

# In tidal relief

*by* Sara Fitzpatrick Comito

elixir of desiccation, seawater  
frays the thin layers of lips offered prostrate to a jealous sun  
like jellyfish spoiled to a soup on hot jetties

peeled off indelicately, raining down  
as powdered glass out of quarreling beaks  
the world slips under the waves

we ignore the loss: our green pedestal darkens  
and the horizon curves dizzily  
for our floating

berating as the fence  
quakes with native urchins who scatter  
in the practiced nightstick wave

let the sand cram no more infant folds,  
crown my flimsy land-ankles in vagrant algae  
grasp my knees with tendrils

bear up my webbings and lick my hollow ears  
fill my caverns and make me  
a tomb of fishes

