

RECIPE FOR AN OCEAN: in the absence of the sea

You have the ingredients on hand.
Get to the edge of something,
yourself best of all, and take
yourself in hand. Take, I mean, your hand,
trace out the blue menaces
released and lapsing there,
watch closely around the wrist: they will
remind you what you must do.
They are what you must do. Be
them, until there is nothing but them,
then you are ready. Now take
time, all there is in the house—
it does not have to be yours. Take time
and never for a moment
losing track of what changes
back into yourself, bitter enough
so that you will need almost
no salt, mix well and then leap
over the edge. Wait there. When you can
wait no longer, it is done.
Serve at once. It does not keep.