

by Elana Wolff

MEN IN LINE *Eilat*

Patience found expression in these  
angling  
arabesques

whose prize, an inter-  
mittent 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.

(None 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.