

## Brainstorm

On bright days, I am bewitched.  
Sea too green, blank sun,  
    a reflection of a reflection,  
    a place light turns inside itself.

    Islands abandoned to their verdure.  
    Sailboats on gray horizons,  
kindred clusters of little moth wings  
flutter and bow toward the east.

A scorching vision.  
I feel the solar wind on my skin.  
    Ocean gulps and spits.  
    Whirlpooling about, crashing,

    buoys like popped corks,  
    channel markers toll.  
At last, free to plummet.  
Waves obscure applause,

sailors deflate, wings dissolve.  
Armada to the party. Up, down,

luck, fluke, floating, pulled,  
the weight of expectation,  
    brooding, like Icarus,  
    his sunless sea deep as years.



-M.T. Venti