

The threshold is a place of salt; it crusts mouths and throats. You swallow brine. This is the place of drownings and driftings and births. This is the place that is always elsewhere, always moving, taking you there. I was born on this threshold, held within the sounds of waves slapping the shore. The tiny breaths and gurgles eddying around the hull. The vast cold lying below, underneath. The waves a breach, a break, in the surface.

This is the place my father came to rest. Here, his bones sank. Here, his ashes broke apart. I didn't see what happened to them, after. The candle we floated behind him was swamped.

The water here is so tangy it turns your lips insideout into oysters, your tears the same as marrow, the same as blood, the same as sea. All the same.

Last year I gave my baby a shell, and she woke up crying one night dreaming of the time the ocean tried to pull her in, she came to me and said my mother is trying to take me home. I told her, your grandfather lives there now, he will always take care of you. She said, I remember him from before I came here. Her mouth circled with joy. The water gathered on her tongue. She is lost to the tide.

The waves dance along the edges of things. I see a tsunami shadow the trees. I throw salt over my left shoulder to ward off the devil. He swims away, iridescent.