

Prepper

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Fine, cruise ships fail to dock
on the Upper West Side, a special sort of hell
takes shape on eighteen decks
when supplies run out, decks
so high off the rock
of the waves the impact
gets them before they get
the chance to drown
and the climbing wall, still there, receptive,
testy as it says it is, gathers dust.
There follow debates over whether
we can drink and who has the right to
the run-off from the genuine skating rink. . .
To make it paradise you'd wanted
ocean there, everywhere, just
put down, put in its place
with a giddy violence
that then redounds on you
when things go south and that too
you imagine you embrace. . . Some things,
the philosopher said,
are up to us and others are not.
Since he said so
how the spectrum has stretched, or grown dense
with things.
Up to us are

Now sit and map the probabilities, fire
or ice, you won't be required to choose.
You want to learn to play both sides

to prove the self, prove that although it partakes
of existence it also exists. Should the western edge
of the Atlantic hold the eastern edge, where France
meets Hungary, may yet do a little dance
of erosion to prove you
among the vineyards and the vicious
impenitent weasels. They like creatures
of the deep within their rows of waves
slithering and silver have every right
to be seen and feared before the waves
crash over them. . . Fear, you see,
is a kind of love.

It's all you need.

It's nothing like this creeper gumming up
the wheels of the Corolla on our private drive,
what the day lights as well as the high beams
make of all roads and all forks in the roads.

Appian way, autobahn—those folks'
wildest dreams too were escape routes.

But to man the *Symphony of the Seas*
her eighteen decks alone
with maybe a girl in evening dress waking onboard
that takes vision