A Continual Interest in Sun and Sea

Keith Gunderson

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A CONTINUAL INTEREST IN THE
SUN AND SEA
(Excerpts)

by

Keith Gunderson
I WANT TO CATCH A FISH

I want to catch a fish

I want to catch a fish

a fish to catch a fish to catch

and then I want to catch another one
Concerning:
the oil derrick on a barge with drill plunged into the seafloor
like a greedy wasp
with its stinger in a plum.
What's called a "Texas Tower". A scar on the seascape
which took getting used to.
Nudged in a bit sometimes.
Sometimes nudged out.
We'd guess about distances: ....3 miles?...2½?...2?
Then it’s gone.
Nobody sees it leave. And the next night
we miss it. Like the tides, or driftwood, or weather, it was worth
talking about,
decked out in its lights
like a low-slung constellation.

We'd ask each other
what the men did out there.
Their individual tasks.
How it must feel going on into the night
as the shoreline flicked one after one itself off,
as behind us the singing of insects surrounded the ankles
of mountains,
while behind them
only the moon was,
and the invisible noises
of Japan.
gulls wrestling
with the
wind. this is hardly
an odd day. yet
the way your skirt flies up suggests
louder than usual the higher than
thigh-white of you. yes. that's the mood
I'm in, as you stand on the porch, thus: sun-
light flung
over your right shoulder.

I want you
everywhichway. want you
while the lizard carved out, of that which he lies on,
his rock, is a sort of bas relief.
it is too early for lunch
too late for exploring the tidepools.
so let me just undress you here. continue the explor-
ations long ago begun as the sun swings
over us on its way towards 12:00.
the tide grows high-
er. Walt Disney, had he had a more interesting
mind could have filmed in
slow motion
the act of love
beginning with
gulls; could have wrung
each visual pleasure from its progressions
with those tricky cameras of his.
we have instead
THE LIVING DESERT
the way the flowers come on. and I've been
told that in another film he made lemmings charge
over a cliff, something, I've also been told,
they don't do by nature.
what have I learned?
invented?
been born with?
do I
undress you
by nature? here, now,
as the sun swings over us,
as the metabolism of lizards
keeps up
the awkward rhythm
of things.
A GAME CALLED
TRYING TO DISCERN
THE INDIVIDUAL JOURNEY: or try to keep your eye on
a single wave coming in
pick any wave coming in

go on,
go on,
pick one:

now

try to keep
your eye on
your eye on
your eye
on
on
it
it

still the very wave you'd picked?

(for those who do not
live near the sea
use a leaf
or a flake of snow
falling
BLUE SEA bless your BLUE WHALE
wherever he might soon
not(be;
you,
even you,
would be
small-
er
with(out
him


TO MAKE LOVE ON
A LONG GOOD BEACH
WITHOUT HIDING PLACES

you hold on hands and walk
and walk and walk
and walk--
and walk
and walk
and walk
and walk
and walk
and walk
and walk
and walk
and walk
and walk
and walk
and walk
and walk
and walk--
and walk
and walk
and walk
and walk
and walk
and walk
and walk
and walk
and walk
and walk
and walk--
and walk
and walk

until you
feel like
a speck
in any-
body's
dis-
tan-
ce