

## ALTERNATING CURRENT, EITHER TURBULENT OR SERENE

On the beach, you asked the man in grayish windbreaker:

“How do you define ‘The Will?’”

He drew a sine wave with his finger in the sand, then wiped it away

With waves at his command. A capful of vinegar, and seething calories of vegetables

In your stomach, turning and burning, gave you the illusion

Of snakes slithering away somewhere behind. Last night on your way home,

There was a repeat of the scene, in which she refused to allow you

To touch her rain drenched violin. “Keep your distance, am I clear?”

Only one of the strings is the zero line, you just can’t tell which!” She smiled weirdly

And ran upstairs. The string which snapped during the performance

Dragged along behind her, was as thick as a towrope. Confused, standing still there,

You tossed a coin into the air, and heard it

Droning fast, with strong and weak beats, alternating,

A downpour and a flood—overflowing in different directions.

Fourteen days are needed to dry your nets, and clear

All water-level data. Landforms, temperature, light from above

And your masculinity, will be turned inside out like a coat  
On the other side of the globe.

