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.