

Easter

The police came.

I got my beans
from a small island,

thinking of you
and the baby.

Seagulls eating the bulk

of a whale. Its delicate
bones projected through

a flat drum of skin,
gray streaked with salt

and glut of smooth

inner coil. The police
were infinitely calm,

the island lit, whale
rolled back. Nobody

could look away. You must

be thirty now, still plump,
carrying that milk scope,

that crisp area of lobe,
your second sight.