

Vincent Cellucci

where the wind becomes water

For Zack Godshall

we spent the morning like drug money
clutching stomach in public restroom
sped past listened limits crossed
the crucifixion of the lost and old
river city shadows
 lost losin
 absence depression

escapee sights resume

 paved sprawl of the american soul
 big rig squall
 safety's a battering ram
 crimes against natural
 sound of a child's ass hitting playground slide
 fall of
market forest rv aborigine
shaking tugboat every turn
 marry the barge yard to
 the cudd company
 spaghetti highways to skyline
 the rio to san jacinto
 we used to be kin
 now we quarrel
 race
 to drown the barrel
 of emptied grass seed
 drawing 88 cents a lb.

surely there are other ways
to dispose of these bargains

 & blessings
 gambled away

--hid here--

in the shriveled skin of a desert dweller
or the decomposing hairs cacti sunder

 we climbed past
 the helve rock altar
 to where the wind becomes water

Vincent Cellucci wrote *An Easy Place / To Die* (CityLit Press, 2011) and edited *Fuck Poems an exceptional anthology* (Lavender Ink, 2012). *Come back river*, his first chapbook, a bilingual Bengali-English translation collaboration with the poet and artist Debangana Banerjee is recently available from Finishing Line Press. *A Ship on the Line*, a battleship-collaboration with poet Christopher Shipman was just released by Unlikely Books.