

Katrina Hays

CROSSING

Admiralty Inlet, Port Townsend

If this morning is my boat
Let it bear me away from thought
Carry me safe atop dark-green water
The push-pull of hands on paddle
Into the quick of the sunrise

If this poem is a vessel
May it be transport
May I become psychopomp
Act as Charon
For myself

These slow mechanisms
Pen scrolling paper
Kayak cutting sea
Allow soul to stay enmeshed
Allow mind to catch the sacred babble—

White cheek of the Harlequin duck
Iodine reek of spring tide seaweed
Toll of the big sea bell
Jostling currents against the hull
The taste of metal in my mouth