Chris Adler, "high tide and jewellery"

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high tide and jewellery

on the dock
boards rot
into the perfect
shade of autumn

wide stairs
measure the depth of tide
today the sea
might overflow

sunk in pearl shades of blue
jellyfish breath and move
in schools
of one hundred or more

like lost jewellery off a string
these balloon-like charms
appear and disappear
with the length of wind on water

imagine falling backwards
neck bare
for the lace
they might create

and already stung
purely by their existence
their snug bodies might feel
like the plump skin under a child’s hand

sinking to the sandy floor
one might find a thousand different clouds
and wait to be engulfed by a solid rain