BAIT

My final mouth lives to eat.
The garden lay ashed, as in rags,
as in crabshell: armor and claws
eightly in unknowable directions.
Each worldly spine lay fitted with blood.
The vitals ache of sun,
two filthy rocks pressured together.
Light folds, passing for marrow;
something cloven, even common
clutching at the downward road
as night passages out the island,
salmon king high in his teeth—
this lord, he will surface as gold.
Where reefs parent a colony
of bombs, the stench of collars
even here; decay ground into seabottom.
The gills lift and rush at the hook,
the crown bones creep nearer,
a shawl spurts up as naiads,
home a wire drenched in skin.