Return Of The Shantyman

Jae Choi
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for Bas Jan Ader

The ocean is mostly a weathering bay, set aside of the world. Did you know?

Gauzy sun, a coin of vision. I handle it freely in the open air.

Cloud-mother, my ocean has land on every side, a mounting

where a man can shoulder rural expanse into his hands.

I'd flower deep the keel, I'd fence the hull-tides,

but for the wetland steam fastening awe to my shirt collar.

Compass eye floret to the knothole, this dog's a letter to higher meaning.

Moeder, is it dinner yet? Sail on infinite, as always.

A severe one-sheet sky serving a pendulous shadow spoke the idea

and then I described the invisible come down,
switchstance barrels
of the moon over the mirror-plain.

Capsized center of me,
I can apprehend the perfect flyer.

It does not know my absenting grief.