



## TERRY HARRINGTON

### SNAG

I want to find the reason  
and finding it,  
wind up the crank of unreason:  
I am snagged by a snoek!

Couta (a more civilized name)  
trolling for men,  
man and anchovy soup,  
strips of blubber offering themselves up  
to the single bone –  
I've got you!

The bone piecing something else  
together: rips me apart.  
Try bread and wine (mystical  
lubrications). Try Thumps-on-the-Back.  
A deep-sea surgeon with white  
fleshy hands, slitting the throat.

At last! Vomiting into  
the (Ancient Mariner) restaurant's  
blood-red serviette, the barb  
rises to the surface with  
a sucked-off bait.