

Much Like You Shark  
Logan Ryan Smith



LRS

Much like you shark  
I meet the world harmlessly  
but in bad weather and murky waters,  
shark,  
in the noise of the blue open  
skyscraper  
tree-lined city street chatter  
chatter  
chatter-box teething  
little gums ringed with blood

like you,  
tiger shark,  
kicking shins  
working my way into others  
by accident  
by mis-  
direction  
not choosing my way  
or how the blood pools  
upward  
toward the surface  
  
and how my teeth  
tiger

shark  
bend backward in the grief of this

and how  
I continue to move

# # #

all 5 senses served up on the gutter  
mouth each tooth  
a burnt out little nub of a sometimes  
inhabited building  
sometimes flooded  
with mannequins and fish  
out of water  
traumatized as lightning satisfied  
with gravity as is  
and laughter in and out rattling  
each black nub  
rotting the mouth

# # #

at certain times of the year young albatross  
I am again smooth and blue  
with white underbelly  
and heightened senses sensing

you somewhere near the surface shadow  
play  
shadows play shadows swim and shimmer  
irresistibly of the coast of South Africa

and from the depths of sinking light  
I manage my magnificent body  
more manageable  
than previously realized  
toward your scant shadow tiny profile  
small webbed feet stammering

and knock you for a loop  
because I can't help myself

I find myself larger than I am and floating in oxygen  
and light

I  
a drinker  
and lover of the dark

\* \* \*

We've all stood at the shore and ruined  
our lives from time to time crunching

sand dollars for the sound and  
poking at the dead glassy jellyfish  
with the ends of our shoe

have watched the line out there broken

have seen ourselves as bait amongst bait

and how the line breaks  
it breaks  
and will break

then there's still time for others

bus lines  
airlines  
train tracks  
and old age

the thorny scratch\  
and metal cut

some way back  
and some way to end it

\* \* \*



in the crowded parking lot  
the chicken hawk  
corralled a blackbird  
with beak and claw  
caused cars to stop  
and watch  
the medium-size bird  
stop and struggle  
with the littler bird  
take off and land  
dig deeper for  
foreign screams  
and take off again in gravity  
nearly bumping off of windshields  
before stopping  
later  
on the highway

# # #

Like a heist  
I keep my belly full

I exist on the existence of others

and the ceaseless ceaselessness of ceasing

a town, a city  
a few buildings

a grid  
in an  
element

that works against movement and forms  
muscle tissue around the skeleton

but somehow talking doesn't strengthen the  
vocabulary  
breaking the horizon

a dark and purple line and haze  
a green and blue and grey and blur

a need to continue in movement  
and break the line  
from time to time in a split second

the separation  
and splash

the fleshy mess

## **AUTHOR'S NOTE:**

Logan Ryan Smith lives in San Francisco. He's the editor/ publisher of Transmission Press, and his first book, *The Singers*, will be published by Dusie Books in '07.

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