

## FISHERMAN TALKS TO HIMSELF

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*Douglas Stanton*

How ugly I was in that beautiful place.  
Eating butterfish and oysters in the evening.  
Thinking I would not die.  
Drinking under the gauze lanterns until I forgot  
what my name was like  
in Dee's mouth.  
Forgetting the secret light pouring  
over her red stones.  
Thinking she could not die far away  
without me.  
Saying pretty words for fucking  
on the beach with Jane.  
Never weeping for the light gashing  
from our hurried discovery.  
Requiring a passage  
with ourselves bellied out,  
dark, lunging downwind, in it.  
Thinking it was the sun going down, being eaten.  
Not us.  
Forgetting I would have to manage  
these words the way the beautiful fish I killed  
managed.  
The bitten, secret hardness suddenly in them.