

On the Last Day of the Year, We Buy Beers

by Iggy Shuler

Outside the liquor store the marsh
Is a winded creature, humming with all its teeth,
Spitting herons into the slipstream,
Pissing gulls into the sky. All awake and wasted on
That brisk air, I wish to cry out—
No particular utterance, but some young and joyful
Sound meaning I love you, all of you,
I love you.