
and how we
were going to cover our
plants with sheets and
bedspreads
to keep them warm.

THINK LIKE A HORSE

On NPR

Stephen Hawking says,
in his customary
synthesized
voice, artificial
intelligence
will be moving
so much
faster than our
biologically
hampered, slow-to-evolve brains
it will
mean the
end of the
human
race. It would
be like our
smart phones
getting up
on their hind
legs (think prehistoric
otters the
size of seals
with big
fangs) and
attacking us—
which mine,
suspecting my
cognitive deficits,
is already
doing. Or Hal
in “2001,” which
I of course
missed.

Vaydran
leaps sideways and
sidewinds,
twelve hundred
pounds
yanking against
the lead rope
in my hand

and Christy has
to tell me
it's because of
a new cardboard
box in the barn
aisle. No light beaming
from the box,
no shine or color red,
just
an ordinary empty
cardboard
carton fairly
large
on the dirt floor
near the
door to the
owners'
tack room.

You'd think
the thing was
R2D2
or Hal
or something
given the
powers
ascribed to it
by Vaydran. Christy
walked her
over to look. But
after, V. still
eyed it
peripherally—
though she had
her back to it—while I
groomed her.

On the radio,
I also hear
at the end of
the discussion
about Artificial Intelligence—a
woman
commentator/
professor
saying,

Nonsense,
A.I. won't get
that organized. There
will always be
people using
it for
good.

Later on
the news: Two cabinet
ministers were
“sacked”

(I love
BBC) in Israel
by Netanyahu—
because he felt
that they had
formed a
coalition
against him. Hello!!

I thought
Let's get
honest. This
sounds very
familiar. I could
feel—with
horse
sense—for
a whole
year my boss looking
for some
basis upon which
to get
rid of me. Which
I subsequently
handed to her
on a silver
platter.

It's stupid of
me to think that
the person who
wronged me
has a lower horse
IQ than I do. Like horses
could run an
English department
at a regional

university! I'm sure
 she'd be
loath to give her beloved
 Intelligence
Quotient points for
 my occasional
horse ones. We are
 in the right
places then, her
 in pantyhose
and me in the
 barn. When
the superbrains
 in boxes come,
she'll fight the good
 fight with
her calculating
 mind, I'll be
holding a horse
 rearing skyward
with a flimsy rope, trying
 to bring
her calmly
 down.

Kathy Lou Schultz

Core Curriculum

Metal construction scaffolding stays up all winter
dripping, overlain with wooden planks
rounding the corner dodging the afterthought
of dirty snow threatening to hit your forehead

Customers shiver toward Chock Full of Nuts
coffee you don't yet drink just 19 your
roommate buys the largest Styrofoam cup from
the deli 113th and Broadway smokes into the night

Prep school boys snort coke next door but
it's okay their daddys have jobs waiting for them
they belong solidly inside their own narratives
and look through you flimsy and unconstructed

Charity case they think lousy with lack of learning
admitted because you come from some "square
state" they think in the middle of the map no
need to look beyond Amtrak's northeastern route

They've been fed all the books you've never seen
huddled over the Odyssey the Iliad making notes
in pencil a diagram trying to chart the relationship
of the characters the plot the importance the why

Later seeing a cheap paper covered book cheat
sheet that lays out all Greek mythology all
you were supposed to know before and now
to be cultured properly not drown in the bathtub

Or fall off the curb crossing Broadway median
churning with rats all night when you crack open
windows release relentless radiator steam hissing
it's 1986 in New York City and you don't belong anywhere

She says molasses

Oh girl, your stock in trade
was it poetry or pussy
dim lit inarticulate shoving
when the alternatives led to
divorce or death, poverty or
pouring yourself out of yourself

oh girl, you know you better
have luminous skin inviting eyes
glowy and coy, slick lips
sweet collarbone kisses but
don't outlive your charm
half a century spent

repeating ain't this the same old shit
face down bumrushed pushed
up against a brickface
scraped scrapped unrecorded
but we're still here

trying to breathe through this
minute into the next minute
make space make food make
anything that loosens the tongue
salty deep slit refuge

come inside my kitchen
sizzle slicks the thighs
wrapped in my blue apron
guess the secret ingredient
in my turnip and collard greens
she says molasses

Dan Schwarz

After My Father Died (Conversational Sonnet)

Father's death; anger thawed. No longer stuck
in iciness of recurring nightmares.
Mother's death gave way to
gracious tingle of forgiveness.
Gradually sweeter child memories
melted surface: catching fish, playing catch.
watching him excel in adult softball,
embarrassedly hearing weird shrill
whistle, calling us as if we were dogs;
balancing himself parallel to ground
as he wrapped his arms around street pole.
Ample knowledge, prolix advice,
displayed in flamboyant explanations:
teaching what he knew needed to be known.

