

Swept over like a cow's lick on a gushy groundswell of "fingernail sensitivity",
swollen sailboats,
tossed like salad,
cast out washy lines.
But there's no trusting in ocean tectonics: "Auf den Wellen, gibt es nichts als Wellen" and who
would expect less,
than a full-blown over,
on his side
slippery and split?

Under melting caps, the surface grew sodden and cracked, corduroy suffering, rising damp,
and leaks blasting up from Leviathan's blow-hole,
soaking all through to the skin,
at least, up to the neck.
An incessant drip dripping from overflowing hemispheres, and kitchen sink dramas.
So send out shoals of seapunks,
roaming from pirate coast to pirate coast,
desperately seeking the little Dutch boy
to put his finger in the dyke.

When the opening had run dry,
plastic cups collected by currents in Great Pacific gyres, its survivors huddled along shorelines,
crying over spilt milk and waving off
the maiden voyage for Schlaraffenland,
singing "meer und meer-Busen,"
plunging under cardboard quavers,
flotsam and jetsam,
bobbing up and down,
suspended in jars
like curios.

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