

A Dream of Sea

That evening I took a walk in
The ochre mountains
With the clouds folded as a swan's wings
And the sun wrapped in her saffron shawl.
The stones shared stories about the sea—
How they longed to be back
In her rainy green meadows
With wet gardens of salt and myrrh.

I don't know how they recalled
That dark blue dream,
But I think I, too, was there,
Anointing the round coral of my body
With primal sage and mud.
I think I, too, was there,
Resting in your oceanic night.

Now my fleshy form stands
Upon this arid earth,
Yearning to be taken
By that loving undertow.

Now the tears I shed
For your holy water
Are the river I ride
back to your arms.

--Carrie Grossman (2006)