

FARDEEN C.

SPRAY THE OCEAN, SPARE THE KID

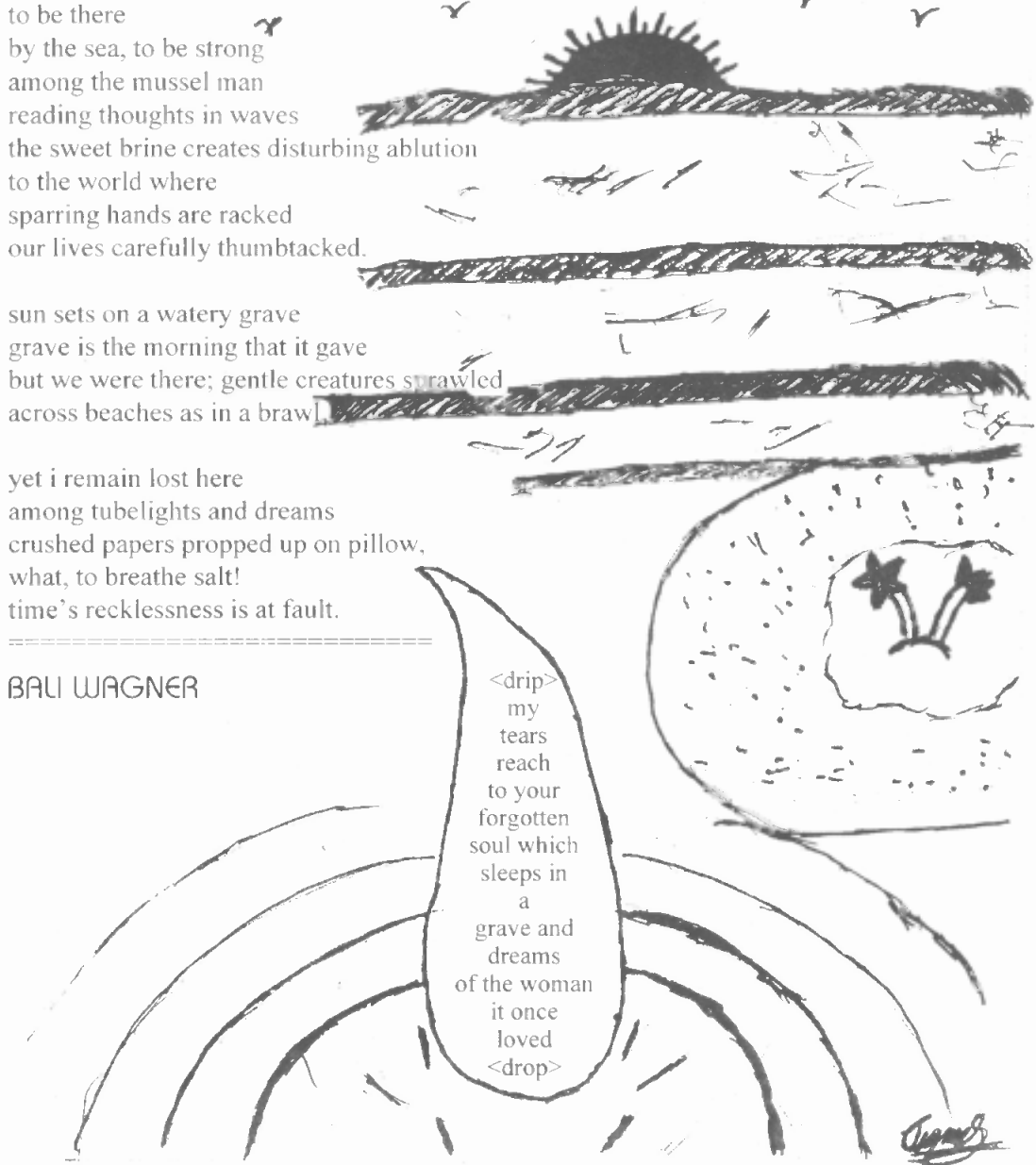
to be there
by the sea, to be strong
among the mussel man
reading thoughts in waves
the sweet brine creates disturbing ablution
to the world where
sparring hands are racked
our lives carefully thumbtacked.

sun sets on a watery grave
grave is the morning that it gave
but we were there; gentle creatures sprawled
across beaches as in a brawl

yet i remain lost here
among tubelights and dreams
crushed papers propped up on pillow,
what, to breathe salt!
time's recklessness is at fault.

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BALI WAGNER



<drip>
my
tears
reach
to your
forgotten
soul which
sleeps in
a
grave and
dreams
of the woman
it once
loved
<drop>