What Home

The ship is a growing ash.
It slides into the dock’s artery.

Dragging a blanket of light,
the sun leans into water.

Your mitten empties
from my hand. Under a lattice

of wind, my hair lashes out.
Your silhouette

scrapes the bumps from my skin.
I breathe in what you’ve left

behind. My own exhale
spills to my chin and into

the visible cold.
Your footsteps hammer out

some pulse. The ship is no longer
on fire. The ship is home.

Strips of black tire
push it back at the sea.