

PANIC COMES IN WAVES

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They are my children and they are the colors
of butter salt lemons they are recipes

churning in the Jersey waves and I can't
relax the jealous sea wants to take them

back it is wholly primitive so I distract
my mind by noting how the sand is raised-relief

from castles shaped along the shore
and how a child has perched a plastic stallion

as small as a turret Arabian I think
whose bloodlines can be traced in all horses

running free or domestic around the earth.
This distracts me reminds me of that video

we watched of a foal being born
because my city kids learn in this safe way

and that baby stood up in no time
no time to waste on the solid rocking earth

yet they were disgusted by the birth-mess
and now the spread of this life is oceanic

and logarithmic and that word and this sun purrs
under my hand seeking approval yelling

too far out but the waves became deaf
to my heart centuries ago. My children

they are visible and buoyant
between the eachness of waves

like their floating joy when I change
the sheets at home and they rush to jump

on a naked bed because a sheet
has been removed and kids are like that

up and down opportunistic as the waves
on this beach and they'll survive

tell me they will.