

## Hug of a Tsunami

(first appeared in *The Potomac*)

Foamy horizon scratches the sky,  
churning shoulders on slow sleighs,  
as land becomes water in disappearing white;  
fierce wings of moths hover on a sooty surface  
undulating like the back of an unhurried dinosaur,  
gulping its own down, then regurgitating the consumed;  
you hold no hands - you watch or run,  
stuck in the hung arch of a pendulum,  
perishing statues of dust follow fleeing grounds,  
black scarves becoming shrouds.

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