

Shoreline

JENNIFER HUANG

My mother's water was made of pain
and silence. I enveloped myself
in that kind of love, the sweet whisper
of grass, searching. Loneliness

without touch. Touch without fear.

At night, I try to think of every ocean
that fed me; of every ocean that took away
the ones I never met. The waves

that carried and held our breath. Mother,
I want it back, the time we synced
in our sleep, the in-and-out rocking us
till the rise of the tide asked us to leave.

