

PoemMemoirStory

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Charleston, South Carolina

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Charleston, South Carolina

There is no solid mercy on this cribble of worn sponge. On Meeting Street, a sinkhole has swallowed half a car. At St. Philip's graveyard, shades mount the ripe stone. Blowfish and cuttlebone, cockaded woodpeckers drum hearts of pine. Groundswell and blister, hope is full of potholes. No one is late to church. The tide surges. When I stand in the wash I am not who I think I am. Ships float in the harbour, leering at the skirts of the city. The Wambah Swamp laps the backs of her legs.