

this sixty eight or so used to be an electrical engineer
we call her cousin but she is not of our blood

when she was born her mother named her masthead
but she complains when her knuckles chap in the snow, this

cousin with three doctorates some rigged-up silver rocket
slouching like a saltflower clenched in a pulsating hand

we predict trajectories and race wheelchairs down the gun deck
our knowledge is godlike, but we are rag dolls to the sea