

## BAY

**Michael D. Snediker**

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i.

Easement to  
estuaries,

shellpath to shell  
path.

End of

Wall Street:

*once there was*

*a wharf.*

ii.

Something in  
a bottle:

*One might  
attach*

*to it*

a spigot  
for filling.

Emptying,

filling—

iii.

*At Bay.*

Landspit  
collecting

what we call  
stoneware

what has been  
eased

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in tides has  
been

eased—

think of

bottlenecks

growing

into

sealight.

Peacockfeathering:

glassy Roman—

iv.

Come up from the fields.

Chartres:

*come up for air*

*less quickly.*

Under water

edges

learn

from water.

Scare

of scarring—

scars

dropped into sea

return

softer,

more

forgiving.

v.

Asterism before

breach,

nosegay

before shards

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went following  
different pulls—

floral,  
diurnal.

There is a star in Cygnus brighter than the sun.

Apparent motion  
means

you  
will have seen it

without knowing,

and it will have  
*seen you.*

Future perfect.  
Swan's wake in deep river.

Will have been washed  
ashore.

Will have been  
waiting

new names.

vi.

Day's  
end:

one might  
fall asleep

bottleneck  
and fingers touching.

Easement  
to estuaries  
*years from now*  
*you will*

*remember.*  
Dame jane,

demijohn—

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emptying  
into space

identical

to lunula

of open hands.

vii.

Cygnus.  
Summer triangle

of Northern cross. Somewhere  
there

a black hole  
lies.

When  
clay cannot join with other clays

we call this  
*bone dry.*

But still—

*suitable perhaps*

*for other purposes.*

viii.

*Istoriato:*  
each glassening

a different story.

Some call Cygnus

Phaeton's  
One True Love.

Except the sun.

All the sun  
might mean.

Future perfect.

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Will have been Phaeton's—

*sunshard.*Who fell  
into Eridanus,

river of the winter sky;

for whom  
Cygnus searched*easement to estuaries*for whom he  
dove and*emptying, filling*

dove.

ix.

Easement of  
estuary, shard

of riverbottoms.

For whom he  
would have diveduntil  
recovered.Down  
to riverbed, down

and down.

He swam—

through steam  
of the afterglow.

Again and again.

Found  
no body

but felt—

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**Michael D.  
Snediker***again and  
again—*

the body's warmth.

x.

We call  
*crawling*what is  
exposedwhen glaze  
separates

from the clay body.

We call  
crazingthe accidental cracks  
in glaze.Each night  
you'll find himin the river  
shadow,

shards collecting.

When in clay  
a figure rises*enough  
to be touched:*

we call Relief.

Michael D. Snediker is the author of *Queer Optimism: Lyric Personhood & Other Felicitous Persuasions* (U. Minnesota Press, 2009). His chapbook, *Nervous Pastoral*, was published by dove|tail press in 2008. His chapbook, *Bourdon*, is forthcoming from White Rabbit Press. He teaches American Literature and Poetics at Queen's University, Ontario.