

When I am away from the water and you

I hold words to my ears
like seashells, listen to the syllables
draw back and fling

their consonants against the shore
mix among vowels and diphthongs.
I hear the grating roar

of waves, the simple speech.
I feel the currents and the tides
in breaths that recede, rise

over rocks. The sharp barnacles
of our voices numb through fog.
I wade in the sentences. I wade

in the water. The phrases enfold
my ankles, calves and knees,
all the way to my neck, my eyelids

and head, immerse myself
in the salt air of you.