Oshun

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It's here on the bayou that silver-stalking solitude pierces with the most poignant, exquisite immediacy. Here, I express my right as a keenly suffering being to feel acute passion without apology or explanation. The flips and shivers in the waves are the spreading hair of the sea and the gurgling gasps of the proud, dark prows escorting the last of the drowsy, post-midnight shades from the cement shore, where I sit alone gazing between the iron bars in distant, longing supplication. The streetlights shift with disconcerting languidity, flickering multicoloured surreal essences onto satin. I speak to the peach-gold ripples and silver-white slivers and strangely tender greens, and hear instead reassurances tapping with steady resonance on the mirrors of the mind, of bindings asked and given, the lock plunged into riverine kiss; she heard the pulse without voice, took it between honeyed lips.