Echolocation

Trench with profligate seaweed. Ghost of a sandbar traces of chain-link the vessel lowered entire.

Greening. Solitude. Who survives salt against wound / against skin coral filigreed like blown eggs

(cathedral of black / cathedral of blue) down the laddering

sea

I cast my one lamp

across a city of drowned men: hair crowning. We are nobody's fool.

Winter, the sea eclipsed sails. Hooded my eyes. White trunks punctured the seabed.

In that deep-sea orangerie, a revolution with hatchets:

I was merman and huntress —

the sea a keyless ward, iron latch wet, then flaking —

Karen Rigby, 2013 Poet's Market