

Oregon Beach, 50 m/p/h Gusts, 11:30 p.m.

by Natalie McNabb

something impious in being
in this Jeep on this beach

watching
watching her

foam-crusting, pregnant waves surge, lap
greedy—salt-thirsted, hungry

frothy deposits, balances of death
churn from her pit—are heaved
upon sand

gusts hurl handfuls of salty foam,
tumbling, leaping, tumbling faster,
diminishing in their dash
before my headlights
and spray
into a hundred salt-flickers, then
nothing

and she, illuminated, blinded, something wild
and terrible, unfolded and gaping, black
and bruised, cornered, confronted

she snarls, low and gnashing
pulled taut from below, she draws back
retreats

a thinner, lesser goddess
beneath my lights, stealing
life only as able, dragging it down
into her bosom, dragging it down
into her depths

eat greedy goddess, eat

something impious in this gnashing of teeth
something impious in being
something impious in watching
this greedy goddess eat

~ *InterSECTIONS, Issue 25, 2008*