Still Shipwrecked, Please Send Better Help

Rebecca Hazelton
STILL SHIPWRECKED, PLEASE SEND BETTER HELP

“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.