

The Sea Makes Something Green Out of Me

By Kaelyn Hvidsten

I'm no sailor
I've never known the difference
between a dock and a harbor
and maybe that's the point—
to notice without knowing why
but still I look for lighthouses
like someone who uses them
I look to that half-built dock
or harbor or what have you—
that infantile, unimaginable underbelly
of a building so vulnerable
and unseen except by midwife
workmen, slipping under her tarped
cloak to soothe and sedate her
into being
more than what age will inevitably
call her to be—
and maybe she will know
on those days sea-green sailors
kiss her wettened concrete
or children from a nearby college
gather, green with freedom,
along her length to turn words over
like bottled ships meant to sail
between their lips alone,
she will know it was worth it to erode,
or maybe she will ask if any of it
meant anything at all as the last
piece of her crumbles to the sea
from which she first rose.
I'm no sailor
but there was an old captain's

radio next to her photograph
in the museum
I'm not sure if it was supposed to be
there but it spoke of a lighthouse
an old friend of mine used
to operate in the summer maybe he still does—
and I listened