

Bail

Yes, I've been steady.
A watertight ghost

sparkling with salt.
A waterlogged promise.

I have finally lost my thirst.
I distrust every crust of land.

I follow only the tide,
bow to its drowned fist.

So go on. I'll show you parched.
The pale sting of my open hand.

Go on. Tell me again
how you would swim

your whole life
for a single cup of soil.