

## fragmented wave

dark almond skin          soaking under the golden sun  
as I trace the lines along the curve of your muscle    the black ink wave design  
flowing down your shoulder      my finger follows the lines          as you whisper against my ear  
you tell me about your father      how he loved the water                  that his outfit always led him shoeless  
when you grew up with the waves          their back and forth tides your companion  
that when you lost your father      you lost a part of the ocean

a broken piece

a fragmented wave

but you had the design imprinted on your skin  
the swirls dancing along it      not perfect      instead fragmented  
but it wasn't the slip of a hand      it was all by design  
your breath still warm against my cheek          my hand still following the lines of your history