

Michael McInnis – Two Poems

Norumbega

Those old Boston Brahmins:
they were always landing on rocks,
killing the Indians that saved them,
fabricating witches,
persecuting free-thinkers,
chiseling fake runes,
hiding Phoenician coins in Charles River muck,
inventing lost Viking cities,
executing anarchists.
When that first winter came
the Wampanoag should have pushed
them back into the sea.

Mail Buoy Watch

Touch me gently, the ocean said to the ship. But the ship didn't listen and to starboard there rose leviathan, a jeering prince among sea monsters. The virgin deck hand, wearing a battle helmet, standing in the prow, scanning the horizon for mail buoys, kept muttering into the 1MC, *sweep down all decks, ladders and passageways.*

Michael McInnis served in the Navy chasing white whales and Soviet submarines. He was the founder of the Primal Plunge, Boston's only bookstore dedicated to zines, underground culture, and small press literature. He is a co-founding editor and designer of *Nixes Mate Review*. His third book, *Secret Histories*, was published by Cervená Barva Press in 2019.