After the Broken Shoulder

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After the Broken Shoulder,

I thought of the force in the fish. I did
my exercises, I extended my ailing arm along the table
into the lipped, resistant cincture of the rosebud
of my pain, until it widened, until
I made it a sleeve of small glass stabs
I entered, up to the wrist, then higher,
moving into the pain, and thereby changing the pain,
as somewhere else the vapor altered itself
through multiplying itself and so returned
to earth as rain, the poet of rhyme and rule
lay down beside the poet of crazy slam
and there was to-fro sexual spelunk
and neither one would write the same again, the force
was an immanence steeping
into a deeper-dyed idea of itself inside the fish,
was like the dream of the hand of a puppeteer
in a live and literal fish, I pushed
one quarter-inch of veldt and grassy plain and asphalt alleyway
at a time across the top of that impossible table, now
the fins were nearing a pebbled shelf, as somewhere else
the sugar inside of the twig was nearing green,
and the writhe in the web was a sugar closer to wings,
and the atoms of hand in the atoms of fin
were alchemizing, up to my elbow, higher,
wear ing the pain, reducing the pain in wearing the pain
from here to its horizon line, my twenty reps, the grains of sand,
the first step and the first breath,
and I clambered out onto the land.