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Sergei

Jessica Laser

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JESSICA LASER

Sergei

He irks the phone I could remove
And touch the water.
Man of what pebbles
The government pours

To adorn concrete lapping waves
Denote as slabbed beaches,
Views of an island so recently
Opened, no public generation has been.

Meeting the couple concrete
Ends of the dock, the man
Whose legs puncture water
Is in it. His islands

Dictate their two-story summer homes
To me, he says so,
“Now they will be no one’s
Till the rich buy them up again.”

These boundaries I OK.
If the islands were everyone’s
We couldn’t imagine them mine,
As we know to, something equal

To the being in possession of it.
While the sun is setting
The islands look honest—
Sullen lumps of sodden granite,

White as I think of them
Turning to think of something else,
To see if I can, if the man loves me.
I know he’s been looking

And how I’m ashamed,

An island, slow-moving
Heat the sun sets apart.
I remove myself

At the pace of the spider.
I carry his burdens
Far as the sensation
Of ownership goes.