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Of a Monstrous Shipwreck and its Abridgment in a Glass of Water

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CATE PEEBLES

*Of a Monstrous Shipwreck and its Abridgement
in a Glass of Water*

What were you thinking on your orphaned city bed,
so stubbed, so stranded? Was it, *Crack the western
window?* Incorrectly lamenting, "A bridge, a bridge,
and all our striding upon it; never, never

enough guardrail." How we are such a chrysalis
braving frost. Let the skeleton fluoresce
and layer itself daily anew; it is reckless
to swallow the swarm whole, to not let it unpin

you; more reckless not to gasp at all, to go
down curled and larval with the treasure chest.
So, voyage depends on voyager's ability to cleave
his wrack when sinking. Lie back and think

of your wreck while making eyes at the
harpoon. A broken straw is not really
broken, only light-lanced and tricky. Allow
a sip to wander in. The most impossible umbrage

loses weight more quickly this way. You are
newly impaled and ready for the beam's crux. Your
cracked soliloquies multiply and subtract; you must
swindle a foothold, your mouth ever gaping at surface.