

Still Sea

Holly Karapetkova

Sea unseen is
what the I sees
where
a window
is flinging open

Where the I enters
an ankle
cups itself in
a hand
or being held
aloft
gently

The same sea that rips
grain from grain
mounts
the last resort
closing on a wave

Where the I enters
it takes hold and
it will carry

Still sea
does not determine
the shores end
A wave
against the rocks

The water parts for
an elbow
the palm of
a holding
the body
rising
on a wave

Mountain to sand
a wall of water
drowning the city
the sun's eye
far from shore

The water shifts
what it holds
beyond seeing