

The Anchorite to Rising Seas

Oh, prayer? Comes and goes.

Tide-like. You know.

Lately I've been occupied

swallowing the world,

every piece I can remember.

Faces, incense, music. The taste

of wine on another tongue.

The only colors left, grey and brown.

Maybe green and blue

when I can't help myself,

but I'm trying to let them go.

You understand, don't you

how to take and take

a bit more every day.

Your sigh's so close. Now, now.

The loneliness should pass,

I think. A voice said so

at the start, at my last rites.

When you come in,

could you bring some purple?

Just a little, for the end.