**An Ocean That Waits**

Bria Fey Servoss

Road follows river

so we can reach the source

And there are tides

pooling along my thighs

Tides pooling in carbon-cured moats

of a child’s castle

Hungry winds push sea grass

to the center of a worn path

Leading you to the entrance of everything

anything that matters

And the world is a blackening, half-buried coin

in love with the dark

but still, it’s a coin

Sometimes I see my belly like it’s church

With choirs of stretch marks

and velvet-cushioned hips

which you kneel before on hardwood

Everything there

to hold up my world

but because I was never baptized

I don’t know what it means to be held

Not in that way

of unrepentant reverence

To remain uncrushed by weight of knowledge

To hold that glimmering coin without dropping it

into groping darkness

There’s an ocean that waits

at the end of this walk

Inside the last leg of sleep

In the sigh of sternum as you turn over in bed

Water and silt run like worker ants

coarse and true

Eating out the corners of carbon

Arms of suspended tide relentlessly round

those bits of demure but biting shell

With salty tongues of sea spit

they polish coin and coffer

Conserving all the organs

of beautiful beasts, volatile life