April 2005: The Man Whose Pharynx is Bad

My clumsily handmade
warped wooden bird feeder
is alive with chirping birds
feasting on sunflower seeds;
finches, chickadees, blue jays,
cardinals, warblers,
musically sound their chorus
as if to serenade daffodils and tulips
bursting into bloom:
tapatap of woodpeckers,
hoothooting of owl,
shrill whining of
nesting pigeons in our eves,
robins seeking worms.
Returning to murky pond,
ferociously mating ducks,
haughty honking geese,
ignore predatory foxes;
deer transversing woods,
brown muskrats waddling
their cautious way
across awakening grass.

I, the man whose pharynx is bad,
whose ebullience of spring is
blighted by bronchitis,
speech stifled by laryngitis,
silently, wondrously,
gaze.

When I was Thirty

When I was thirty I thought
what I did, I would do again,
every place I visited was
overture to symphony of returns.
Savoring my everyday
dishes of experience
as if they were foie gras.
World seemed endless banquet,
extravagant confection.

But now it is otherwise.
When I leave place or play
could this be my
final call? Take my recent trip to
London, where I seemed magnetically
drawn to reminders of mortality. Will I
behold again Holbein's trump-l'oeil,
The Ambassadors, with its
death's-head mirror of
my vanitas? Once more revel in
splendid St. Paul's touched by fire or
Parthenon remnants in British Museum?

That sense of infinite possibility decades ago
gives way to Time's inevitable advances.

I mourn books I'll never write, cities I
shall never walk, fabled books
I'll never read, lush paintings
I have missed or
hardly given more than glance,^[L]_[SEP]
knowing then I would return.

Mortality's arrow quivers in my flesh.

Eileen R. Tabios

CALIFORNIA FIRE HAY(NA)KU DIPTYCH

02 JUNE 2020

Sonoma Co. Sheriff Advisory, June 1, 2020: The Town of Windsor is under mandatory curfew between 9 p.m. and 5 a.m. effective immediately...

I know something
ahead of
experience—

when you kill
someone, the
other

is dead, but
you also
murder

a part of
yourself. This
knowledge

comes ~~easy~~ logically
to voracious
readers—

why generals and

politicians know
education

should be ~~expensive~~
limited to
those

whose poverty makes
them front-line
fodder

for armies whose
goals they
fail

to comprehend. Their
leaders hoard
understanding

as the ignorance
of their
soldiers

is another tactic.
But I
digress—

what I've been
meaning to

say

in this poem

is how,

today,

I cried after

my husband

insisted

we practice our

moves in

case

of a home

invasion—

what

a chill that

gun enforced

against

my palms, warm

from blood

pulsating

through my body,

warm from

such

an immense desire
to avoid
death

as if life
before and
after

I release bullets
will be
free

of the invader's
presence. *Oh,*
please

God, don't let
them be
young.

EVACUATION, 24 JUNE 2020

The public assumption is
(must be) one wants to return

to houses, gardens, steel safes
locked around wedding jewelry.

Everyday away from home
I wonder, *What if it all burns?*

“Think of the thousands of trees—
their black corpses to be cleared”

notes my pragmatic husband. I nod:
“And the birds, deer, jackalopes, lion...”

But the thought persists every day
away from home: What if it all burns?

I don’t say what I think, but consider
how sharks and Claudia Conway

share something in common when desiring
emancipation: “much thrashing occurs.”

Everyday away from home
I wonder, *What if it all burns?*

I am not saying what I think—
just singing the anthem of a troubled nation:

Let freedom ring ...!

Susan Terris

About Aunt Mary's Pearl Bracelet

Cover mirrors at night, my nana says, so those asleep—

lost souls—don't get trapped in one.

But I didn't or didn't do it right and find myself

with a suitcase, stuck by the Pool of Tears as

a mouse and a dodo swim

across it. The reflection is dark, and a stranger--

woman, who swears she's a queen—is begging

me for Aunt Mary's pearl bracelet,

but I don't have an Aunt Mary or a bracelet,

and I'm headed to a banquet in Cuba for which

I must buy a long flowered skirt

and maybe ask that dodo to sit on my shoulder.

But I'm broke, and the queen-person is tearing

her hair, yelling, insisting Mary's

bracelet belongs to *her*. Pages are turning,

and I am running, but when I pause, I see not
a queen behind but my nana,
and in the pocket of my vest, I feel something

knobby with pearls. Flinging it back, I race
toward the mirror ahead, slide
through, tear down a flowered curtain—

my not-happening-skirt—from
the window and fling it across the mirror.

