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John Spizziri

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JOHN SPIZZIRI

“My father immigrated to New York
so’s he could make his choice in life,
and I walked a girl home
who wasn’t Catholic.

He said I was no better
than him or God,
if I wanted his ice-truck
when he was through
let her go.
So I immigrated here to San Diego
and tuna,
and I’ve fished for the tuna
since there was ice-trucks.
It’s starting to show in my footsteps.

Hit by booms,
as many slits in my face by nets
as there are states,
overside once every time out,
these two fingertips gone by a knife,
and I guess I would do this again.

Last trip out
when I looked in the hatch
at the fish packed in ice,
I thought of him.

I wish he’d known me
when my bones
and eyes were better,
when my hands
were hard as anchors
and the ladies
moved under me
breathing like the sea.”