

Benjamin Shalva

The Cup

The cup each morning that I kiss  
its belly glazed  
with marching fish  
a midnight blue  
the fish  
the lip  
the handle  
of the cup I kiss.

How do I know  
they're marching fish  
I hear no beat  
fish have no feet  
a single solemn line alone  
may sink  
or swim  
or surf the Rhône.

I know  
they march  
because I turned the bottom up  
and there was burned  
the maker's mark  
the killer's script  
In Poland Made  
the cup I kiss.