

A Rowboat Splintered on the Rocks

Resin-coated pine looks like brine-logged honeycomb / bent to contours of shale in
the morning fog. Some of the stouter parts, / like the seat bracket / and the ribs every
sixteen inches, / resisted the moisture and dis- / memberment. / Jagged with
rebellion—they would riot in the streets / if their dependent faculties, / arms and
legs, if you will, were not soggy and helpless, / not even driftwood. All heart / and
no means, no finger to point, / no voice to shout. Soon, / very soon, not even a
thought to sink.