STORM

——

DOUGLAS DOW

Freeze then these limbs,
the monster slowly crashes in,
calves wrapped in coils of strangled leafy
matter overtaking the shore
between shores, my brow,
sand between salt
oceans straddling dust
bubbling spittle rising,
beat against the air,
sputter in gasps, in heaving swells,
the charcoal sky like rocky pinnacles,
your bellowing gusts beating
a warning to the trembling Earth,
then lower and consume,
the grains on the falling edge
teeter towards the center
and the end,

Boiling sea,
storm, storm, storm,
my livelihood, my life, my verdant twin,
uncoil me, unwhip me,
wash me away and swallow me,
break my spine, unravel my guts,
spray me against your coast and flay me on the tips
of your unrelenting soul,
salt my very blood,
release my body and untie my tightly knotted cords,
I submit to be scattered and borne
to some unheard of and far away shore.
Your foamy breaks then pull to God
and I hear birds calling high above.
Pull me upwards,
and touch them,
let me touch them so high up
the storm can’t move the air;
kill me,
lay my limp body among the winged doves,
my heart cold and still inside my airless chest,
the slopes of emeralds crack and break against my back,
the sea sky notes roll rolling,
standing driftwood smoothed by sea wave
tossed in sea birth cracked in sea change,
wind mapping a pining line across my spine,
shards of light splitting grey granite clouds,
the bleeding holes loosing rebirthed breath into the holy air;
if these high waters do overtake me.