

# Tsunami

*Thérèse Ferreria*

I.

Sea foam  
in my mouth  
tastes like  
your hand  
salty when  
you were stormy  
and sweaty  
watching me drown.

Your body  
a tsunami  
hammered me still  
and falling into  
jagged coolness  
I dove deeper  
until  
I found  
the other side of fear  
and you were not there.

II.

Mother drinks  
ice water that  
chills her breath,  
quells the stinking  
fish and  
sweet tamarind  
island memories  
bring  
from distant conches  
robbed of their  
guts  
hollow shells  
now  
like her eyes  
eerie like  
seaweed when  
the moon shines on it;  
serene like  
seaweed when  
the sun shines on it  
her sorrow

III.

A mother's love  
is a daughter's  
fishnet

read the  
message in the bottle

IV.

Cardamom breezes trace  
castle-sand rifts  
harsher winds sift  
the insides of  
hourglasses  
spilled to make  
this floor

hitchhikers sleep here

I think I hear  
the echoes of  
their breaths  
among jellyfish souls  
crumpled rubbers  
pocked wood  
somebody's underwear  
    empty bottles without  
genies the  
skeletons of  
wishes

time moves in  
and out of  
every orifice  
under the sun  
    bright  
things catch  
your eye

A Glass Slipper stained  
    brittle like  
starfish-hollows  
    bones  
spit from the sea

    his remains...

stinking fish

V.

I taste his  
salt  
when I breathe.