

A Letter to Roger White

Seven tenths of our blue planet
lies embraced in the salt queen's arms,
we too, bleed salt, and in our tears
find fragments of her crystal crown.

Not that tears come easily, Roger,
you see how cautiously I talk around
their prickly fact.

It takes a dart, like one of yours, say
to pierce the tree and shield and cleave the man and let the
ocean out.

Then the self, so quick, congeals,
leaving the feeling that someone's
been reading my entrails,
removing the rust from my heart.