

Gulls Hold Up the Sky

I fantasize being alive before I was born.
Mark Strand

I imagine you windblown
in a yellow summer dress,
raucous with roses.

You in your younger self
leaning back on your arms,
a 1940's-scarved brunette,

teasing the beach. *Look*
lies open at your knees.
All the stories are war.

My slip of a soon-to-be
father bobs on the surf
pretending he's a seabird

squealing sea-love. But
you are somewhere out beyond
the random patches of noon.

Have you talked about someone
a lot like me? Have you
chosen the right sex,

this brick of a name,
a suitable career?
I decided this picture

needs my twin, my redeemer,
come upon you like some
great bird on sunlit wings.

Let him say he has never
seen anything as beautiful
in still life. Let him call

to your young fool, draped
in sea kelp, wagging a dead
fish. Let him go down

on his knees near the glossy
blue pools, begging you
for the time of our lives.