

Waiting

Erika Saunders

Transfixed by the rolling rollicking
wave crashes and tickling whispering
winds mimicking thunder-heads of eternity;
my love walked out past the halting

wave breaks to but touch the seaweed
heave-swell: then sank. Sank in the sea
sway dips and lulls reminiscent of her hips
gentle undulations. Leaving me aghast

along the shore seeking in the twinkling,
sparking sunlight glinting-glare water
surface: her face. Watching through the sun-
flare dainty, dancing day and into the cooled

even-tempered stars, nights; when the aurora
once again washes the cosmos clean
and the water is stilled into submission
by beauty. Lost in the clear, still,

moon-bright night waters lapping-beat;
mocking my heartbeat melting
flow, I watch for her still. As rolling
encased in her seaweed shroud,

awash, she will be transmogrified
then redeposited upon my shore.