

# waves at least this tall

*by* strannikov

the mountains did change  
became looming purplish waves  
their spray washes us  
we rinse slow 'neath lifted waves  
that must be at least this tall.

stones boulders and rocks  
with the water tumbling low  
gravity's appeal  
to all who their level find  
no matter how deep the sink.

these waves must go dark  
to hide the departing sun  
clouds hide the escape  
these waves become black or worse—  
the troughs where we bury sight.

these waves toss off clouds  
whipping them our way, surprise  
at all things that slide  
entire gullies, ridges, bluffs  
can slide down one night's dark throat.

glittering surf shows time's shape  
morning tides show shapes of waves  
breeze softer than floating gulls  
caresses this other coast  
lifting coast for lifted waves.

