

# SALTWATER

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The ground is a giant, sloping salt lick as I'm flying  
into Utah, and the water reminds me of when

my brother told me people are drawn to it, because  
it's easier to float in saltwater, the way as a child

I'd lie on the ocean, head sunk just enough that  
my ears heard the shored voices and seabirds' sound

as only a melody – I'd ignore everything being said.  
But from the airplane's portholes, it seems not even

all of the Great Salt Lake could cradle me well enough  
to make music of the ringing reminder inside my head,

my surgeon's words that after all of this he may still  
wake without my kidney, my body having failed

his failing body. And when I am grounded, land-locked,  
I can't stop hearing the clear call that gulls make.