

BOB HICOK

*Empty similes*

Like standing in front of a woman who says thank you  
when you tell her you love her, that stuck

sound of a crow, pulling the one nail from its voice  
outside your window and you

going down to the sea too late, where it was  
three million years ago, waving your little towel  
at the shadow of waves, like dropping

your stomach when you drop the phone,  
a voice spinning at the end of the chord, your mother,  
father, everyone

dead, even the person telling you  
gone and you  
waving your metronome arm, and time

inside the trees making clocks we check  
by cutting them down.