

Dead Man At Siesta Key

When it had finished the sea slid him back to us. It didn't say a word. A white-blue empty, a thousand cradles warm and rocking. I imagine him that morning heavy-bellied, a little afraid of his heart. How quickly, how quickly life goes. It takes so long to build one. The heart closes like a door. To swim in the current asks a question of the sky. As he died he became a boy with his questions. Became a horse rolling with his eyes. While we walked on the beach the brown doves of his lungs filled with sky and salt. I had your hand that day, when they noticed him floating. Deep in the lifeguard, adrenaline igniting, a fire in the dark dream of salvation. We're watching from the soft sand. Beside us his mother returns to her ancient hunger, begins to knead the air.