that's what sea said

by Rene Foran

of milky white
springtime innocent
valley splendors
i sing psalms
of moody indigo
lustful moon
mountain carvings
i write sonnets
but it is for you, teacher
i thirst always
for that poetic mouthful
as you come
back turned 'round
ready to leave
i am again
breathless
wordless

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