*OCRACOKE PRESCIENCE*

I

Ocracoke, a vessel of sweet juice

Sweeter, when surrounded by the salt of sea.

More peaceful when distilled away from disorder:

The strip island connects to the world

Only by shuttle ship speeding by with

Fishing men in rubber coats and boots.

They watch the comers,

While they pull in knotted nets of long

Sealife, to be devoured.

II

My face changes while I am there.

My creases become diffuse:

Layers of fishing net cast to the sea,

Smooth on the ripples of a wave.

Capture sunlight in my pigment,

My new face—exposed—

Is one I rarely see.

Gulls dive on the sands,

Attack the bag of crackers

Without permission.

I sleep by myself the first few nights

With chair bolting motel door.

Then Ocra presence you come and caress me, alive.

You seep through the cracks in the door.

We share a bare bed too narrow,

In a room with a white cake of soap and a white porcelain sink.

You came to make my body feel thin as wide-paned glass.

You came to strike me with a dream-like glare,

Jolt spine chills to my thoughts.

You tell me to savor you, Ocracoke.

III

Ocra presence is who I am.

Visit the graveyard of seafaring folk.

A woman yells at me from the second story

Of a clapboard shuttered house,

*Move out of the way. Do not block the sight of the lighthouse.*

*Its constant flashing signal beckons them from the sea*.