Neck of the World

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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.