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## The Atlantic

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## **The Atlantic**

By: Andrew Gilkey

The Atlantic opens up in front of my eyes,  
White caps and blue valleys, ever shifting, ever rumbling.  
A thundering, wind breaths ice.  
Curling around my ears and placing shivering burrs on my chest.  
Clouds teetering on the edge of plummeting rain or golden fragmentation.  
The sand settles the soles of my shoes for the journey.

I left you a letter on the table.  
Creased, tattooed, snow dyed.  
Anticipating your hands turning it over.  
The crystallization of events,  
An unused razor, smoke stained shirts, empty bottles.  
Prisms with newly captured light.  
The empty pride of my absence.

These images play on the back of my blinking eyelids.  
Looking forward, away from the petty danger of the land.  
Salt bleached hull lurching  
Deeper into the ancient, whirling fray.  
The collar of my prose stuffed coat turns upwards.  
The freight tosses underneath my feet  
A teak board between a meaningful journey and abyss.