

Under the Pier

Under the pier, smashed bottles and shells,
bead game bunting and paper bags, used
rubbers and pies of shit, plastic diapers,
smog-red sun running down the ruined
funhouse distracting me until I trip:
ear over peeling eye it rolls from my foot
whistling sand from cracked white lips, coming
to rest its hollow cheek against the cold fire
leg removed from one three-hoofed horse,
foaming neck still tied to its red-waved
sleigh as if to pull it up & down
again over & over in time to the tunes
beating out from the center. Seagulls
barking through long bars of shadows,
the long-beaked bones marking high tide.
A fist tightens in my bowels. *The scaly
thing*. I clench my eyes. *The boyishness
of the dog-faced boy*. Stumbling through
the sand, I swallow. *The man with three arms*.
I swallow. *Crawling. Mounds of woman flesh*.
Swallow. Air. Salt. The cold water.