

Rivermouth

BY ELEANOR CHANNELL

If you weren't here, I'd fear the surge
of surf. I'd watch the moon wax and wane,
feel the constant pulling of tides, the urge
to drown myself in pity and booze, to explain
my life as "Cape Disappointment" with hard luck
spinning and winning souls like mine, a jetty
of riprap pointing to my faults, the muck
of my past too deep to dredge. But you say
you see in me a strength that strengthens you,
a heart that yearns for your heart and finds it,
upsetting even the odds we thought we knew,
renewing old hopes, confounding old conflicts.
All I know is we're here, my love, our bed warm,
your body a bulwark to ride out the storm.

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