

IV

Armed with a mirror,
Opinions to hide my hunger,
I inhabit the stones of the road.

If I keep on going I will reach the end,
My skin falling off,
My bones individually laughing,
On vacation forever
In the long summer of death,
Like an aging clown,
Cured of personality.

Paul Zweig

THE FISHERMAN'S LADY

I am quiet, so quiet
that the buzzing of fly wings
disturbs me and the shifting of clouds
and mouths of pearl-eyed fish
open me with pain.
I am like the seller in town
who sits all night on a pier
his line tossed out for perch.
By morning the only thing caught
is himself, so he sleeps
and in a dream peels back
his blood-shot skin to a hook
curled on his ribs.
I am the eye of his pain
and the needle that has sewn
a net inside his heart.
I am his sadness
even as a kingfisher's feather.
I offer this dream to the sea
where nothing is green
but the darkness.