Great Ocean

I.

What are you?
You giant salty puddle,
You negative space filled
Only so high
as to measure altitude

II.

I swim out past the breakers
If I were naked, it would seem more true
But instead I'm wearing my human costume
My gear -- trunks and goggles
And I can see now your frothy bubbles,
the sun through your green transluscence,
the sand below.
I'm looking for something here
with my special eyewear
Everything that lives in you
would be my prize to see:
a fish, a school, a seal
the little crab crawling below
I want these,
but mainly as they're signs of you.
And what is seeing them,
Next to feeling you on my skin
My weight held by you?
I dive down deep
and must come up again,
get out
dry off
go back to the life in buildings on
solid foundations

III.

Mother of life,
They say I came from you
and you, like the inside of a mouth,
Leave your breath on my skin.

You've drowned men.
Divide the continents.
I ask you to explain yourself
but you want nothing from me

Michael Winetsky

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