

## Self Portrait in a Rental Kitchen

1.

Rowed through five days of rain, my mind a spin-dial  
ratcheted click by click shut.

The boats in my mind  
clocking east, a muckle of black-backed gulls

electrolytically lit, bunting the wind, an iridescence  
that suggests it might be

possible to climb my skull's seaside  
cliff on cramponed feet into these hand-knit minutes.