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## Sick Business

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*Sick Business.*

D.A. POWELL

Everything I don't want you to know right away I write like the sea hag in ligatures. Their three powerful knots increasing velocity with each unbinding. Gentle south, expedient north. I'm saving the tempest [for last] for, lashed to the past and sailor-sirened toward the blank blue face of— They do turn up that way. Slabs of marble were his eyes. There's beauty in drowning. I have danced on a dead man's chest. Yo, ho. I been carried through dark and stars fell on me like golden asphodel. You gotta get whipped sometimes on deck. Who wants to stay trapped in the world of what's merely possible. That, my boy, is the knot you must never untie.