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Homing

Dennis Schmitz

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6 pm sun
condenses on the unequal sea.
I imagine Tomales sharks
twitching the chill
with rough flanks, homing.
 & the flounder their prey damned

to stare upward, homing.
you taught me to accept my scent,
how to speak face down
the slow zeros of exhalation—

in short, to swim against what
seemed to me human.
I was wrong, not wronged
not to try that other water,
proceed to the difficult

backstroke over a cobble of pool lights,
my eyes upward, the insatiate
lungs pumping into darkness.