On The Rocks

Make everything on the rocks.
Force this chaser like sand clogs beached starfish
tangled in seaweed sheets, regret splintered
round it's body like dead dune grass.

Level this passage
brief and pained to rest,
an octogenarian sea turtle
soaking sunshine by the barrel
oiled-up in laughing breezes blowing
kisses like stray cloud shadows.

Wake with sunspots circling
blackout eyelid skies only to find
receding tides shallow as pulse
suction cups crusted to sun rock.
Wait for more kisses
more laughter
something else, but everything
is already on the rocks.

Erin Livingston