

Charmed

Off the ragged hull of
a ship a gleam stepped.
A bit of a springy step. It danced on top
of the water. What were my intentions once?
How I seduced him till we bled.
And found his errand was living-cold but possible.
There I was zipping around so I reeled him
in. The gleam wants to show
me, project a little document on the beach.
Would I take a vow like that again?
I can clip and prune
the fruit trees so easily
and I love their tangle, their
maze of laughter,
almost too hysterical.
Sticky fruit, cut my lip. The shore widens,
my collections wait and stir around
the gleam, its song.