

SPRAY

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Short wooden posts,
crowned with a sun-streaked
steel barrier, divide asphalt
from tan beach sand and salty Pacific tides
carry waves of fresh white froth
surging toward you.
Briny wind slaps your face
spraying minute drops of water
that have seen one hundred,
one thousand,
days and times and places.
Ocean spray licks the edge
of the road, depositing
white crystalline powder
clinging to the posts and metal.
Some sticks to you, on your hands,
under your nails,
in your scalp,
where you will find it later
in another time and place.
It will bring you back
to the ocean
and for a moment
you stare at the sea.