

“It Was Foul And I Loved It.” — Augustine

The sea is absolute in this:
 no high society, no hymen, no new rich.
 Each beautiful face it woos and etches
 in its double time and what's worse —
 we carry this oblivion
 within us, sappy and precious
 as the tattooed heart of Mother.
 You'd think we could be less ruthless
 in this condition — salined
 and sucked out — an urge
 aborted, desire's half-eaten
 sweet-cake. You'd imagine
 there would be less swagger,
 less airs. But we're pulled
 from our best intentions by the sea
 with its terrible averages,
 its long division carried out
 to the numberless place.
 We can't remember — are we the sea,
 the fiercest self-gratifier,
 or are what's tossed and spilled,
 fragrant and inflamed, the shameless
 thing that's always in a lather?
 It kisses everybody's ass.
 It loves what stinks. Fish
 shit in it. We eat the fish.