

JAY SNODGRASS

Island Psalm

I can see the islands from the high-rise balcony
In my mind. The tiny yellow “check engine” light
In my eye. I worry that appearance will become
Everything. I straighten my tie before I eat the fish
The ocean brought me. My dream uncorks on you
And my oils separate the night. There is no stain.
The flat crescent of the planet points its finger
Away from me, that is, from the self. In the far,
Far off, a pine break gives hope to an ending
Or is it the smoke of some tiny fire?
I keep hoping for everything to take a word,
An open hole to the burning lungs
Of the deeper shape of the planet. I pray.
Come on Archangel, start fucking this up!