

Ocean Static

by Ashley Crout

The storms within the sky are winter's white.
We wait again to notice we are free.
Yesterday we traced the edge of the sea.
We came here to cry *god* against the night.

The sun cast in the water blinds my sight.
Your shape in silhouette slants across me.
The storms within the sky are winter's white.
We wait again to notice we are free.

I want to have you again or might.
Now you are a taste that leaves me thirsting.
I meant to write about December's breeze.
We came here to know ourselves in the light.
The storms within the sky are winter's white.