

All drains lead to the sea

by Sara Fitzpatrick Comito

The iris in its exigency strives only
to flower. These things are of a marshy sort
and a far way from any Africa.

How did I think I could serve? This soil
is bereft, with only mocking water
below, so catacombed in chalk.

There have been people lately diving to chart
the aquifer. The support staff shadows above ground,
beacon squealing as those below veer in and out of range,
bushwhacking through swales,
through supermarkets,
knocking on residences.

Would they know, from a slow contrary course,
of the intrepid demise and follow to the output
—“all drains lead to the sea”—after losing one on the mic?

Here is only silt. Precambria stress testing the botany.

