

water weeds at the lake

dappled docks at the marina
where clouds meet mountain-shelved leaves
where stretching auburn flowers
rest atop a pacific water.

there is no home like ours,
where the sea does not forget itself

have strangled summers wrestled
molted memory from your hazy fever?
have chasms of your young world
bared their grinning teeth yet?

i felt you would be here
back turned, bare, brash
touching this crystalline loch.
voice clear-crushed-
you chant in heaven as a seer

yet the ways i watched you...
the ways i still do,
twisted and held fast between aching fingers
i carry my own poignant regret

it is kept in a place of pride
my misery is held like a nimble knife
though it cannot spear me, acceptance leaves it dull
i know there is a double edge
so i hold my wits too close
no fallen foes have beaten their breast
and the twice-trampled worm has not yet turned

we are beholden to the weeping truth
and i find comfort only in you

i urge my spirit, accept this pain
yet, i can only turn in place

bristling and yearning
i am no more
than the cattail
balancing your gentle billow
clinging to your spraying gale

i, zealous sand
i, chasing droplet
join me at the marina
where sunset marks
this untilled sweet place

run from the cresting sea
flee from arching madrones
do you think me gone?
will you love me dead?

though we do not unfurl here,
near the peril of these righteous rocks
i hold no tired prayers, i bow my head once more
without your grasping hand
cloaked shoulder, shiver close

humming at my neckline,
clasping my bright-brimmed warmth

was i yours once, were you mine?