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## swallowing the salt of sanded seas / missionary position

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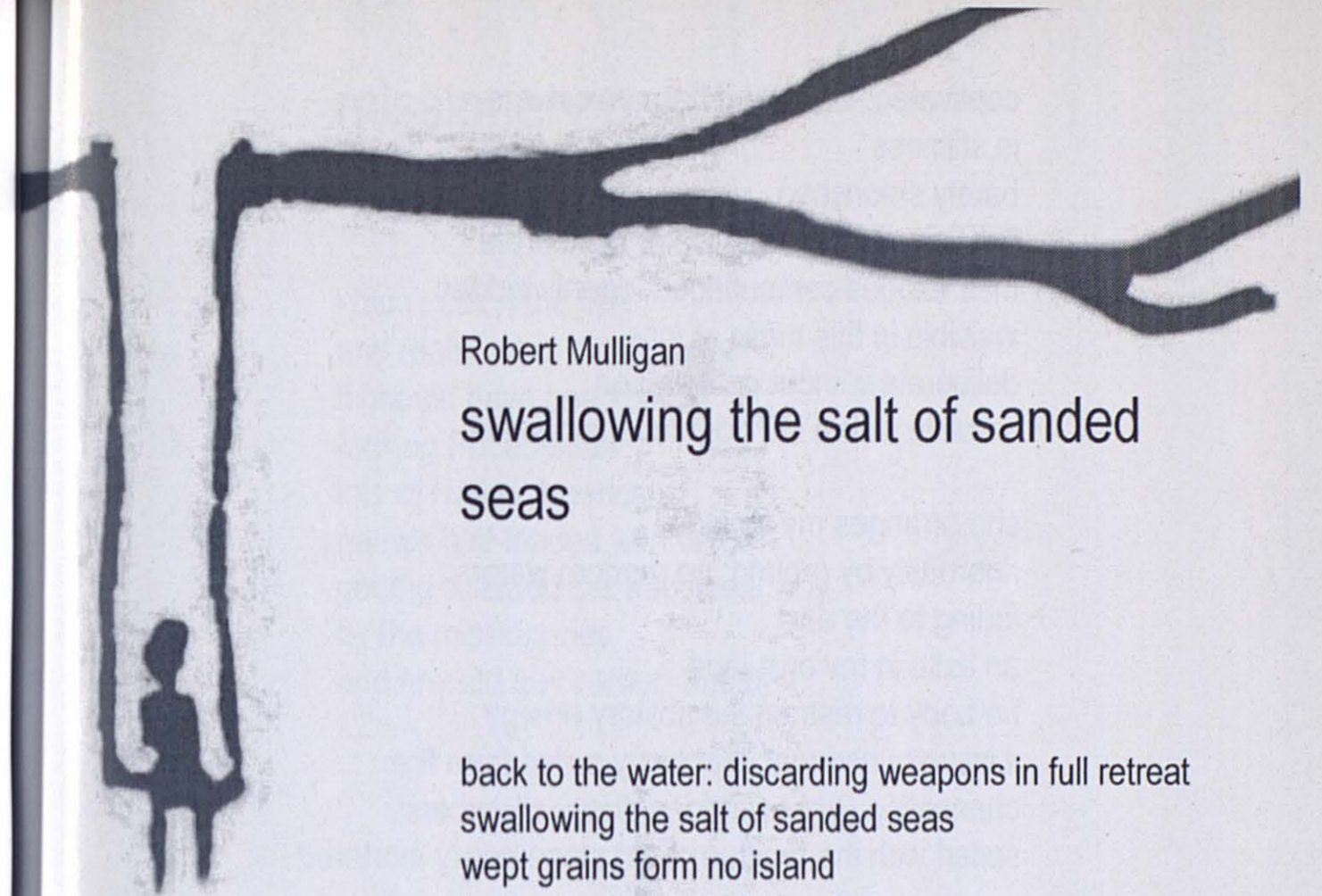
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Robert Mulligan

swallowing the salt of sanded  
seas

back to the water: discarding weapons in full retreat  
swallowing the salt of sanded seas  
wept grains form no island  
harvest not as infant beach  
never rise as promontory for purchase, pause, or  
peace

a float with abandon  
cursing that i swim at all  
drowning's pacific eclat precedes itself  
fictively resisting the certainty of its aftermath  
then to be tumbled in the deafening margin

disgorged from the soundless scream  
wounded  
captured  
confined  
sentenced to now forever  
manacled  
ever to be shorn in silence by the consort of my foe  
a woman with differing eyes  
healing hands  
she who speaks a spatial tongue

captivated: we attend harmonic rivers  
in stillness  
barely staunched  
the flow of blood and water accelerate  
their exodus camouflaged: openly hidden  
invisible in this mass of loss  
deliberate without deliberation  
resolute with a will no force may gentle

she arranges my escape  
rigorously by ground: no random waters  
fading to the east  
an exile in my own land  
no body to restrain the solitary energy  
it issues unsought: electricity culled from fire  
channeling light to sodden dusky chambers  
salted with the residue of old stone newly mortared

## missionary position

i didn't catch the title  
and really, what did it matter?  
it should have been called  
fucking Pocahontas  
lots of Native Americans  
names half-loaded with verbs  
getting screwed the traditional way  
by the missionaries  
and any old guy named Smith