

High Tide

My new frother whisks up a storm
inside the cobalt blue
of my teacup.

The airy foam rushes
to my lips like high tide.

The surf's swirl rolls down
my throat and warms
this waking body,

then floods up to my flushed
face before gravity pulls it
back to the blue.

I close my eyes.
I swallow the sea.

— Christie Taylor



Image info