

INTERVIEW WITH THE FISHWIFE

In the leopard-wait of night come upon,
I swim the open land. I watch the city net.

The bight, passed through
these notches of continent, easting all over
in the semidarkness, wave cathedrals
back into wave again.

More halved distances. Umbrage of
eighths, entombed, gallant in their entombing.

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No. It was more the allure of a wall.
If it was or were a wall,
zipping up an upwise wind.

Fish-pelt flower,
pink scales on my belt,
shoes and stockings,
I am chiefly gutting.

Nothing holds like I do.

I sleep on a bridge of chairs
and in unending water,
my skin comes clean off.