

## POETRY

**At sea**

i haunt these hallways by night  
the engine room churning,  
coursing under my feet  
rooms line the hall  
passengers in matching gowns  
pumps blinking, torches at the  
bedside  
it is never dark here  
it never sleeps  
just s l o w s  
navigating dark waters  
each room has life  
and life can be  
fickle  
going overboard,  
swimming into the night  
we try to protect  
and, at times, let it go  
let it  
s  
i  
n  
k  
and then  
pink sky pours in windows  
pills in plastic cups  
it is morning  
we can see shore

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