

her dark waves

one moment

he's happily drowned in a sea of hair
which ebbs at first light, hearing
the sea shanty of her casting anchor
hope overboard, the printed scripture
reflecting ocean's anxious reticulation
signed off the foam of her dark waves

smooth sailing 'round the corners of her face
capsized by the torturous tempest of seaweed frown
remember he's just tending garden, willing clown
court jester torn between the sand's laugh
hanging tense, struggling for balance
like occasional surfer to her dark reign

the flow of her embrace
submerged in the aggravated undertow
below that worn and troubled face's
undulating rime of optimism and decline
swallowed, he begs charybdis to arrive ashore
seeing her happy at harbor once more
after riding the crest of her dark ways

cruise the sea shell wrinkles of her smile
beyond the fading torrents 'round the eyes
find the calm after the ashen blast
just echoes of the wave rolls past
he turns to see the last remains
ripples left of her dark waves