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Clam and Seed

Christina Busby
Concordia University - Portland

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Clam and Seed

Christina Busby

What a pearl she is --
My delicate, secret
treasure
I hold her soundless and still
between my fingertips
Her white silk
soothes me

My glimmering pebble,
We sit between strands of seaweed
The undertow
grasps us in its whirlpool arm
Bubbles dance and pop
as I cradle her
and we spin

My jewel,
My sacred gem
I thought of abandoning you (once)
among the grains of gray sand
I wanted to lose you
between the prints pressed
by the bare feet of lovers
The sun - a fiery, golden
eye - would bruise
your swirls
of white and silver

My virgin nacre,
My mother-of-pearl
You would not fit
as a bead on a string
You were never meant to adorn
the space between the collar bones

What a pearl --
Together we dipped our purity
into a glass of red wine

Let us dissolve there
Let us be salt or silver
They raised the glass of elixir

to the sky
and our juices

dribbled down the creases
of their lips

The drops
fell silent on our feet