Out of the Blue, Who

It floated across the sea
from Nagasaki he said,
but wasn’t sure a float
as massive as a ship sixty
feet or more—a dock most
likely, crusted and full of crabs
and snails, sea stars and urchins,
sea grasses and flotation
devices, organic and looking
like a molting creature—
could come ashore from one
calamity to the another. How
many birds had rested there
took respite from the air?
she wondered, the drinks
at Wonder Bar half priced
in the days after the storm,
rotting meat on the streets
from restaurant kitchens
emptied and tossed no public
health plan in place for times
like this and lounge chairs
from The Empress that once
impressed and held summer
club surfers’ behinds, someone
sitting on their lap if they
were lucky, the Carousel
twinkling darkly in the dance
lights shooting out, someone
in the shadows finding a stand
in for love. What can
be recovered, from what
comes out of the blue.