

ANDREW FAGUE

Sea Foam

I count myself among those of the gravel bars, sandbars and reefs, skippers, rope men, patrollers and tollers, sirens who think the ocean has told them something or another over the years, and today it was

to think on the depth and breadth of what if only the Pacific has been into. What's a "worldview," and how much has it spread from where it started, but one cell? Laughter, a long, uncomfortable stare becomes comfortable,

and now the aloe blossoms look like orange coral. Yellow sour grass blooms like schools of fish through the playset and into the irises.

Half the beach today was covered with lopsided marble fixtures knocked or thrown along the limestone cliff,

waves arriving from far-off catastrophes like welcome refugees, glimmering at times, and they tell us things I think I believe. This oceanic afternoon would not exist without such subjectivity.

While the cat sleeps, my daughter arranges her stroller, her trike, rolling popcorn popper, then loses interest, leaves.

Now she's back, looking at me, now walking off, back to her mother, a nymph or goddess, inside, then again past the firepit, swirling ash into the green garden.

My wife walks out, breezy hair in her face that sways down around her rounded belly, her waters ripe with churning, her looks just blown in, expectant.

Andrew Fague has taught classes in composition, literature, and mythology as well as poetry workshops at various colleges on the West Coast. He is currently teaching at Cabrillo College and the University of California, Santa Cruz, while hoarding time to finish a collection of poems.

DAVID MOLESKY

Sleeper, 2009
Oil on canvas, 31 x 43 in



COURTESY THE ARTIST