

# Dialogue Between Colander and Self

MITCHELL JACOBS

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.

