

Fragment

Sweatshirt and jeans all one color:
ashen blue, the color of the steel,
polluted sea on a lifeless, dreary day.
I saw that sea when you looked up
with your pain-angry eyes
unkempt wheat hair, strewn from your ponytail
across your furrowed head, falling into the sea,
the gray sun blurring the boundary between
sky and sea on that same dreary day.
Who put you there, child?
Set adrift on that
which has now consumed you.
The boys near you teaching each other how to be
angry, energetic, and repressed. The subtle
tremble under the surface, brief-shifting—
rattle, tremor—not sure of
sanity, not sure of reality, except that it's buried
and ready to let go. A mirror?
The source of the waves on your sharp seas common?
Except that on your driftwood stronghold,
there is room for only one. Only lost.
And in your pleading eyes,
only scared.

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