

## **Eastchester Bay [ending with an offering]**

Now to waterscape; I am escaping.  
Now to hooking bunker in the stern,

the cooler full with bluefish flop,  
the forearm sequined in broodspewn scale,

and here stands I darting minnows  
fishing with my child in our porgy spot

who tails angling boys, thinks  
bait & tackle—the sea did good

to starve him alive. The tongue did fix  
to good filet knife—Two-fingered spirit

of trawling gut, I will give him back.  
I will teach him how a single line

beleaguers dark water,  
whose fiend soul is bigger than us all.