

Title: forgettings

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forgettings

origins seep from tidal pools
and I tangle with seaweed,
a stinking inheritance washed smooth,
tumbled in waves of knowing

my tongue weeps
 a sourness –
violence cries
and dreams in languages I've never spoken

come home, the wind whispers,
and I imagine four walls and a door,
windows and a floor,
a deadbolt, dark curtains,
a roof sealed
 tight –

pull deep, this horizon
bones scattered along shores

and I sink, swallow the ocean
my mouth filling quick
sand gritty with salt,
gasping at a trick of light.

Biography

Sonja Boon is a writer, researcher, flutist, teacher, and stitcher of stories. She lives in Kijipuktuk (Halifax).