

© 1980 Edward Mycue

“Pants Down”

& stuck up out of the water
(in September at the end of the season)
the man looked bent-over (although it
probably was the angle of vision
that boxed my eyes to a single direction
or perhaps projection) and he on a sand
bar a few feet under the surface
of the Sacramento River—plus he seemed near, the way a tree that is
on an island between freeway interchanges seems just that far off,
and the water was only to his knees.
Everybody on that boat ride up
the delta stared. (We noticed
he didn't seem to need help, didn't
notice us.) The air, balmy, just past
Suisun Bay, east a couple of hours
out of San Francisco, going straight to
Sacramento having passed
the ‘mothball fleet’ moored and silent,
past Collinsville on the north shore
(where Joe DiMaggio was from announced
the retired history teacher tour guide).
Of the man in the water, bent like a
stick, with his pants down, self-alone,
you saw on his left only a brightness.

2009 Wood Coin: Is Art in the Heart or Does Art Lie Apart

from the Love Issue: Mycue, “HE'S GOT HIS Pants Down”