

TANK LIFE

My shadow's hard edge
will drape the curb
as I walk home
from coffee on the bench
surrounded by men
talking of social clubs
and dances I thought
were glassed in another era,
as old-fashioned as girls
revealed by quarters
in a slot, as brilliant
as black-lit anemones
and soft corals over the bar.
A forest of subterfuge
is our lifestyle and haunt
as fish. As fish we adore
the watery eyes of patrons,
the unsettled seas within
their glasses, the daily
tasks their joyousness
must be proof of.