



The Humpback's Call

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wakes me
like a mother's hand
cool on her child's forehead.
A song
I shouldn't know.
An urgency I don't know why I
feel.

My nightgown
glows in borrowed light.
A moonflower
ablaze
over ten year-old feet
that tear the sand
to get to the sea.

Breaking the dune I see—
I know
she waits in the waves.
A black bulk a gleam.
If looked at askance might appear
the inverted-opposite;
an immense opening,
a glimmering breach
yawning to the moon.

I trample the shallows in my haste
to lay my hands
on the part of her I reach first
and work my way (hand by hand)
to her wise eye.

Without moving mouths, we speak.
I am safe
even while my hem floats
around my shoulders.