

Catherine Desiderio

To Make the Ocean Sing to Me Again

After "Mnemonic" by Li-Young Lee

I was young once. So I placed
a shell to my tiny ear to hear the waves.
There was silence.

I painted the sky on the surface of the shell.

Sometimes you cannot replace an image with a memory.
Waves are the color of the ocean. Sometimes a sound is
nothing more than a memory.

Once, I was young. So I placed a shell to my tiny ear to hear the waves.