

The Cup

The cup each morning that I kiss
its belly glazed
with marching fish
a midnight blue
the fish
the lip
the handle
of the cup I kiss.

How do I know
they're marching fish
I hear no beat
fish have no feet
a single solemn line alone
may sink
or swim
or surf the Rhône.

I know
they march
because I turned the bottom up
and there was burned
the maker's mark
the killer's script
in Poland Made
the cup I kiss.

—Benjamin Shalva