

JULIANNE BUCHSBAUM

Let the Mad Dream of Sea-Things in the Bay of Bengal

Seagull beaks. Spoilation.
Off the bay, bowsprit fractures,

bent moon silvering the cracks.
Clouds that open like crab-claws.

Dismembering waves, maimed limbs.
Smell of citron in city markets.

Quays, crows, cockleshells.
Dead men's fingers that wash ashore,

clutch seaweed shreds, have
no homecoming. The icy undertow

that dines on salted seabird bones.
Moonglint that makes of the sea

a broken machine, adagios of whale,
virgin tides of hoary brine and many-

fathoms-down coral madrepora.
Green-marbled depths, fatal nadir,

octopod and pirates, cold head-
quarters of kraken, dead calm.