

salt



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I come from a line
Of broken souls
Who rise to fly,
In the moonlit night.

We write our names—
Becoming whole—
And press our eyes,
Restoring their sight.

At four in the morning
I fly out to meet you,
And stand at the edge of the sea.
You dart through the water,
Trail glowing green algae,
And leap like a shark before me.

You rise from the foam
Draped in seaweed,
Moonlight polished,
And leap back to swim.

I sink into foam,
Gulping moonlight,
Kindling algae,
Face brushed by your fin.

At eight in the morning
I sit with my laptop,
Lined up with my peers, knee to knee.
Can their sensors detect
The scent of sea water,
The sand falling onto my keys?

Poem Stephen Muratore
Ink Painting Katerina Kolosova
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