

Anathallo "Genessaret"

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We looked hard;
I stood on the bottom.

Calloused tiptoes,
Splintering wood,
Waterlogging.

Break up, come back together. Genessaret.

I want to skip like a stone from a stronger arm.
Each one I throw is moving somewhere.

Oh, let me go.
I will go out, out, out, out
Past these yellow ropes.
I am not afraid.

They sway there like
The shredded ones hung
From my parents' tree
Where I pumped my legs
And I broke into sweat.

I never saw my face
In the bird bath mirror,
Red as blood
And I was tired.

For a minute short, there was a wonder.
A sense after the momentary weird blur,
In the space of expectancy
When you wake,
When you open your eyes.

When you expect to see the same thing that
You've seen. First, the ceiling:
Grey from great oak.
Grey from great oak.
He'd thrown his net over us.
(Stringy hands, stained glass)

And all his sounds, the same today.

But my body changed.
Something in the salty sheets
Was pressing in on me.

Stuck and stinging, I keep rolling.

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