Still Shipwrecked, Please Send Better Help

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“We must not look at goblin men, / We must not buy their fruits”
—Christina Rossetti

Some were monkeys, others cats, and under each apron
a shy phallus, soft sea cucumber. But polite,

asking only for a silver penny. It was another sort that smashed
up against me, chipped the paint off my bow shaped lip,

and I logged and dated the dips in pressure of his leaving,
along with helpful facts: *brine shrimp eggs can lay dormant*

for several years. *The whale shark swims with his whole body,*
*but achingly slow. Clams have little toes for reproduction.*

If I’d had a sister she might have saved me in some fairytale
way, brought me burning cure. I’d have run her hair

through this record player I rescued from deluge,
till the diamond trilled out the voices in each strand.