

POEM BY SHELLEY WONG

FIDELITY

Water swallows the mistakes we made
on land, swells as it brings

what is used and unused
below the surface. Astonishing

ice structures will break down
what we willingly

give up. The ocean becomes the place
to forget. Few care to know

how deep the water goes and what
lies on the black floor. I see

what happens when desire
is ignored and silence

persists, when we believe
that the flood will come.

The tide rises. The land is
gone and new

again. Here
is the sky, the ocean,

and us
in between. There are

too many failures and
they will rise again.