Mornings on the beach, magisterially early,
you’d been up for hours while we’d lumbered,  
_yea, verily_, clear-cutting the forests of Siberia,  
soon to be hung-over, disabled & bound  

By a sense of yet another capitulation  
to cliché: _should I leave my diaphragm in?_  
Stumped, as it were, I sprang for the strange.  
I labored for nearly an _hour_ over a poem.  

By then you’d come up from the shore,  
as sails unfurled over the glint of the sound.  
A woman out of R. Crumb cut across the field,  
all breasts and boots and calves. You stared at her  

then read my poem: “Krakatoa Toothbrush Painters.”  
_Strange, you said, but predictable, like yesterday’s antlers._