

The Bright Liquid
Kristina Shue, Capital University

Tendrilling limbs and spines wind round ships' bones,
Seething sea life sprawl muted
by the weight of waves, and want, and warning
of appearances. And she, filtered as the rest,
dives among them, all soft contours that the eye
slides along, catching on the shaded hollows
of her hips just before the scales begin.
Each curve flowing into the next, a continual,
dizzying loop. Each line meticulous, conspicuous.
There is no beauty without acceptance.