



Confession Concerning the Ocean



Designer **Caleb Brown** is an artist whose work has been shown nationally and internationally. He strives to make good software interfaces and sees cartooning in his future. Caleb lives in Groton, MA with his wife, two sons and a big black dog.

True: I am against it. But not, I swear,
for lack of trying, nor for submitting myself
to its pleasures from all the good angles:

on TV or in books. In movies where the ship
sinks and others where trekkers step foot.
Also true: being there is not much better.

Only waves, beaches and the swallowing belly
that feeds on what sinks, its piss-moaning
gulls and paisley bleached sticks. Domestic

choke gravel and the postcard positions
of grin-and-wink islands. I feel that facing
the ocean is like facing a wall without windows:

I have never seen through it myself, but we live
on a shore thronged with clairvoyants
on picnics. Of lookers who manage to see.

Not me. I am bored by the pressure
to feel something grand, to pour myself
into its craterous hole through a sunset

glory-be vision. No, the ocean is always
her shy self for me, not the translucent
beauty with point-and-curl triggers

and undertow fingers one hears so much
about. For me she sings with a maw,
not a mouth. And in that body

as blue as a siren I see only a concrete
piano, a rope without knots. A whole city
block without power. I say let me give myself

over to landlocked displeasure, let me portage
with permanence. I say I have felt nothing
in better places, and not felt so lost for the lack.