

## Hunger

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It was hard to believe the flesh was heavy on my back.  
The fisherman said: Will you have her, carelessly,  
trailing his nets and his nerves, as though his words  
sanctified the purpose with which he faced himself. I  
saw his white bone thrash his eyes.

I followed him across the sprawling sands,  
my mind thumping in the flesh's sling.  
Hope lay perhaps in burning the house I lived in.  
Silence gripped my sleeves; his body clawed at the froth  
his old nets had only dragged up from the seas.

In the flickering dark his lean-to opened like a wound. The  
wind was I, and the days and nights before. Palm fronds  
scratched my skin. Inside the shack an oil lamp splayed the  
hours bunched to those walls. Over and over the sticky soot  
crossed the space of my mind.

I heard him say: My daughter, she's just turned fifteen...  
Feel her. I'll be back soon, your bus leaves at nine. The  
sky fell on me, and a father's exhausted wife. Long and  
lean, her years were cold as rubber. She opened her  
wormy legs wide. I felt the hunger there, the other one,  
the fish slithering, turning inside