Spring 2001

The Stone Letters: My Tesellas, Strung, Necklace of Messages

Nils Michals

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss55/6

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.
Pygmalion,

Today a Blue, throat and fluke in the dock hoist. A pose, flash smoke, and the wharfhands mill about the planks, caps askew and slapping backs until I watch no more, spyglass to the outermost house beneath the sweep of the lighthouse, the breakers, evening's mirror as the grunion beach in silver sheets and further, darker, groupers play the angles undetected. Before a field clear and shifting, before a krillstorm, those overlit soirees of annoyed hips and swallowtail waiters, where anemone bloom like amnesia. My shutter, my shutter, the compass needles for an iceberg, as the sea pulls the boys, tan and full of mackerel, the boys drifting for my window with their handfuls of pebbles. And through a window at evening, distant and tinnish, at last reaching you, the swing of scythes. On blacker dreams, on unending autobiographies, those appropriate ghosts tacking through ballrooms untouched, I give nothing, take not a thing, the deaf spyglass obsessing on the tense
and slack of slipknots at the boatslip, a boat slipping
beneath the telescope's sail. So few choose

their finder, having a rage famous for its quiet—
my sailor's poor scrimshaw, my hoop frame unskirted,

by my soap and dim light I leave my Beast,
arched like a lover to the hull.

Galatea