

# Sea Church

By Aimee Nezhukumatathil

Give me a church  
made entirely of salt.  
Let the walls hiss  
and smoke when  
I return to shore.

I ask for the grace  
of a new freckle  
on my cheek, the lift  
of blue and my mother's  
soapy skin to greet me.

Hide me in a room  
with no windows.  
Never let me see  
the dolphins leaping  
into commas

for this water-prayer  
rising like a host  
of sky lanterns into  
the inky evening.  
Let them hang

in the sky until  
they vanish at the edge  
of the constellations —  
the heroes and animals  
too busy and bright to notice.

Source: *Poetry* (July 2017)