

A Poem from Colin James: “Dinner at the Masocis’t Hand Peninsular”



FLOTSAM / *image by Amalie Flynn*

between
fingers
unmistakable
aches
like an ocean's despair
awarded
significant status,
The smell
is
and now my head
at not being
the stigma all

abutting

in the flotsam

that takes
credit for, or
an investment share.

Sometimes you
can sit
and not smell it

but for only a
few days
in the short year.

I have already
suggested long walks

until suddenly
exploding within legal limits

all over your a
more

unique smell, most fair.