

2014

# Easter

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## *Easter*

The police came.

I got my beans  
from a small island,

thinking of you  
and the baby.

Seagulls eating the bulk

of a whale. Its delicate  
bones projected through

a flat drum of skin,  
gray streaked with salt

and glut of smooth

inner coil. The police  
were infinitely calm,

the island lit, whale  
rolled back. Nobody

could look away. You must

be thirty now, still plump,  
carrying that milk scope,

that crisp area of lobe,  
your second sight.