

**Émigré**      **Robert Edgar**  
**07.04**

It drifted for months before it was shipwrecked,  
Forsaking a city that it had sustained.  
Its leaves desiccate in the raw salty sunlight.  
When a new moon arrived, nothing corporal  
remained.

No heavy-jawed farmer had seeded this  
seascape  
Stretching like acres of Tennessee blue grass  
Pastures swaying on the ocean range floor  
Exposing those currents that silently pass.

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Fish and crustaceans in a transient hotel  
Turquoise baskets toting stowaway treasure  
From the Florida coastline northbound past  
Britain  
Here is no squandering, there is no measure.

The Greeks had it right  
There are gods to be found  
In the waters and forests  
And the words where they're bound.  
I've seen them arriving, year after year  
Message bales floating toward barnacled  
docks  
Carrying cargo of stray ocean drifters,  
Unaddressed packages, stamped on the  
rocks.

The sandspurs observe the transfiguration  
Of the stinking corpse of this émigré.  
The seagrape's petals consecrate its arrival  
with sacrament sipped through its roots on this  
day.

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