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# Silverthrone

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## Silverthrone

Hoping she becomes The Navigator,  
Gavia sits on the beach  
Memorizing currents and tides,  
The exact locations of remote  
Islands off the coast, and active volcanoes  
Inland. Exactly at midnight,  
Me and Sal kayak through the forest  
Of petrified stumps. We almost

Lose our way, but Gavia keeps  
The home fire burning, and the booze  
Is flowing, and the water  
Is so clear we can see the blue crabs  
At the bottom of the bay. More or less  
Alert to changing conditions  
The last thing we hear before the shaking  
Is Gavia humming "Grape Safari

Conrad." Soon the arrival of higher  
Than normal waves. The seagulls, calmer  
Than us, bank left over neon  
Swells ruining our wooden precinct.  
Sal's oozing foot slows us  
As boats wreck against the cliff.  
There's real fear on people's faces.  
If Gavia's around, we don't see her,

Only the note she left in perfect  
Cursive: *deer is also a kind of fern prone*  
*To frost.* A few days skip us.  
Sifting through debris, we inhale  
The perfect amount of air  
So that day turns out differently,  
But the rest of the year is solid with pelicans  
Confirming new rules around the home.