



8 Poems Every Month

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You wake up in the dead of night with the knowledge that the state you are in is shaped like a foot. It is Florida. The machine whirrs next to you, shedding green light around the room. The machine advertises uses for mosquito netting, infant cribs, and travel. The baby is snoozing soundly. You remember that your mother used one of these in the early '80s, before you were born. That was on Long Island. They still use them in Florida. It's a cross between an air conditioner and a truck-mount pesticide sprayer. Florida points south toward Cuba, the nearest place we can kick. You roll over and that's the last thing you remember.

Eric Weiskott teaches English at Boston College. His poems have appeared in *burntdistrict*, *Canopic Jar*, *Cricket Online Review*, *Front Porch*, *rain dog*, *remark*, *Versal*, *Waterways*, and elsewhere. His first chapbook was *Sharp Fish* (Middletown, CT: Samizdat Press, 2008). He tweets at @ericweiskott.