

I don't always hear
what others want to say —

Aunt Meg complaining
of cold potatoes
at the dinner table

or Mother giving Anna
a toy tea set
and teaching her to serve.

I know this phone can't capture
the glory in the waves —

egrets circling like hungry spirits
driftwood with the eye of a whale.

The surf drops
off blackened cliffs

my thoughts distill
and crystallize
like salt.

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Salt on it

Sara Stasi

