

Siphon, Harbor

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BROOKLYN COPELAND

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*My life
by water—
Hear*

*

Tiered objects of her talking and water below.

*

what bursts in the very moment of bursting is image.

Homily

They had fished all night
but caught nothing.

He implied that they would catch
in deep water.

The command contained
a promise.
In reliance

*on Your Word I will
let down the nets.*

Marina

Morse Lake forms
where the Big
creek meets

the Little creek—
bits of boat,
bits of dock

mark the spot.

At the marina,
 we skipped gravel
 to diseased
 ducks, wondering
if they'd mistake
 rocks for bread.

Hammers break open

geodes: scalene
jig-jags. My teeth

ache at the sound.

The hammers break, too.

Anonymous stinking fishes
 belly-up—
 mutable sequins glittering in the mud.
To this day, to me all
 silver smells red.

Someone's anemone
 unelaborate runtbud
muscling through
 woodwork

Termite trained to
grunt work
to false words

with white fists— my

sepal
quintuple.

People you know (your family

the unfettered
recovered in these:

your jaybird informant
informing instead
 a brochure sky

the heron
 nerd bird
 loner and long

the pelican
 as I recall him
 balding, indiscreet

seagulls at the sandfleas.

Unblemished flesh wasted

on the modest

(parse, mince, parse, mince)

the page's sincerest commands

sound us out; don't be scared

en plein jour

en plein air.