

Andromeda

Elliot Robinson



here i am;

lungs bared to the salty sea spray, bitter
sand caught underneath my tongue,

out-of-season vacation destinations like a
bleached-white bone, not enough marrow to
sate even the hungriest creatures

as winter scrapes slowly by. i have been here
long enough to know that hibernation always
takes its toll: sprouts fighting to breathe
for the first time, the beach worn with so
many footprints but

there is nothing the tide can't wash away.
there is nothing

i can't escape. my body belongs to the sea;
the mosquitos have already laid their claim
on me, roots growing up, up, up, from the
other side of the world to keep me trapped

here.