

## Undertow

Stand on a beach  
on the east coast,  
and stare at the ocean  
while the sun sets,  
look for a nation  
that doesn't know you.  
You will see God.

Look to the ocean,  
not the sun.  
The ocean gives up  
its scattered heart  
and takes it back.

The ocean whispers  
*look behind you,*  
*it's all behind you.*

The ocean, like the sun,  
does not know you,  
does not owe you  
a goddamned thing.  
You – a goddamned thing.

Go to it anyway  
and feel it.  
Feel all of it.  
The sun on your back.  
The tide on your face.  
And while you breathe, hope  
the ocean swallows you whole.