

Dan Gutstein

The afterglow of a frigate riding

the sine waves
of livid currents, the moist rigging
to its moonstruck wings &
(our gaze flickers from
buttress roots or the anemic hunch &
crowns of pastel, plaster-block wall)
you face me w/ arms
crossed in front, not to deflect affection
but an admission of tenderness—

it renames my trajectory.

