

Edith Van Beek / FISHERMAN

He lives with the sea,
gives himself
to its order of things,
fish believe his bait,
his net, air beats
their brains like drums
—the throat of his boat
rises, falls.

Talk is tedious
you know that
by the way his eyes work,
the way his body
moves to get away—
there are spaces
between his teeth
where words clog
in the tide
of his tongue.

He waits
when you enter his light;
sky covers everything.