

If Chosen, I Think

I'd row.

But no choice, no oars,
no reason for them,
no *which way*?

All water.

I'd hoist
sails
– but the boat's
barreled.

I'd walk on water.
No faith.

Aircraft carrier –
No V
from a president.
Grow wings?

I'd swim
in the rain, in the sheets of wave,

I'd wave,
flatten out, go with it
and crash over
the deck.

I'd drink my ration.

I'd whimper like the animals.
I'd check the horizon, now and now.

I'd try not to.

I'd vomit.

I'd spit to taste
what isn't salt,
and taste it.

I'd breathe
against his neck, take

his fingers away.
I'd do it.