Kicked Out

My wife says, *You're a dog! Get out. Leave now!*

A sad-faced hound, I slink to our old dog house,

where I push Laddie Boy out of his home. Now here

I am, on my knees, tired and unloved. Until Alice,

my daughter, comes with her dainty china tea set.

Together we pretend to sip tea from empty cups

and eat acorns she's arranged on the little plates.

All Lewis Carroll-like and consoling, until she begins to

fling china and acorns at me. Until she asks,

Can you bark or sit up and beg? Do you know how to

play dead? And why—why did you hit Mommy?

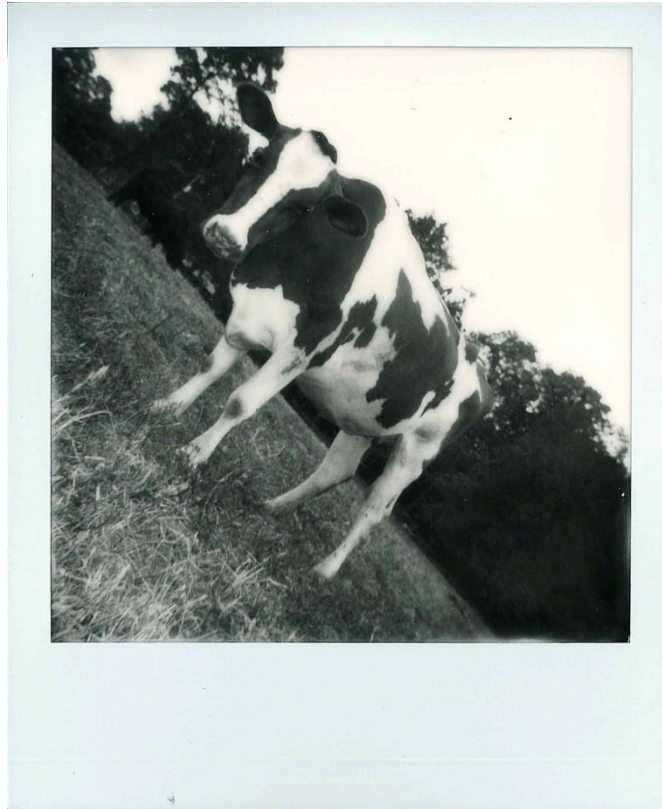
Orchid Tierney

field guide to lunar cows

*

this one is lucy. juicy lucy
as of light. as of luce. as of
lune jumping over cows.
dank licks then a strip of
strike green on hot peach
wet drips big bottom hunks
as cow has a wife spreading
sweet mottle crude smokey
breath. breathe. breathe.
sticky spitting over curdled
chunks. what a skinny
skinny sonnet udderly tender
lucy,

girl, you've got some
'splaining to do.

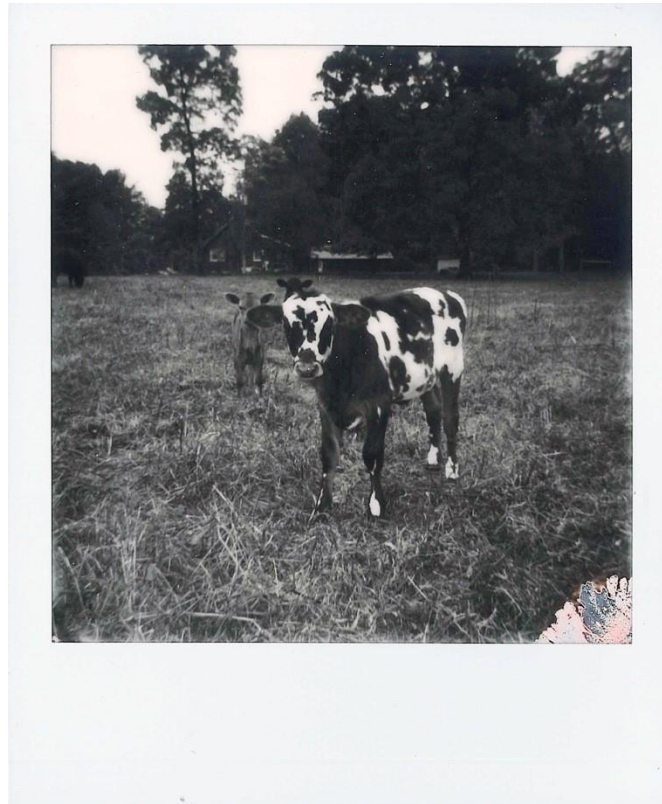


*

*

“Standing with their back ends close
together, now,” writes Lydia Davis,
“they face three of the four cardinal
points of the compass.” disorienting
heads of sweet lucy align themselves
north-south to the magnetic sonnet
of dearth. soft mechanisms of flesh.
limbs sinking into meat mud
mix of paunch, honeycomb, &
manyplies. mucous spreading
inside like syrup. dreams of twenty
stomachs in the field. glassy
lucy,
 an arbiter of meaning.

