

Poem

Landlocked
a thousand miles either way
from any sea
I sail to my acre of grass
rip the Ganges from a dry gutter
splash the China Seas
over my clump of clover
fill my lungs
with the breath of pepper
and brown flesh
then drift off on a placid sea
my raft, a rumkeg
filled with Spanish Doubloons
crusted here and here
with honest men's blood

At sunset
my horizon glows
I scream a curse at a star
sell my soul cheaper than any Faust
fart twice
and dream of drifting to Byzantium
Justinia
and sexes six ways to nine

— *J. McLeod*