

Decisions

gulls kick apart
some grey shape

perhaps they hunger enough
to eat shadows

manytongued workmen
argue procedure
in the uncoiling of bowels

i find a few bones
and feathers
in conference
deciding what should be done

the slanteyed sea
crawls in on hands and knees
with advice

—*Hank Johnsen*

Sheila

Sheila
you worked
two husbands
like chopsticks tense
in your fingers

nights your sheets
groaned with sweat
like cripples

Sheila
your lips break over me
hungry as bones
for earth

your nails
scratch out the moon
like a grave
and i lie down
in the casket
of my flesh

—*Hank Johnsen*