

# Olas

Makari

I won't make it off either coast  
Backs bend, bows break  
Because we hunt each other  
I can't shake off your summer ghost  
Shapes bend, seas ache  
Because we haunt each other

In a former life we were tied  
To each other by the string of a kite  
We can't take flight tied  
To a beached whale

I can't say what I'll miss the most  
Headwinds, or crow's beak, filling a wide eyed summer  
I can't shake off your lonely ghost  
The great end where tides break, before...

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