

The Dock

by Johnny Dantonio

Dark water beneath these boards,
The dock drowning out every one of your words,
Where you resolved to let me go,
I can't write down how that feels.

Watch the car down the gravel road,
Insides telling where to go,
"Take off from the island coast,
then disappear."

Row,
Caps of white,
A salted escape
beneath reflected light.
Brother, remember those old lies?
I'm off to sea to make those things right,
now.

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Blamed suppression holds the ship still,
Colors of absinthe flooding the keel,
The sickness when I rediscovered the feel;
A certainty that can't wait

Useless strewn about the floor,
the diver's suit that I've outgrown,
So I'll jump from the edge of the bow
to let current play fate.

Float,
Caps of white,
Salted escape
beneath reflective light.
Oh Mother, I'm scared to close my eyes.
Wicked dreams make you dive and dive

down.

