"Two"

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The smooth skinned waves grasped themselves,
In the way of drowning men,
They breathed deep, drinking...
Until their translucent insides filled with little pebbles,
To be spat forth in a breath and howl of wind.

The bubbles of egg-white foam clamored up
and clawed the cracked piers of concrete,
That dripped with sandy gritted seaweed.

The cold green weed clung to a skeleton,
of rusting icy steel,
the wound lay exposed,
It screamed at the drowning sea,
that salted the concrete scam,
Wincing in pain, yet anaesthetized,
by the frozen fisted water,
Its throat polished in the slaked thirst
of marble skeined mozaics.

L. C. Fleckenstein