



PROJECT MUSE®

---

## Wellfleet: i.m. John Slatin

Kurt Heinzelman

Callaloo, Volume 32, Number 1, Winter 2009, pp. 233-234 (Article)

Published by Johns Hopkins University Press

DOI: [10.1353/cal.0.0364](https://doi.org/10.1353/cal.0.0364)



➔ For additional information about this article

<https://muse.jhu.edu/article/260417>

---

---

**WELLFLEET**  
**i.m. John Slatin**

*by Kurt Heinzelman*

Harrows of late light  
on the heels of the night  
tide upended now,

the teeth sunk deep  
into inlet, shallows . . .  
and so intent was I

on it, on seeing exactly  
how dusk thickened  
water to gore,

I almost missed them,  
the dozens of sand buttons,  
quarter-round, sidling

all one direction, away  
from what moved  
(water) and what didn't

(my feet), barnacled  
all over, the color of  
mustard and mussel,

their single great claw  
wiping air from  
the antlers of their eyes . . .

and then I lost them  
among the runners of wayside  
wisteria, a switchback

---

---

## C A L L A L O O

---

---

of honeysuckle mixed  
with wild grape  
musk, the lilac dark

filled with so many  
unstilled wings . . .  
As I walked off

the salt marsh across  
a boardwalk placed there  
expressly it seemed

for me, the day's  
fading lambency  
lit up the black

escutcheon of a horseshoe  
crab long dead  
and waiting there

like something Assyrian  
for those who can't  
take a walk alone

or like whatever it is  
is waiting  
for those who won't . . .