

RIVER VESSEL



They warned us, do not drink it, the rain. But the black clouds were heavy, so ripe, and besides, we found no other clean water, only mud and salt. The raindrops were fat, delicious. Men in suits with digital dogs descended, and although they came from the poisoned sky, they were not astronauts. They breathed like deep-sea divers, so Haruki tells me God exists in deep places (The Ocean. Space.) Their palms dispensed iodine candies. Now everything tastes like gasoline; but still, there is none. The salamanders choke up dead kidneys. The birds refuse to loan us their wings.

