

Michael McInnis – Three Poems

We Sat in the Parlor Eating Apples and Drinking Chai Tea for Supper

A wash of rock kelp
in a tidal pool,
a rumble of boots,
night shifted sound
of cars and trucks,
a distant silence.

In a Sea King

I saw the ocean
differently than I did
from the deck of a frigate.
The sea raked clouds
across the horizon
just out of reach
from the murdered blue sky.

Untitled

Snow scrubbed away
the bitter moon
while children
scattered
rock salt
on the lawn.

Michael McInnis served six years in the Navy chasing white whales and Soviet submarines. He founded The Primal Plunge, Boston's original bookstore dedicated to 'zines and underground culture. Nixes Mate Books recently published a collection of prose poems, *Hitchhiking Beatitudes*. A chapbook, *Secret Histories*, is forthcoming from White Knuckle Press.