

DGE REVIEW

ISSUE 33
2003

Savai-i
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The ocean

we rush to it
with polished bodies, in fresh bathing, despair.
In our blue sense of space
we dart like fish
beneath lucent waves,
above fluid floors
braced against basalt walls and powdery
strands. Loving with fragrant digits -
humid buds sundered from tropical loam,
we sit dark-limbed in yawning caves,
happy but listless infants under a spell,
in ceaseless bliss, wishing to drown.