

Whale-bone white.

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shards of wind sink their teeth into the tips of fall leaves and the red of my nose,
sapping the warmth of my cheeks.

The rotten stench of solitude drips from icicle tips,
the green of my eyes have been scrubbed raw with the white of endless snow,
yearning for more than the ripples and crests of a winter morning.

Feverishly, I cram the bitter cold into the folds of my suitcase,
the door slumps against its wood frame,
a numb-permanent goodbye.

Blue pockets of ice dissolve.

Sweeping sands and golden vistas, craggy-cliffed coastlines
pickled seaweed breathes verdant, liquid life beneath the sunlight dappled waves,

Breathing in a salty sigh, I yearn to capture this moment, and exhale.

To Own

this Breath, a tender, pulsing piece of the Sky and the Sands and the Sun and the Clouds,
like a sigh of content beneath my fingertips,
this rhythmic Surf that ebbs and flows in time, my heart rolling and receding and rippling
wax-melt yellow sun soft diffuse into twilight-twined dusky dreams.

Shrill, concussive blows tear holes in the pre-dawn light,
a groggy waking, bleary sanguin clouds, 6 AM construction.

Belching tricks burdened with concrete, lumber, steel, arrogant blares
pollute the morning. redwood tree corpses lace the beach outskirts,
discarded cigarette butts, bottle-caps, plastic sandwich bags, straws, aluminum cans;
hand sewn into the sands, not sweeping but contaminated.

Still, I raise my rose-tinted glasses, inhaling the drowning music.

A beach house awaits me.

My Own

As my eyes flutter over the landscape's contour,
the bumps and grooves of discarded waste
They return to the ocean undulating ribbons and dappled light,
contentment and darkness shrouding my vision, the night's darkness
like my frizzy curls, like mist bound around each coil

Morning permeates the pores of my tongue
Bitter Bile

The sun bathes my hair in Red, its Violent color flaming, and scorching
bringing beads of sweat to my brow

The tide rises, threateningly looming like my widow's peak
The world seems too small.

This is another world. Red. Fear like the bubbles beaded onto the shoreline

Delighted anticipation quickly erodes with the shoreline, receding amongst displaced bedrock;
Salt and guilt, lies at the pit of my throat, with the indelible stain of
strangled seagulls' cries woven between bubble wrap; decomposed turtle embedded with
straws.

carcasses of fish swirl aimlessly in desolated tidepools like the lemons expired at the base
of my wine glass.

algae rots and tumbles in the browned sky, casting a green shadow to the fresh landscape.
Seeking refugee as the sun burns a rust color along my creamy skin,
My sun hat lies low, sunlight rays spilling onto the brim, dissolving into seas of tourists
anonymous amid the collage of neon-colored umbrellas and beach towels, frenzied sweat
and laughter, sunscreen and sun-cooked flesh,
But there is no safe place I can go to escape the ruin I, we have created; the guilt; the future
Our Own.

There's solitude when tourists laugh and sweat,
when they look up at the rotted skies, mutilated landscape, and smile unknowing
walking amongst the corpses of ocean life; animals floundered ashore
desperate for breath, starved for oxygen; their deaths unnoticed, skeletons bleached
Whale-bone white.