

JEFFERY BAHR

Anabasis

I have straightened the watercolor
of the boys in white blouses, backs against
the small gray boat. I have baked

bread, and left it unbroken. Sweated
into a sleeveless shirt,
washed it and watched water funnel

all that salt somewhere. How strange this desire
to brush dust off the trifle bowl. Now, there's less
of it in more places. Every morning

I'm sure they're pulling the boat onto the sand.
In the evening they're struggling to reach the sea.