

Benjamin Shalva

Fells Point

The song on the radio
wants to be
a different song
by maybe someone else.

The table too has thoughts
on where it has been
placed—it is screaming
and stomping its uneven feet.

And no one sees
that even the harbor has designs—
that the great glass of the hotel,
when the sun hits it right, reflects

to the billion—billion—gallons
of brackish Chesapeake
that—yes—it might
have really been someone—
might have done something wonderful—
had only it played its cards right.