eating is a hobby



*

a field is a sonnet. so
break the bitter gate!
how to say the cows
with geographies on
the alphabet, do you
call you mother lacy,
the only way to know
the moo is milk you
meaty with mootaphor.
see you in the fridge in

four cardinal points of
cruel empathy graceful
lucy,

a little hippy with the
largest potamus i have seen



References

- Begall, Sabine, Jaroslav Červený, Julia Neef, Oldřich Vojtěch, and Hynek Burda. "Magnetic alignment in grazing and resting cattle and deer." *PNAS* 105, no. 36 (September 9, 2008): 13451–55, <https://doi.org/10.1073/pnas.0803650105>.
- Ball, Lucille, Desi Arnaz, Vivian Vance, and William Frawley. *I love Lucy*. New York, N.Y.: CBS/Fox Video, 1989.
- Davis, Lydia. *The Cows*. Louisville: Sarabande, 2011.
- Stein, Gertrude. "A Book Concluding with as a Wife Has a Cow a Love Story." Something Else Press, 1973.

Tony Trigilio

The Orb

I say anytime you see a light in the sky, check it out.

—Betty Hill

I'm not ashamed to say I wanted a sighting.
I drove north into the White Mountains
for research. Nothing bookish: the kind
where an orange light grows plump, pulsates,
follows me down a deserted wilderness road.

I'm on the lookout for stories with more
complications, witnesses, three lacquered
disks in formation, or maybe they looked
like porcelain in starlight, their impossible
evasive gymnastics when a passenger jet
heads their way. I wanted to do a double-take—
a cigar shape drifting in front of the moon.

* * *

I imagine first contact to be like the time
I saw a deer running from police on my
overpopulated street in Chicago: a creature
so formidable you want to freeze the moment,
study every flickering pigment. Lucky for me
this deer who could've cracked open an SUV
between its haunches was running on the other
side of the street, too scared to know
I was watching. A perfect alien encounter.

* * *

More rain. On the third day a slant
of light, visions of October leafage

swabbed in outlandish color—my favorite,
the brute, plum-tomato reds gushing
on the maples across the street from
my hotel like washes of electric guitar.

* * *

The day I tried another drive to the Hills'
abduction site, Felix Baumgartner bunny-
hopped out of a balloon sponsored by
an energy-drink company and flew through
the stratosphere above Roswell, New Mexico.
Edward Archbold died after winning
a cockroach-eating contest in Miami.

* * *

Chased back again by rain and fog on twisty
roads in the White Mountains. A few miles
from Durham, on Route 108, during a clearing
lull in the rainstorm, I saw a bright dollop
of light in the sky, a white orb, and nearly
drove myself off the road (now I know why
Barney Hill pulled their car into a picnic area).
Probably a helicopter, even though I saw
no tail outline or taillight. In my rearview
mirror, I glimpsed the ditch I could've crashed
into—and I lost my nerve. Kept driving.

* * *

Betty never questioned *her* nerve.
She chided her captors for performing
medical tests on her nerves—such nerve,
she said, kidnapping people right off
the highway. Her first sighting,
mid-1950s: the craft exploded in midair,
the Air Force explained it was a meteor.
She collected heavy fragments of wreckage

but couldn't find anyone willing
to analyze their chemical composition.
Three weeks before her abduction,
she scattered the pieces in her backyard
during a gravel delivery. They're buried
where the stones are spread.

Dr. Simon put Barney Hill under hypnosis. Barney described the humanoids. David Baker drew them.

Gas-fogged cat eyes clamped
over mine. He never blinked.

A swampy glow wrapped around
each side of the creature's face.

You'd have to run your finger
from front to back of the head

just to trace his cheek bones.
So ordinary, so round, a head

cavity large enough to contain
those eyeballs, hold a brain

our size. A ferocious mumbling,
a membrane over the mouth, maybe

sheathing the body of the entity.

Wide cheeked, weak chinned.
The plume of those eyes—

if there's a membrane, it kept out
irritants and he didn't need to blink

to lubricate his autocratic orbs.
No spoken words, only grunts,

prowling hums. Mouth a slit
knifed into wood. A dusty

blue light radiated from the walls—
I could've been soaking in a tub

[stanza break]

of water. They might be any color
but didn't seem to have faces

different from white men.
He sucked air into piggish

nostrils, rocking back his head.
I saw no bone or nose cartilage.

No hair. No ears, just holes.
A sea wind made me shudder.

