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Silverthrone

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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.