

LOUISE LEBOURGEOIS

*First Light*, 2011  
oil on panel, 12 x 12 in



credit: Dolby Chadwick Gallery

PAUL MULDOON

Catamaran

Between Dominica and Martinique  
we go in search of sperm whales, listening for their tink-tink-tink  
on a hydrophone  
hooked up to a mini-speaker. A prisoner’s tap  
on a heating pipe...  
The one faint hope by which he’s driven.

My son is reading *Lord of the Flies*. I can think of that book  
only as the dog-eared manuscript Charles Monteith would pick  
out of the slush pile at Faber’s.  
I’m pretty sure dear Charles recognized  
a version of himself in Piggy. The same prep school anguish.  
Same avuncularity. Same avoirdupois.

Now I imagine lying by my dead wife  
just as a sperm whale lies by its dead mate as if  
it might truly be said to mourn.

A corruption of the Tamil term for “two logs  
lashed together with rope or the like,”  
the word we use is *catamaran*.

**Paul Muldoon** is an Irish poet now based in New York. *One Thousand Things Worth Knowing*, his twelfth collection of poetry, will be published in the fall of 2014. He serves as poetry editor of *The New Yorker*.