

Recaps Magazine

Look (To Allan Sekula, 1951-2013)

2013

By Marcus Civin

A long ship could be a small thing, a gewgaw,
if it goes away, if it wisps out.

Ship ship small thing upturned 90 degrees.
Say then this ship held marbles, marbles clink-tumble down.

A ship is a blue-neck glass vase;
it was filled with flower petals but now it stinks of sulfur,
a homunculus pressed between wires and sinking.

From my bubbling sea-cage, my long ship now going down,
orange pants and hard hat,
We are all for flowers,
and we will be waiting for something more than flowers.