

Linda Carmeu-Goodrich

Where the Water Meets the Sky

We move in fog in reek of fish,
sneaking out screenless windows at night,
climbing down garage roofs or window tapping trees.

In slick, shiny streets, under faint blue light,
we dance in silence to the beach.
The bosses and their workers snore through the perfect time.

We scream our names like angry owls under the bridge by the beach.
Your brother slept here, up where the tunnel curves by the road.
One night he saw us. He was singing the Rolling Stones.

Knees winked from the holes in his filthy, white pants.
Car lights flashed him a spotlight of shame.
We pretended not to hear him say, *Get outta here.*

The sand is sharp, but we go barefoot.
Tiny pieces of glass prick our feet reminding us of pain we haven't felt.
The air is foul and alive as we strip down under each other's starlike eyes.

The two of us back float, white stick bodies in bruised and murky water.
Only hands touching, we breathe out the memories of the day.
Stare at celestial light born before we were.

You claim there is a spot where the water meets the sky,
where souls swim free and no one calls them home.
In the morning, we'll sneak back to wake our parents.
Remind them to take us to school.

Linda Carney-Goodrich is writer and teacher whose poems "Dot Girl" and "Vodka, Beer, and Cigarettes" are published in *City of Notions: An Anthology of Contemporary Boston Poems*. She is a seven-time winner in the annual Boston Mayor's Poetry Program judged by the Boston Poet Laureate and her poems have been displayed on the walls at Boston City Hall. Her work has also appeared in *WordGathering*, *Gyroscope Review*, *Sojourner* and *Songs of Eretz Poetry Review*. Linda is owner and operator of Home Scholars of Boston and a member of the Hyde Park Poets. Her one person shows include, *The Secret Childhood Diary of a Welfare Mother* and *My Life in Barbie*.