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.