

Holy Week, Pleasure Pier.
Galveston, Texas

No longer are the days filled
with loaves and fishes.
Even knowing it won't be so long

until the wind picks up —
we will be two feet, sixteen
inches below high water.

What will it mean to be patient then?
With the dawn milked and still as a lapsed cat?
Sea fog not so much rolling

as slinking over wet sand and seawall,
I say to my beloved: *I will*
wait. Here among the unnerved

and the faithless. I check my watch.
Salt pries one hour from
the next. Not a half-silty breath

held but one expelled
as the clack of a mantle
slaps against the wall.

I don't dare look
at what the simmery tide
has wrought.

Oil rig, hot wind, cephalopod.
Dangle one foot.
Pray for the rest.