

Sea Nymph

She is naked,
her white cotton shirt
on the sand
licked by the tide.

(He did not love her.)

She prays
for hopeless dreams.

She is a sea nymph
tossed upon the shore.

Her past is mangled,
stitched at the seams
where he tore them.

And yet
somewhere
he still roams,
tall and brown eyed,
slashing at her dreams.

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