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Hypernatremia

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Hypernatremia

Ebb and flow,
her body arching
and her hair—the white
caps that spray you in whips
again. Taste her salt. Her feet
entwine yours and
the blankets, the sand.
The gulls, an echo of her cries,
sprawled and swerving. They
are an audience to these
tides that sweep as she has. And
her air, pungent, dynamic, leaving
you like menthol now, numbed
and shivering.

Still, the taste in your mouth.
And here is the danger, for the waves recede and the pools are drying, this bed rough and granulated like so many others. Only the salty foam that you came here to taste lingers—her last utterance to you. That final flavor mingles with your own. And though the waves will return, she is not with them.

You can see her in full technicolor, flickering on a screen as you slow the film to singular frames. Suspend the moment, but how useful? A trigger for memory—Nothing more.

So you drink the salty waves. You will find her this way or another.

Brad Tanguay