by Elana Wolff

MEN IN LINE  

Eilat

Patience found expression in these angling arabesques

whose prize, an intermitting bite, is fish

too small to satisfy an appetite for food. Something more absorbs these men

their backs before the sun, exposed, buckets filling up fertility figures.

(Nothing of the fish are given back.)

I'm not aware of the name of the catch; I'm not aware of numbers.

Only the shimmering struggle (which I see) and the arid wind; the sun-
burnt purple mountains over Aqaba in the valley.

Not the view that Lawrence saw in 1917 coming out of the desert with disciples.