

TORTUGA

THEA E. CALITRI-MARTIN

yesterday I was content
swimming the world of dark, cool green
every direction mine

today I feel strange and full
pulled to swim
to a place outside my realm

why do I go?
I do not need land, do not want dry sand
what is this call within me?

tonight the taste of the sea makes me turn
I lift my head and glide
through foam and wave

my body so heavy, swimming through sand and air
spraying hard grains and emptiness
the land-wind sings a harsh welcome

I know this place, know to climb
beyond the reach of the tides, then dig deep
down to where the smell is rich and moist

new muscles stretch and contract
slowly dropping the future
these are mine, yet they are not

my nest glistens with eggs
round, soft and white
like the full moon above the ocean

the force that brought me here full
has left me empty, but not alone
naming me “mother” and letting me go

the wind breathes out the smell of dying night
calling me to bury my clutch and leave
the eggs must ripen on their own under the firm sand

familiar waves wash and draw me to deep comfort
will I come here again?
is the choice of direction still mine?