

FROM GOD'S NOTEBOOK

Matthew Lippman

The ocean is not blue.
The sky is not blue.
My feet hurt.
When the tide comes in
the boats crash.
The heat is so hot
the funnel of the sky has melted.
It rains plastic and glass
into the arms of the forests.
When the ocean moans
it has hair on its back.
At the shore, I can hear the elephants cry.
They are like the whales
except that the whales have disappeared
into the center of the earth
so that one day,
when the planet explodes,
they will cry out from the blast
and be the last voices heard.
No one will be left to say,
Listen to their song.
It is not a song.
It is a heartbeat stopped.
The collective thump of all the birds and dogs
and mosquitoes gone quiet.
What I say to the ocean when I have my feet in the sand is this:
It is my fault. It is not my fault.