

Invocation beside the ocean

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [July 29, 2020](#) issue

You, who were not in the candleflame, not  
in the Mass this morning, season after season  
why do you keep silence? Come. Roll in on breakers  
like bright reeking seaweed or drop like a seagull  
through a crack in the low stratus. Come any way at all.  
I will be your prey.

Lightning strikes above the water in early dark,  
thunder clears its throat. Stillness follows,  
one solitary bird piping like the hysterical hinge of a door  
opening, opening. Nothing holds together. Wind whips  
these notes away.

I will write an invocation, even if  
it's in the sand, even if to the dark,  
which is not nothing,  
which begins to feel like velvet yard goods folding on itself  
like waves of the ocean, swatch after swatch of darkness.  
I only have this body. I climb the dune, my shoes filling  
with sand. High on the bluff above the waves, a crash,  
and lightning reveals two Adirondack chairs. Great Silence,  
please sit here beside me.