

RETURN OF THE SHANTYMAN

for Bas Jan Ader

The ocean is mostly a weathering bay,
set aside of the world. Did you know?

Gauzy sun, a coin of vision.
I handle it freely in the open air.

Cloud-mother, my ocean has land
on every side, a mounting

where a man can shoulder
rural expanse into his hands.

I'd flower deep the keel,
I'd fence the hull-tides,

but for the wetland steam
fastening awe to my shirt collar.

Compass eye floret to the knothole,
this dog's a letter to higher meaning.

Moeder, is it dinner yet?
Sail on infinite, as always.

A severe one-sheet sky serving
a pendulous shadow spoke the idea

and then I described
the invisible come down,

switchstance barrels
of the moon over the mirror-plain.

Capsized center of me,
I can apprehend the perfect flyer.

It does not know my absenting grief.