

The son is a continuation of a line
unbroken since the fall of man
stretching out over the perceived horizon
to mark the integument
that lies on both sides of the littoral
where the bones of amphibious corpses
pile up resemblances along the beaches
unworldly cacophony of ghosts in the landscape
passing through trees as small animals bent
on their own destruction

Sometime tadpole . sometime toad
shape-changers licking their entrails
& recalling the long climb out
of boxes with popped locks
as the ebb tide sucks sand from under rocks
the size of the animal

which has nothing to do with its place in the order
it glides through the classifications
that separate it from all others
the small animals speeds
bored to death with species
shedding its skin to shape new life
dead cells in the swamp of the instant

Terrific at Both Ends
from **C*O*R*R*E*C*T*I*O*N*S**

Victor Coleman