

*Gian Lombardo*

*A Book Full of Bites*

Patient above. Some swell, fine while rocked. Seek cure for hooks skating crossing line. Time to stand up in arms.

Below to surf ache. So much pining writhing uncontained in hand. So much ripening across pages. Daily fruit for bait swallowed to sinker on the rise.

Sides unsquared. Chance left for blind.

Doctored spline forgets sign. Enter tunnel, toll on eye, follow thin string to light. Passing for echo. Not this day but another plight. Not this breath but eclipsed sounding.

Get what gets away.