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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!