

Shipwrecked

In the end waves became ballast,
helped loosen the flung upon rocks
that only crawling recalled.
Then fingers found crevices
that the crab ocean dug
away the silt from.

Stacking took forever
with seaweed a meal
between sleep & more digging.

Imagine getting high enough
to one day feel dry,
accept heat beyond skin
& right into bones.

Driftwood honed became spears
& shale from this self-made cave
taught its first fire lesson.

Remembering identity
was not in the scheme of things
any more than it would be for a patient
delivered to other hands,
Demerol, dementia.

Dreaming returned however
with friendly faces
suggesting unfamiliar rites
to ward off further violation.

"Marry this God," they said,
or this other of three.
Yes, they may be savage
but you need one who can kick ass,
not warm, not fuzzy."

Choices, choices,
and all with tithing
of some lifetime lying down with
that God, weekly at least, if just
for one night...

But the island harbored no fear
any longer, once designed for aloneness,
& there were other dreams, self-sufficient,
with veils of orange, of peach,
with valances of marmalade,
bridal sails each.

Something was rising,
breathing sun through stones
to warm the washing pool,
the fingers scooping
a recognition to be named.

All right, "I do," said this tongue
& hugged the great rock God
every raising wave saved me for,
beached on resources,
same as any sacrifice.