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swallowing the salt of sanded seas / missionary position

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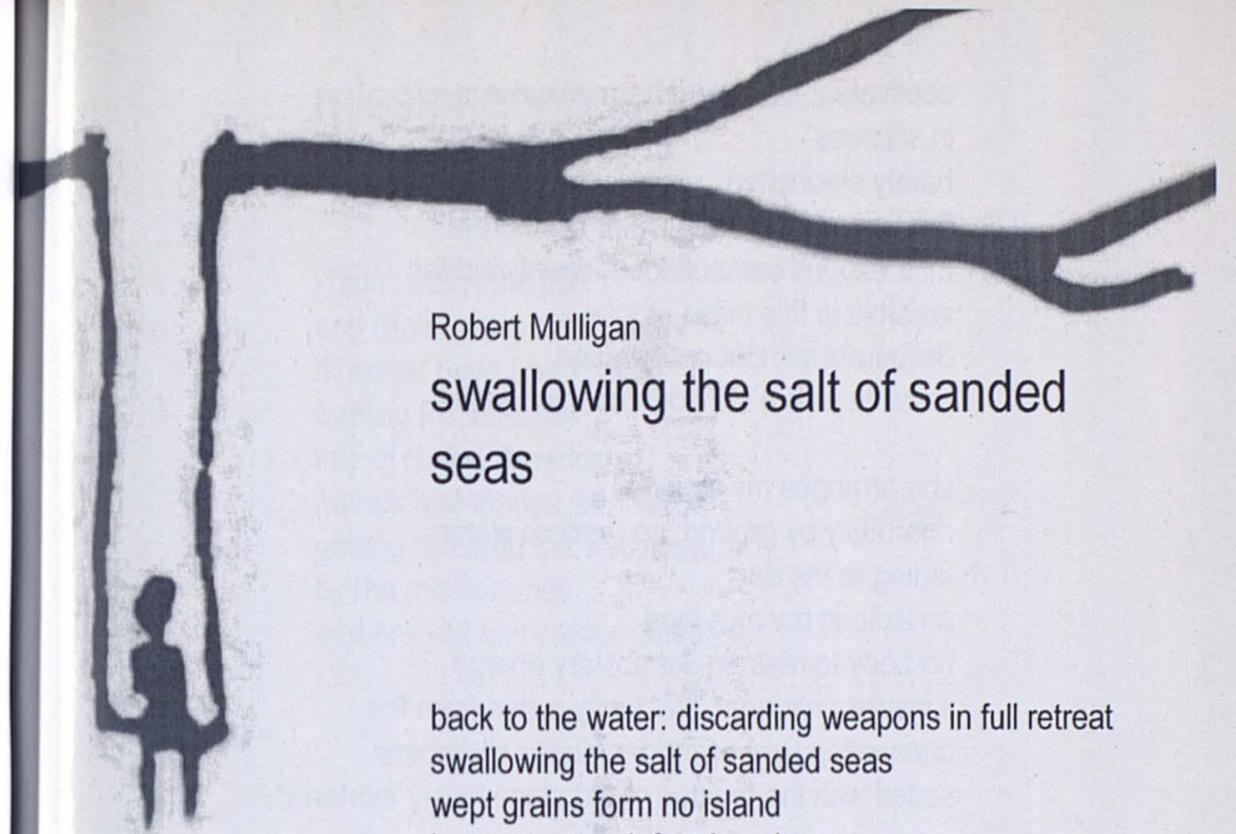
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Robert Mulligan

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

afloat 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