

Isle

On the February shores of this remote island,
I come across an empty bottle.
Willing to put it to my mouth,
I invert myself and feel the trust
pour like lava, full of energy,
into the hull.

In the dawning hours I launch the carafe
into your open seas,
watching the turbulent rise and fall of the tides carry it
away.

Endlessly, it seems, I pace the shores

Months pass by,

I am waiting for your glass in return,
or mine to come back,
so I can leave this isle.

Chris Burkhardt