July 2014

Hypernatremia

Brad Tanguay
Western Michigan University

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol12/iss1/8

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Lee Honors College at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Laureate by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu.
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*