

from Juked #5, Spring 2008

FOR HORATIO HORNBLOWER
WHO IS NOT YET NAMED

An emperor's grace, slow
no-space, catalogue of fish turns
sculling shallow depths.
Your mother lays on the couch,
Horatio. There is a laying
of hands. Her brother —
who I love and look over
to on long drives for his shadow,
his hands holding the wheel —
is shy of her body. Your
body where now we feel
the skull, the limpid
reeling curl. What a surprise,
Horatio, when I found
him sitting on my porch
like all days had been this one.
Little thunder, you. You
already pith and sturdy
frond. Your mother lays
on the couch, Horatio,
and one by one we ask
her blessing through our hands.
One day, you realize
all days have fed this one.
This one, right here —
a small crescendo,
the loudest noise we hear.