

Benjamin Kwakye

The Sea

The sea
knows when to dance,
when to sleep,
when to merge
into the moodiness
and ride with a
destructive tsunami.

The sea
knows when to lie calm,
inhalant for the epifauna
exhalant for the infauna.
Who knows better
when to make love
than the sea?

Whisper casting its saline wings
unto the sands,
supervising beach bathing
like the waves
soaking the dank coir
of a fallen pod.