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Pacific Solitaire

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Lambert: Pacific Solitaire

PACIFIC SOLITAIRE

R.J. Lambert

On long delay, the falling sky
crashes Pacifically in tidal waves

off the wharf where beach commoners
must resist it. A ship
ships surplus cars and trucks to water

burial deeper than souterrain,
beneath porpoises and water

mammals (no sirens per se,
or siren song's muted
by truck-frame whirl and eddy).

Decades hence, there's word
of car-part afterlives:

the shipman grandson's dreams
tether his father's father
who slid machinery to sea where

cars awoke as from a slumber, took female
form and sang to forlorn shipmen

of the day. In this as in his every dream
a captive seal dies and lies like metal
on the zoo pool's cement floor,

six thousand copper-plated weights
gorged to gut-burst—

might as well a plane wing
splitting the Pacific shallows with its arc,
sunlit pennies set off like underwater sparks.