

Floating

Bill Rasmovicz

Of all skies, the one tearing the ground from itself.

Dusk, my pulse in my teeth.
A single boat hauling in the darkness.

What is it that devours us?
Upright from the tide, the head of a monkfish,
its eyes eaten out.
From the shipyard, steam

where they're manufacturing the hour from bone
and steel.

Somewhere our lives are beginning again without us.

Of all substance, is it the body
closest to light? Is it silence, the amplitude
of unrest?

The scrawl of gulls and lolling mist, I hold my
breath,
a weight to keep me from rising.

Giant's Despair

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I stepped outside myself.
In the effluvium of passersby.
My life, in spite of all I loved, was

rainwater skidding into a sewer grate.
The withered sack of a man was retrieving
his groceries from the cobblestones,

the mildew of city lights, a distortion of
souls. That I could stand here at all,
I thought; the desire of my bones to be

dust, my heart, pigeons scattering from a
windowsill. I checked my pocket for a wallet,
keys. I wanted to believe I was:

more than the speculation of a few stars.
And I was free. But of what?
Darkness was stealing the sheen from

a lapidary's window, the stray rim of a
bicycle, scrunching itself into a fist.
I reached to recover myself. There was

nothing. My tongue swelled fat as a loaf of
bread. Slack then: the night unmoored
from its iron post. And all around me

the buildings sagging, my lungs heaving
from the weight of god.
Or his absence.