

## When I am away from the water and you

I hold words to my ears  
like seashells, listen to the syllables  
draw back and fling

their consonants against the shore  
mix among vowels and diphthongs.  
I hear the grating roar

of waves, the simple speech.  
I feel the currents and the tides  
in breaths that recede, rise

over rocks. The sharp barnacles  
of our voices numb through fog.  
I wade in the sentences. I wade

in the water. The phrases enfold  
my ankles, calves and knees,  
all the way to my neck, my eyelids

and head, immerse myself  
in the salt air of you.