

**JACQUES J. RANCOURT**

**Fissure**

Who would I have been back then? A nondescript building  
with a nondescript name where the tile's grout,  
where the jizz drifting like smoke through the Jacuzzi  
is holy. Outside the bathhouse, even the moon,  
pocked by its seven seas, its light poking through  
the storm drain, is slung to something larger.

Thirty years from this, a man who lived on the other side  
of catastrophe will tell me how he worries over all the men  
he's ever touched. Lust's fog lifts in 1987 or 2017—  
men who should have showered, who smelled foul  
from it, the one whose cumshot lashed his face & chest,  
the one he let stay inside him—all buttoned their shirts quickly.  
Always, I am the one leaving, or the one who is left.

Nothing has ended; what has happened before  
will happen again—the fog belt will roll in with the chill  
of the dead, the moon will be cut by waves,  
& I will watch from shore as the boys from seminary swim  
naked in the sea. Or else I will be one of them,  
at seventeen, buoyed by waves, hard in the sea water,  
those white Victorians dotting the hills.