

FISHERMAN TALKS TO HIMSELF

Douglas Stanton

How ugly I was in that beautiful place.
Eating butterfish and oysters in the evening.
Thinking I would not die.
Drinking under the gauze lanterns until I forgot
what my name was like
in Dee's mouth.
Forgetting the secret light pouring
over her red stones.
Thinking she could not die far away
without me.
Saying pretty words for fucking
on the beach with Jane.
Never weeping for the light gashing
from our hurried discovery.
Requiring a passage
with ourselves bellied out,
dark, lunging downwind, in it.
Thinking it was the sun going down, being eaten.
Not us.
Forgetting I would have to manage
these words the way the beautiful fish I killed
managed.
The bitten, secret hardness suddenly in them.