

## Un-Elegy, Or How Water Unmakes A Country

I.

and the shape of remembrance  
of tide and muscle disappearing  
All autumn the redapples  
near the Plymouth train station  
Every elegy is a love poem.  
like the blue of the Atlantic  
of the sky here— I, peering into

with its gilding amplitudes  
into the strata of depths.  
are falling on the incline  
and no one notices this gift.  
The world enters in all at once  
as if someone dropped the center  
the cobalt-blue, molasses-green

fluidity know enough about  
with which it comes in contact.

how water accepts anything  
My mother is here, too.

II.

When I think again

about how much world

there is between grief  
of materiality—

and the chronology  
my mother still dances

in the brass of sunlight  
of how the ocean  
a stream of freshwater  
against what is neat,  
against the distance

in the proximity  
breathes. I watch  
smooth rock sediments  
time, direction, pace  
between when a girl

becomes a woman and presses sepal  
on bone. Flaring, like the ocean  
mingles gravity. This un-elegy is to say  
the dissonance too, is our throat  
containing the sky My mother is here, too.

III.

There is a river in my throat  
I give it no name because

and I give it no name  
it is inexact, unbound.

How water unmakes  
through how it holds grief  
having twice the vibration

a country is most known  
in octave diameters  
in slipping miles ruminant

of fennel-warm,  
rising waves, where I stand  
of water, its bend and blossom.

rosemary-fresh, fig-textured  
and witness the multiplicity  
My mother is here, too.

IV.

I want to hold the body  
holding the margins

like a prayer, a psalm for light,  
closer. Even the grain of fire

is holy for what it teaches  
breathes through its gills.  
celebrate what wants to grow.

us: I hold my body like a fish  
I plunge my elbows into soil,  
Among the flowers, my mother is here, too.