

JESSICA LASER

## *Sergei*

He irks the phone I could remove  
And touch the water.  
Man of what pebbles  
The government pours

To adorn concrete lapping waves  
Denote as slabbed beaches,  
Views of an island so recently  
Opened, no public generation has been.

Meeting the couple concrete  
Ends of the dock, the man  
Whose legs puncture water  
Is in it. His islands

Dictate their two-story summer homes  
To me, he says so,  
“Now they will be no one’s  
Till the rich buy them up again.”

These boundaries I OK.  
If the islands were everyone’s  
We couldn’t imagine them mine,  
As we know to, something equal

To the being in possession of it.  
While the sun is setting  
The islands look honest—  
Sullen lumps of sodden granite,

White as I think of them  
Turning to think of something else,  
To see if I can, if the man loves me.  
I know he’s been looking

And how I’m ashamed,

An island, slow-moving  
Heat the sun sets apart.  
I remove myself

At the pace of the spider.  
I carry his burdens  
Far as the sensation  
Of ownership goes.