

BEACHED

They somersault behind me—
the bristly ones with tufted ears
the sharp-tusked ones with horns—

the beasts that follow me
from Circe's beach. They're with me
now, snapping at my heels,

whimpering for a one-night stand,
a salty snack, a heil.
And they'll be with me by the cross,

one eye on the clock, waiting
for a bone to chew In dreams
I walk the beach, hoof prints melting

in my wake, a reptile's coin-slot eyes
half-blind with searching out
the perfect shell for you.