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O, MY SKIN! OR, MORNING IN CORNIGLIA

I slept in the fiberglass,
it was pink,
I dreamt of the urchins,
they waited,
and of the nearly fresh inlet
which had in it a limestone jetty
and an Italian swimming man
and I called for the restaurateurs
who were arguing above the inlet.
I ate the plant they told me to eat,
it had thorns and a spine yet was not a cactus,
I thought of a man,
he was angry and said Get up!
and the first thing I saw
was the orange Frigidaire
and the limes that they grow now
in Liguria, salted with the air's
salt. I ran along the lines,
I was lanky and common
and my skin was common
and black, the sun upright
on the upright Ligurian sea!