

# After the Shark

*by* Bill Yarrow

after the shark  
washed up, a man  
with a hammer and a man  
with a plank ran yelling  
and killed it thirty times  
upon the dulling sand  
and as its brackish spasms  
stopped, the crowd  
itself began to itch  
itself to have seen  
a shark! a shark!  
come swimming from the  
sea, upon the swarming  
land, where the bathers  
rife in a basking mass  
smiled at death and each  
dispersed, each to his  
secret dream of the thing  
each to personal seething  
prey to fey imagining.

I would have thought  
the darkness of it  
enough to caution  
their want of the waves  
but they grew again  
brave, within minutes  
of their fear,  
and everyone brazenly  
ran back and leapt  
oblivious into that sea.

