

Brian Henry

VESSEL

Because another day brings to light what another day brings,
the anchor gripped for a second then slipped
and nothing of any consequence happened.

Because the motion must be constant,
because the motion subsumes all that comes in contact,
the idea of the ship slides, and, its function forgotten,

the day is no longer a ship but a vessel,
the descent undramatic, slow enough
to go unnoticed by those unacquainted

with the art of the voyage, but this vessel is leaning,
that shore no harbor to hope for.

HEART

That fixture
 on which to hang
a capsized vessel,

 the wind nestled
in its ribs, an eel
 picking through the remains

of those who did not survive
 or lift to the surface
to hang there.