**Brine**

Nadine Fiedler

my body is a rivulet

of wet cells aching for the ocean

I yearn to watch the waves

cresting spraying white

my feet coated in foam

among rocks and crab legs

wood and mussel shells

tendrils of kelp

the sea’s rumble

quiets my thoughts

till I become small

a grain of sand on a beach

and large

soaring all the way west

to landfall

where a woman stands

and closes her eyes

and reaches out her dry palms

aching for the immense movement of

water