

We saw the bureaucrats swim,  
anatomic scrawl, slim tad-

pole torpor, backward gamete  
crabs-walk against the red walls'

current the bureaucrats danced.  
Crawled more than swam.

Before them-

selves they poked their flagella  
and pulled their infantile bulk

like salvage behind them, didn't  
seem interested in much;

or maybe it was upstream  
they were straining, acting

out in fact.

How powerful  
the current was if it could do this, make

a rudder of resistance,  
a sail of river-hatred.