**Jonah**

Bill Brymer

Some days it swallows me whole,

as if I were the small fish to the bigger fish,

a single plankton to the whale’s comb.

I rock there in that cradle of sadness

until my skin turns gray and bruises rise

from the dead of my eyes. I don’t see

but feel you there, on the other side

of the dense cocoon, worried and on the verge

of having had just about enough of this …

this—toxic run-off into some fetid canal of the brain

where the stiff dogs lie, the wind-swept

plastic grocery sacks and posters for candidates

soundly rejected at the polls. All around

the stubby, brown, sharp-edged stalks

of a once flourishing crop.

But I come back; didn’t I tell you?

I always come back—a wind chime,

lemon rind—I squeeze myself back into the light.