

MAGGIE BLAKE BAILEY

Matins for the Poet, Joshua Poteat

*Then the rain came,
full of a sadness I had never seen before...*

I offer as antidote:

Six sharks, slicing waves to the bone.
Take each fin as a bookmark, I have worn down
the sickles with use.

A one-eyed ghost crab, bucking its nocturnality.
I tricked him into my pocket, and will dance
him onto your palm, translucent.

The tongue of a knobbed whelk, shy momentary protrusion.
Pickled in brine to feed, late in the afternoon,
your unspecified hunger.

Don't say *nothing in the world is ours*.
I am a collector of shells, handful, pocketful.
Listen. The rain has stopped.



ABOUT MAGGIE BLAKE BAILEY

Maggie Blake Bailey's poetry has appeared in *Tar River Poetry*, *Flycatcher*, *Slipstream*, *Switchback*, and *Rappahannock Review*. She is working toward an MFA in poetry through the Sewanee School of Letters, and she serves as a poetry reader for *Winter Tangerine Review*. She lives in Atlanta, Georgia, where she teaches high school English, and can be found online at maggieblakebailey.com.

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