



Marta Croll-Baehre

Sea Leaves

I see you—haggard woman, rugged sea—
eyes—your pink sorbet lips peeled Catholic
like fallow inlets that raze the bisque leaves
exposing Bengal milk tooth slouched against

my herringbone armchair, flushed jawbone squared
gently against its depressed, porous frame
ode to a bottle green heroine, harrowing
ravines trigger memories you stalk the knotted

gulfs—belicoso y ingenuo
past the brecciaed Chávez whetted sterling
fish hooks from seven years ago, rabbit
snares smearing dry hares' blood like winterberries

dogberries up the reverent, clapboard
walls—embedded in puttied carpeting—
above caddice cements Herod's chapel was
built here long before its boreal tenants