

# CutBank

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## Island

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## ISLAND

The chain drops through transparent bursts of tide;  
His anchor rests between the inlets at a full cafe;  
Only thin trees come down to violets in a window ledge.

The hull he leaves for foreigners, partly burned  
And shining in the depths. Downstairs  
He entertains the sand with stories of his father

Who loved birds and tattooed a lark on his arm.  
The cave where at five he agreed  
To show himself to little girls has grown.

It is no longer their expecting eyes making him alone.  
It is not epiphanies of silent dancers who  
Sit down wondering if they are friends.

He confides to her that he has landed —  
While she sleeps. The island is his own; the trucks  
Deposit workers at their stations in the fields;

Men who never loved circle his fire;  
The surf brushes a kitchenette where  
A girl puts on the gas and waits.

He opens his hand and the lark is dead.  
The sound of clapping shuts off; only  
Wind comes up the inlet,

Whipping the flame,  
Finding holes in the forest,  
Blowing fine drifts over his legs.