

Five poems

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With your mouth closed
swallow though this rain
is already rain and further on

—you have a taste for darkness
fill your belly the way the Earth
each night escapes as a small hole

clings to one hillside
carried by another —you become
its grave, eat without fingers

without knees or the headlong dive
this dirt is used to, held down
and looking for more rain

for shoreline starting out
not yet a whisper, lost
cleared away and for your lips.

Simon Perchik is an attorney whose poems have appeared in *Poetry*, *The New Yorker*, *Partisan Review*, *The Nation*, and elsewhere. His most recent collection is *Almost Rain* (River Otter Press, 2013). For more information, including free e-books and his essay “Magic, Illusion and Other Realities,” please visit simonperchik.com.