



Kyle Laws

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In evenings,
under the light
of oil,
I took to
whittling
on bone
or shell
or driftwood
the object
of my thoughts,
& my thoughts
always ran
to Christina.
I would carve
how her breasts
looked in
the lamplight,
the play of shadow on
the round of her hips,
the stretch of her leg
to my shoulder,
the soft down
on her thighs,
her lips that
smelled faintly
of kelp & seagrass,
all tangled inside
what held us together:
the muscle
between layers
of shell
in which forms
a pearl.