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Without a ripple this jetty
full steam and though whales
will clear their throat
the gull can't hear it's next
struts on bedrock that already
twice a day surfaces
spits out the cooling skim
from molten iron and salt

--you dive into these rocks
for more light, more lift
and your feathers struggling
with that first shriek
that lasts forever in your sides

--for a split second
you build a nest
as if seaweed never dries

--the stench from open wounds
is nothing, claws and now a beak
no hands, nothing

--only your arms know the plunge
from a soft warm face
into her eyes and terrifying love
washed ashore, wait

wave after wave, expect
that sobbing tilt the Earth
never forgot --by instinct

you hollow out this rock
into its painful seasons
face the same direction and fly.