

Dialogue Between Colander and Self

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Spinach-laden, dripping, I groan
through my hundred rusted mouths.
How to quell this hankering for wholeness?

For hole-ness?

No, that is my affliction.
Your old cereal bowls brim
with milk and sugar, enviable.

But stagnant.
Consider hole as portal between realms:
when Lake Minnetonka freezes over,
fishers drive onto the slab of ice
and drill.

Then they are ice-boring weevils.

Just boring suburbanites
with a taste for muskellunge.

This is not about hunger
but ache. The rims of my multitudinous holes
flinch at the chilling water
like sensitive teeth.

So you have watched me drink?

I have watched many imbibe
and studied their flexible orifices
that clench and flare.

We are not beyond filling them
with food or one another's appendages
from time to time, but in the end
we need them empty.

And yet your wounds heal seamlessly.
Imagine the strawberry's
perpetual acne.

I admit, I once wanted purity of substance:
hairless skin, un-plaqueted teeth,
a lover made of paraffin, or air.
Air is easiest; you need only
pretend he's there.

I cannot pretend air into iron,
to have more body than I have.

I saw a bass with a taste
for bass. It swallowed one
but choked, floating to the surface
still stuffed to the gills.

I would die (if I could die)
to be that fish.

The eating fish
or the eaten fish?

When one consumes
a gap is filled.
When one is consumed
the gaps dissolve.
My answer: both.

Then I will toss you toward the sun to dry.
Taste the oxygen, rusting one.
Know that you are being eaten
by the sky.

