

SHARKS ARE FREEZING TO DEATH

Off the Atlantic arm of the Cape,
three threshers found on three successive

days—winter in Massachusetts

is an icy siren. It calls home storms
from afar, slams shut heavy cellar doors.

I've always been a swimmer, good

at letting go of land. I find islands between
parting horizons, escape both once the brittle sun

sinks. It's a spell, a shock to enter the cold,

a relief to return, & a surprise to rise
again—finally, washed up, cold-blooded

Lazarus to empty, overcast rooms.

Artless loss. The ocean won't freeze. Sharks swim
until they float, belly up. Dragged over the white spine

of the beach, how long did they thaw

before the saw opened them in warm waiting rooms?
I turn up the thermostat & pile on blankets,

Japanese whiskey neat. Frostbite begins

with the fingers. It ends with the feet.
I'll tell every lie to try one truth: the shark

mouths—pink, gripping rows of testing teeth.

I give in to the storm. Sometimes you must drown
in order to float, devoured again, again by hope.