I Gazed at the Face of the Pacific,

and as I stood in the frigid surf, silt sweeping over my feet as the blood shocked through my veins, I remembered there was a God, superimposed somewhere over the mouth of the shore, foaming, hungry.

He gave a great sigh, as if he were waiting. Sublimity lived in that breath, a macrocosm of every absurd instance – tearful laugh at a funeral, shudder at the warmth of a lover’s touch – and I couldn’t recall what I had forgotten in the first place.

Poetry on the Busses
A collaboration of Broadsided Press and Moscow Arts Commission