

This Dock My Home

Calvin Olsen

Otis Redding and Ulysses knew something about sitting
at the edge of the world, trying to remember
the changing shades of the sea at home,

being in love with the ocean. I know the feeling
of water; it's not hard to imagine
giving in to whatever it is that makes us want

to jump. It looks clean from here. It is blue.
You can feel the loneliness of it all, as if God was Picasso
painting everything the same color so someone notices

his shape. Does he miss things? Just below the surface
small fish have come to eat whatever the wind blows
into their world. My legs have fallen asleep.