

**Hemingway**  
*after Szyborska*

Devil, here we have lunatics.

Devil, here we get ill.

Here we get Christmas cards  
from cigarette companies and famous chefs  
leave skillets in their wills.

We've got a lot to look at, Devil,  
and ropes to pull them closed.

Devil, there is watercolor,  
there is soot and dice and once, Devil,  
I swear we made the clothes ourselves.

Devil, they were intricate.

Devil, it looms.

Devil, and spearmint, and trestles, and Devil,  
we were all pretty once the docks slid  
like ghosts through walls into the rising tide  
and then higher still to the porches.

Once we fastened our lips together with buttons.

Devil, we'll break a truce.

Devil, there are pacifiers and thermometers.

Devil, we bruise.

There are bruises everywhere.

Devil, what about the wires?

What about the pile of burnt clothes and the patch  
of bent grass where someone walked out of the woods?

Devil, we burrow deep into the core.

Devil, we shine.

When the glass breaks, we sweep.

Devil, when it cuts us, we bleed.

Devil, sometimes we stain and stand, like you,  
one boot pressed to the head of something slain.

Like you, a thirsty one, mouth to the hose.

Like you, Devil, sipping from the dark glass, thirsty.

And then, like you, sipping from the barrel.