

Martin Beach

your haemorrhoid looks
like one of those
iridescent indigo shells on
Martin Beach one is
drying out in my jeans'
pocket right now probably
missing the sea blaming
me for the grief perhaps if
you were less of a son
perhaps if I were less of a
leech 12 519 steps none
of them to righteousness
dead-playing not
answering or returning her
calls wishing humiliation
got easier with each
bruise bear-claw-striped
waist you you are an
animal the most starving
of all 12 519 steps today
each walk either stems
from or ends with shame