

**F. DANIEL RZICZNEK**

**Wreckfish**

The sick in their unkempt beds  
under low clouds, woolly with rain,

with rivers pumping through.  
The woodlots emerge like islands

out of the fog and corn, reflected  
in the gazes of the convalescent:

opal skin, shriveled eye, dementia  
of the ocean's caves, broken ships.

The creeks boil, rain from upstream  
gathering an indifferent momentum

around the very bedposts.  
He climbed the roof, called *help*

into the floods, the peak a crow's  
perch, unsteady above the world.