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“***”

And though these rotting leaves
know all the timetables
you build meridians

half chicken wire
half ocean spray, a map
that has no rope, no dockside

--you log your position
by counting the drop in temperature
leaf by leaf

and because you have a scar on your arm
you rake the way a wooden boat
will sense leaves from a mile away

circle alongside, its mouth
wide open, filled with dirt
already damp and rising.