

She never got the smell of smoke out of her hair

The sloshing in her belly rises to her throat she is seasick legs buckling *swish swash* the ocean in her burns. *Hiccup*. The pain sits behind her collar bone that isn't right on top of her heart. *Swish*. What do you do with a drunken sailor on dry land with sea legs that falter is it the ground that rises or the moon that falls. There is a beach called Monastery the kids call it Mortuary the undertow has eaten a thousand ghosts. The Pacific is so cold off the coast of Big Sur the beaches so rocky. She is remembering things she shouldn't. The liquid inside of her crashes spills tastes like rum tastes like bonfire. She remembers the water framed by sparks framed by broad-shouldered boys in fleece North Faces and flip flops. His sweater had been too big she'd hugged it around her walked closer to the flame. Things had been so quiet then. *Looks like you've got a little Captain in you* the boy had laughed raising his right leg and saluting, prying the bottle of rum from her reluctant fingers. His lips tasted like char. And she's nowhere near the Pacific but still salt stings the back of her throat when she tries to walk inland she sinks into sand dunes that stink of rotting kelp.