

Seagull Whisperer

the wood wash ashore
like a broken tree taken across the sea
look the part of a giant squid's arm
or yet a nail of the evil sea witch points
hollow out and smooth over
it is ready to spring to life at any moment
ready to strike down
staying still, the seagulls come
the water reaches further and further
up, coming to snatch and drag back
but it would not be too bad a life in
the water dead in the sea eternal floating
a boom of an airplane mixing with the rolling waves
when looking toward the city on the hill no plane rises
if closing eyes there can be found elsewhere minds tricks to believe
pulling back to reality anger and numbness flow through veins
the wooden sticks of drift wood on the tanning sand
stand as toy swords for children and adults who have not grownup
there is the boom again of an airplane taking
off looking toward the blue sky there is home
walking where the dog once for no more damage on the sand
a piece of drift wood shapes of a wishbone slowly comes
into land yet too large to be apart a proper dream some of this
wood is too square too rectangular to be randomly cast ashore
but rather a secret old boat torn apart by rough waves and
after one hundred years arrives at the destination
the small drift wood grows denser and its
screams when stepped upon yet here
are the sea witches talons blocking
the path on shore the water is too cold to swim
climb like a child the sun adds
only bits of heat
while it
reflects
reflecting
reflected
off the water
the cold and wind
has marked my skin go back for the path
is easy it is so far go forward always forward
fighting against the sand the dogs paws are the
only ones left besides the seagulls lack of
choice pulls the reality back