

2021

Drift

Corey Marks

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/bpr>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#), and the [English Language and Literature Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Marks, Corey (2021) "Drift," *Birmingham Poetry Review*. Vol. 48, Article 44.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/bpr/vol48/iss2021/44>

This content has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of the UAB Digital Commons, and is provided as a free open access item. All inquiries regarding this item or the UAB Digital Commons should be directed to the [UAB Libraries Office of Scholarly Communication](#).

Corey Marks

Drift

When I woke, light drew me to the window.
I raised the glass and the curtain rippled
like an extravagant sea creature.
Behind me I could hear the children
already awake, already at their tasks,
quiet and industrious, but outside, oh,
something drifting high above caught my eye.
Sometimes a dream follows from bed,
then steps between me and the day so I trip
on its heels, but this didn't feel like a dream.
I couldn't make out what shuttled there, backlit,
translucent, almost, haunting the sun
less like a cloud than the warped underside
of a boat scudding over a surface seen from below.
Like the glass vessel that took me once as a child
to peer on a shipwreck at the bottom of the bay.
That day, the horizon mismatched its blues—
two pieces of construction paper overlapping,
one faded by the sun, but the blue clarified
through my reflection on the lens

keeping us afloat. We were an eye pressed to the water.
Below, waves that broke some other day

had combed sand into plaits and braids
secured by shoals of rock. Deeper still,

the transparency darkened like evening. Or a room
filled with smoke. Then a massive shape

rose toward me, welling like memory,
not reason. Were the drowned still there?

My mother pointed and watched me, not the ship.
And then I had the sense someone below

looked *back* at me. That if I watched closely
a face would sharpen from the dark

like a shape unveiled by sand settling after a wave.
And today, that same insistence of someone

staring back. How far had I drifted?
Into whose eye? Was it Mother's

peering down as though I was the one dead?
And then I heard the littlest one calling me

as she bent over her work, careful not to snip
her finger as she scissored a page in half.