

by: David Clink • for your 2017 Aurora Award consideration (Poem/Song category)

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Seaweed

Her eyes catch the impossible—
unblinking, this never happened.

The truth can be found—
seaweed in her hair, desiccated flesh.

You found her in a desert of snakes.
You found her in a lunar orbit.

It is too dark here, she says.
Dreadfully, the moon hangs in the sky.

She smiles down on rainclouds, on you—
at least, you think it's a smile.

She once crossed
the great water-jar ocean by boat.

Propellers churned up fish eggs.
Birds fed in its wake.

There were no deserts, then.
There were no weeds in the sea.

She smiles from a room in your house
you never knew was there.