

Shipwreck —Domestic

It's like in tinkling the whiskey inside the bell
of its tumbler in blending sugar fruit cream
and cold we think of ice as domestic as a tool
as a tool we use for delight a tool to delight this
tongue awkward at its own party it's like we look
at this glass in our hands at what we can make
of sand and fire at what contains and what cannot
be kept we look at what bears our burdens on
between the ice and this polished deck this deck
of treated oak over water it's like the bright steel
laid for dinner thick in its handles its sunward shine
its liquid silver pretty as a pool of poison and starlight
it's like we don't even think of the vessels
of our bodies of how much we live inside a wreck
inside this cold impossible falling