

Eight

I am marching towards
nowhere
and I am not alone
the moon scrapes down
from rung to shelf
in the black crepehanging earth
I shiver
new
eclipse is rape and summertime
one game with wintermate
my eyes are emerald marbles
you
sent balling through too late

Eleven

New lands all watery
clocks ticking under the sea
few airtight graves
eyes reproducing what is free
I wing from an old seabass
blowing with age
from webfoot mask expiring me
the curving hawk breaks
but it does not flee
the clock ticks the camera
clicks
but the sea still smiles
and the heavens hum
they have been awhile
the bass the hawk

-- Christopher Perret
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