

*A Very Distinct Corner of a Flooding Home*

Sags, and so  
Farewell to need  
hunger describes  
so poorly, the snows  
of the last new year  
only making cold  
through gaps in memory, gaps  
I'm ashamed of  
this present sun only good  
for making sweat while falling  
awake, wet noises below  
wish

Farewell to sleep  
impossible through  
salt memory, skin memory  
preserved dry tongue  
and dryer throat coated  
the quiet flushing  
white that wicks, not like cotton  
at all, more salt  
lazily maintaining meat,  
great interpretive swathes  
of brown damage,  
basement filled and painted  
long ago,  
abandoned my bailing  
after you'd gone  
so many months later a closet and  
now the walls of the first floor  
beyond sopped with  
salt. My coats are now useless,

Farewell to dryness,  
the distinct corner, the basement, becoming  
an aquarium of empty,  
fluid somnolence interspersed  
with belts like eels, Roy Orbison records,  
a blind moray like  
a baseball bat, sealed jar of spent and snapped  
razors, a portrait of ruined Marat  
it all is ferruginous and sticky, but  
the salt water is not tears  
it is the fleeting literality  
of a space filled with polluted and thus  
now natural Atlantic water, opalescent sheen  
punctured by bendy straws, uncut  
beer-rings, the bones and bloated  
bodies of dead and dowsed sea-critters  
crustaceans, feathers slicked with  
oil at one point  
I make my way up the stairs  
through the carpeted steps  
overtaken by salt  
and I sit on the roof, the crests  
lap my house, in great wide hoops  
like young and pale exuberant dogs

Farewell  
to the day and to need  
and the freshwater lawn  
you tended  
for me and your land once  
rich from finding I fear  
I'll never find again