

## David Lawrence

### Oceans

"Anchored to a swell," you say. You see me as a dandy in love with my own rocking in the waves like a buoy. The seagulls shit on my head. I am streaked with divider lines like a highway.

If I could fly like your lyrical good looks, I would be a model for GQ. I'd dine on metaphors and enjambment.

Were you in the sea or was the sea in you? What do I have to do with the water? I am milky like a pail or an ejaculation.

Oceans come and go. I make a right turn at the jetty and head out towards the desert. In the sand I find granular waves. My eyes itch like they do when I am squeezing them tight lying in bed with you.

How many friendships have I turned down to stay in your harbor? I nibble on your lip like I'm a snack stand. A crab bites my toe. We are eaten by imitations of our own mouths.

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David Lawrence has had more than the usual checkered career: the world's oldest professional boxer in his 40s, he has been a teacher at a small college, a millionaire on Wall Street, and a convict (for tax evasion) with two years behind bars. He has produced and "rapped" on three albums, and produced and starred in a film. He now teaches boxing in Brooklyn. His fifth book, *Lane Changes*, a runner-up for the Levis Prize, is available through Four Way Books.