

BREAKING LOOSE

Bert Almon

glass globes, floats lost from nets
 carried by the Kuriyoshi current from Japan
 clear glass, beached like monstrous eggs
 or parts from a Martian spacecraft
 safe all these miles, a few scratches
 from the rough approach to the shore
 size of a fist, size of a skull
 trademarked with crisscross characters
 the dumb message of another world
 no one sends them back

boys smash them
 collectors fashion lamps, or hang them
 clustered like grapes from the ceiling

I float in inland waters, becalmed
 a cork bobber with a barbed tongue
 I always surface

a string draws me in
 suppose I turned glass, got lost in open water
 feeling out currents, passing blind fish
 and glowing monsters, finding rocks at last
 to shatter in sight of shore, or easy beach
 to wash up, brittle-naked on the sand
 a sea-trove for whose strange hands
 whose eyes to read the scratches on my skin. . . .