Harbored

Bare legs dangling, she muses
at the beauty of filthy water
with its slick oil-rainbow sheen.

Masts flicker like silver-squiggle
earrings hippies sell by the dock,
breezes stir the ripples

into tie-dyed blue-green-gold,
and fleeting whiffs of salt cut
through the greasy smell of fuel.

She lights another cigarette, imagines
threads of smoke trailing behind her
like a wake, dreams of

stories written in seafoam script,
fish bigger than harbor minnows
that even the seagulls ignore,

of indigo waves, and gusts of shocking
briny spray so cold
her skin prickles at each drop.

Instead she stays, letting
the ships that come in plow slits
up the watered-silk length of her skirt.

She twirls an earring in crazy, lazy spirals
and promises that, any day now,
she will go down to the sea.