

WILLIAM BROWN

Sea Glass

What were you before the ocean
erased you into this frosted blue ear?
Were you collectible as you are now,
destined for some sea-store necklace
or windchime or stepping stone?
How long did you tumble through
the ocean before it refined you
from litter into treasure. Body bubbled,
you've become frozen sea foam,
static effervescence. You are rougher
than before, yet I dream you smoother.
What makes the ocean smooth stones
but give you grit, this backward erosion?
I want to sharpen your deckled edge
into a shaving blade and trust
your curve to match my neck,
whisper secrets into your frost.
I want you to cut me and feel
the salt imbued in you lick my wound.