

The Man with Wings

A poem by Lauren Elrick

Photography by Hannah Devereux

And then, slow burn of flame water,
whiskey singe on throat, ember electricity,
a lake full
of one thousand suns.

Who knew a sol sea could hurt this
beautifully, almost casually so.
Red sky at night, so it's all something to
fold in carefully and tuck under one arm, you tell me,
after I'm alarmed.

But I know from how your eyes look past
the water, past the hull of human that I am,
this is something for the greater beings:

 a hallowing for the ungodly night
 we're protecting against.

While your wings unfurl, gilded feathers rustling,
I look back at the water which is
all swell sway and ink, fading black in a heavy
broadcast of orbs, light-push from Zion

or the rift in spirit,
darkening brine from the space above,
below the water, below the land, above the firmament

where fear goes translucent
and the night grows bold with the hearts of men
who hold the sea in their souls.



Tint of Sound

*A poem by Lauren Elrick
Photography by Hannah Devereux*

Thunder, iron-hued,
while a collection of dancing turns
in field clearings. Alabaster breath,
leaves pull west and fill.

A look, melic. Morning billowing like sea smoke,
the universe reflected in your bearing. I see
who I will become by the way you favor
talking with your eyes. By the heaving of bark and twig.

We tear hue over electric strain, depth dripping
silver, while I cradle my spirit, among other things,
brush thudding
around us.

And rain, clinking as it blues across
my cheek.



Muse

*A poem by Lauren Elrick
Photography by Hannah Devereux*

What do you hear?
Thick, static surface of water,
palm down, tiny lanterns in air,
steady gloaming over the shallows.

Siren call, vine sprawl of hair,
beauties the color of dark hinterland.
This is the roaring of past hours,
quintessential pull to immerse in play-by- play

of phosphorescence,
of extinct solace: chroma
of water and sleep and a warm porch
with the blush glow of a lamp inside.

That hour, when those last ten doors of soul
had yet to groan open,
locked by tide and tempo.
Fate, they say. Fury, I chide.

So what now, with storms in our grip?
A fistful of what's unraveled,
the things gentle in coming,
vital signs from the deep.

Sonorous epoch for what's known,
or unknown, brave and gentle
billow of nerve from underneath.
where the aquatic condition

is all but axiomatic.
And I, violently soft, this gentle creature,
with ears that twitch like the
velvet turn of a doe

hear the comings and goings of imminence
in the din of curling mist.





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