

saltwater

eyes tilting upwards,
force of habit, shame
to see the sky in

breech position, that's
trouble, but not yet,
road impassable,

but not yet, now for
matters at hand, now
there's the line, let it

run through the crease of
your fingers, no, not
that one, one down, yes,

spin it, let the reel,
a little more, yes,
now there's the silver

light of the water,
now on the water,
now above it, now

parted, just a glimpse
of baited inner
check, inbound, then

rigid, limpid eyes,

limp bodies, thrashing,
then forehead on rock,

shall I, yes, once, twice,
muscular form, curls
up, seems to relent,

thrice, there, well now that
settles it, now let
it be done, its skin

weeps, visible just
slightly, on the black
rock, how are those clouds

now, changed, it turns out,
swollen, a pause with
child, it promises

complications, the
first drop is cool by
comparison, the

terrible high and
low, the redolent
hue of what it brings

to bear, making a
gift of its former
life, time and again.

