

Cassie Premo Steele

The First Sea

I imagined you before you were born
as a water creature, but the mind
of a mother cannot hold the depths
of what gifts will come. How could I
have known how much you would love
the land, want to walk with me on it
after swimming for such a short time
in the flesh of my body? You cry,
the crash of the cold on your toes too much,
so I take you back to the edge of land
where the trees began, and your tears
mix with the salt and sand in my milk.
You drink it in, the love of this world,
as you begin to turn away
from your mother, as we all do,
cry for where we came from,
even as we walk away and say goodbye.