

Navigating Fault Lines

Some believe one day California will crack, fall
into sea. From above, it looks entirely possible,
the land cuts an angular silhouette, undulates
mountains, skirts bay and ocean.

In a more ancient story, Poseidon wielded his triton,
struck Earth, tremors erupted, bridges collapsed, roads
changed course, buildings toppled, thousands lost.

Lately I've encountered my own fault lines:
a trembling building, fear of lying under rubble,
wanting last sight sky,

smoldering talks with no one to blame,
yet friendships fissure, strike-side,
fall off

like a California.

I tell you now in moments of sudden dark,
as walls crack, doorways crumble, ears fall deaf, I cleave
to true things, far from fault lines,
fractures and aftershocks, reach for you on your side of the bed.