

**DERELICT**

Reconsider the sea.  
Our shipwreck is there  
under the salted foam,  
nestled in the kelp bed.  
If I was near I might  
stand at the helm and pretend –  
throw the headsails with the wind,  
cast us adrift above the coral.  
You like to stand at the bow –  
naked – it's you against  
what is endless –  
the sea and the sky,  
they meet  
where our shipwreck lives.  
Rusting beams and driftwood  
now covered in seeping  
polyps, our names  
carved in the heartwood.