

Samsara Counts

Fishing

I

Tom, my cousin, six,
strained to raise his net from the water.
Inside, a carp pitched. Tom grunted;
the carp smacked the rain-soaked

dock. The carp thrashed,
the grimy bat swung.
The carp shed its blood in fat gout.
My cousin tugged the hook out,
held the carp by its lips, posing.

II

On a cruise, I revel in dark wind.
Someone grabs me. *Hey sexy*,
pinning me
against the railing, clutching my waist.

I shove him off but lean too far:
we fall over the side, entangled.
I wake, thrashing
the sheets, my love beside me.