

**Elegy: Mother Ocean Tear**

the first women  
emerged from oceans  
carrying within  
fistfuls of it, hidden  
salty-womb-drink

to anoint husbands,  
baptize children, months-long  
to pass a sacred drop into each daughter

what is a tear  
except whispered  
memory, brine, carried from  
home?

do the fishes weep? do they  
fill depths for  
us, mourning lost cousins?  
Do deep ones,  
freakish luminous things,  
nameless jellies, floating  
shadow-tentacled monsters? Through the glass  
you shudder, snapping pictures;  
wonder, does it remember  
me?

families have limits, boundaries  
barriers, photos that will never  
be kept in albums, names  
not made for genealogies

you will never learn to  
swim.