

PoemMemoirStory

Volume 13

Article 9

2014

Edna, Sleeping at Grand Isle

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Recommended Citation

Boston, Melissa (2014) "Edna, Sleeping at Grand Isle," *PoemMemoirStory*: Vol. 13, Article 9. Available at: https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/pms/vol13/iss2014/9

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Melissa Boston

Edna, Sleeping at Grand Isle

What else could she be but body parts laid out, naked, on white sheets that swallow her?

The sea-mouth dampened by sweat, I would part only those lips to save her. With the single touch of my finger-

tip to that soft sea the salt would gather into a solid mass. How many creatures, us included, would come to lick it down

when awakened? Her body breaks into water only to dry into the winding sheeted-sea.