

THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG HERE

By Bruce Wilson

Poetry Editor Hezekiah writes: *It still amazes me that over seventy percent of the earth's surface is water, and here we are crammed into less than thirty percent—if my math is right. But it is no surprise to this entry. Somehow, Mister Wilson knows, and is cognizant of who is 'Spectre king' and how little the earth offers: 'like the magic. / of my mind / written in hand.' Whales 'from the sand below,' the depths of the ocean floors, 'jumped into the sky' as they dive upward. All the while we dive down. It confounds me that we search the cosmos while the waters remain unplumbed: 'Free hand / making waves. / like the vessel. / I traveled on. / in my hands.' HOLD ON. 'Hell is closed.'* HS

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I don't understand.
A Spectre king in the water.
instead of the land.
beyond my imagination.

like the magic.
of my mind.
written in hand.

A mystery.

frozen in time.
I don't understand.
The Blue whale.

jumped into the sky.
All the way.
from the sand below.

Heaven is now open.
Hell is closed.

I don't understand.
this picture.
What the whale is doing.

There is a difference.
in my hands.

I experienced.
for the first time.
in my life.

Free hand.
.
making waves.

like the vessel.
I travelled on.

in my hands.

THE POET SPEAKS: *Language itself has inspired me to write poetry. Leonard Cohen influenced me.*

BIO: *Bruce Wilson has studied under Irving Layton, Steve McCaffrey, and Eli Mandel, is the author of KOJIVO in 1978 and REALTIME two years later. He has been published in Writ, Irving Layton's anthology Anvil Blood and several other literary magazines.. He is 71 years old and lives in Toronto.*