

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.

