

Of the Ocean

Water demands abandonment,
it can feel through movement,
the touch of a hand
that penetrates it's mercury waves
which roll and sag and surge
the infinite possibilities.

Making love to you is one,
one wish, one drop
where all bits count,
where demand
rolls with desire
and feels with a force
the waves know intimately.

In the waves off of Jamaica,
I almost drowned.
Almost succumbed to a force
of picturesque bliss
where the heart is given a different rhythm
and all is gained and lost.
Making love to you was one.

But somehow I slipped
with the cunningness of a fish
brushing off mercury scales
that always leave a trail
of blue green.
But any fool knows,
the water never asks
and any fool knows
it takes everything.
Making love to you was another.

-- Coleen T. Houlihan