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Hooked

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HOOKED

ALISON LOUISE HARNEY

You ghost crab, you pinch,
calm the breeze and I'm still quivering.

Sandy specks of Appalachia spray against my thigh,
crush into burnt skin—

I'm saying let's begin

this rush, this tide. Let's pull in clouds
and shut the open; let's unlace all my ties.

Let's snap elastic, crack halves from the seagull's height,
pick endangered sea oats—*Uniola paniculata*,

let's engage in the ridiculata, raid a nest for turtle eggs
and raise the kids for soup. Crash our ship

on oyster shells, cut a fat toe deep,
let's never sleep

alone. My heart's a washed-up dogfish, a fallen
gamut in the sand, I'm open as a boiled clam,

skies pinker than eight-thirty. You swimming lab,
you buried bur,

it's finally our turn.

27