



SHARP FISH

Eric Weiskott

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SAMIZDAT PRESS
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for Emily

into the unknown,
the natural light
between dog & dog
between dog & wolf,
apart, increasing
the dog & the wolf,
the natural life
of light, to issue
& issue, unknown,
in the presence

the moonshine hiccoughs
& it is july
everywhere

as if certain elms
stood for us, smoking
somewhere in morse

& they have fallen
for the first time

as if "bad" explodes
& we are children
again, in our own
countries, envelopes
of ache

we broke our bottles
everywhere

damned & okay

we forgot staples
everywhere, oh well

other things glistened,
naming the era
"jamie mellow sux"
or something stupid
like that; the north pole
wept on us then, nearest
to anywhere else

o square texaco

upon whose 't' hungry
jesuses bicker

our cars wait in line
out of habit,
digital or not

here are people, in
actual spaces

praying & 'scrooging,
here we are, stockinged
dreams & all, in the
streets

but here also is
knowledgeable space,

far, almost upright,
& there, & there

we all die sometimes,
quoting shakespeare or
baking, engraven
on the day

oh, what fancy hands
what wonky commies
at last, life on the
bomb

and we all think,
"to have loved & lost"

after Tegnér

nature is dead. we
represent ourselves

in love, late for work,
charged with foolishness

what large cars we make
each spring, stuffed with love

letters to the living;
we congregate

this is a year of
green phenomena

the apples
die from all corners

the ocean lawyers
the land

the grapes hang like rats
fanged, unwilling

a new wine, angry
& real

this is the end
we search in the barns
& sleep in the barns

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