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

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**MY TESELLAS, STRUNG, NECKLACE OF MESSAGES**

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,  
arcked like a lover to the hull.

Galatea