

Loss Carved in Coastal Waters

after "Raven in the Pink" by James Schoppert

for Kristina Miller, in memory of her brother, Alex

In the Museum of the North,
an imperceptible breeze from Schoppert's carving
upwells cold, nutrient-rich waters.
Curtains of light through skies and seas
blur the horizon between real and reflection.
Outstretched hands from earth and water are fed here.
Alex's hunger was deeper than an ocean could satisfy.

Trickster eyes gaze down,
searching for something more.
Is there just one raven?
Are other eyes illusions?
Wings make indigo strokes
in pastel morning skies.

Aligning with dim panels of light,
you swim alone through chop,
where you struggle to breathe
and swallow salt water
as surf breaks over your loss.
Your brother flew away without warning.
Raven in the pink.