here’s what acquanints you with nature’s dark apathy.

only a child, but one look at the atlantic in flux

is enough to know that’s where you’re meant to pitch your body,

primally, the truth of it written on some hidden artifact, ancient

and yours. do you know the weight of infinite stinging atoms,

the ones you want to love, bent on your destruction? you’ll learn,

ribbony girl lims pinned for a little lifetime to the sandbar,

your fresh reality that angry lunar rush, crushed chest, your spasming

lungs, tongue brine-sour, young panic. there it is: now you know love

doesn’t cut it. followed by: now you know you can die. and what

are you gonna do about it, huh? first, surface, back into the bleached

midday. hack. the sun snaps above you, like fingers. stagger

out, pursued, little freckle-dusted seraph. mom brings the reckoning,

but it could’ve been anyone, a stranger, or what some people call

god. do you cry? which is you, which is sea? mom says *i won’t*

*have you afraid of the ocean*. then she says *get back in*.

and you do.