

Saltwater Sonata

I have trailed a thousand riverbanks in search of a reason,
and in the end discovered that there was no distance between my footsteps and the

cut
No distance between our shoulders as we walk
ground.
barefoot on the sand.
our skin on the grains of glass.
compare blood to water,

I am an artery for you to run through me.
Each embrace is merely a **tightening** of arms, a current, a chest compression.
to keep us **b e a t i n g** until the next

“Hello.”

FLOOD the channels with the rainfall of every call,

THUNDERing with the click of what you had not realized was a final

“Goodbye.”

SPRAY sea foam from my eyes,
laughter from my mouth into the mouth of the river.

As long as the river roars.

CRASH! down on every rock and bend,
Pump another BREATH! into your lungs.
one final BREATH! before undertow takes you.

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d across the banks in search of an ocean wide enough to hold on to.

HOLD ON!

To bite back the taste of iron,
cup your ears and listen to the crashing symphony the waves composed.

ONE MORE

brehtaking view.

ONE MORE

breath taken.

Where you can taste the Saltwater on the air

and

d r i f t a w a y . . .