

Midlandfall · *Alfred Yuson*

Ocean how far ocean. Sea how lost  
how mute my sea. Interstate 80 draws nowhere  
close but to the rose of the rose of  
America as wide as the hips of the rose.

Outside my window a glimpse of river.  
Through screen and pane my paper  
hand thrusts out paper knife paper boat  
to bid make friends then go float home

to tell I was well but ill again  
being far from the crusted lip, much  
too removed from swell and foam,  
too quiet, quite unmoved by tides.

Since now so safe, strafed on the lap  
of unfamiliar roads, I feel for rocks  
for slime for something tough and round,  
a shell perhaps with the dear filial roar.