

whether they had been waiting for existence  
and knew we were coming  
or they were a result of existence  
and waited for their turn  
to arrive  
they needed repetition  
to become a rhythm to the senses  
before they could become  
goddesses  
and gods.  
i believe it was when the ocean  
began to dream  
it was alive.  
i love the taste of salt on her body.  
i know what the meaning  
of despair is...  
it is not reaching the ocean for a drink.  
how gods and goddesses  
live and die  
and new ones arrive  
does not matter  
while i am in the water  
tasting the salt with my tongue.

whether.  
wf.h.  
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