

Monika Zobel

Wind (Blackbox)
— *after Celan*

Swallows blacken the beach.

I am throat-deep in water,
seaweed-singed, stone-cut.

*A shore of eyebrows, you said,
or eyebrow shore.*

What's the difference,
between two images?

No difference, only space.
A gash.

We watch
from opposite shores.

Driftwood ferries
its skeletons across.

