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Landlocked Poem

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LANDLOCKED POEM

No shores in my days,
no long slide and fold,
glisten and drain,
breeze and salty residue;
no bulbs of seaweed,
prattle of tumbled rocks,
old bones in the sand,
no blow-me-down
fifty foot waves.

Only fog in the hollows,
ghost of the water,
white stones in the fields.
I walk uphill through
fathoms in the hush,
wind and small birds,
breathing like a fish.