

# Marine Forecast

*by* Kitty Boots

Thunder made me feral.  
The lightning was exciting, bleeding behind clouds over the Bay,  
And rain poured into an already saturated heart.

Even the cormorants had left the pilings and I wanted the wind and  
waves to take me, too, but I stayed shackled to the shoreline.

I picked up a stick and wrote my name in the sand.

