



Nova Reeves

Pick Her, Wave Up

A small wave laps
Movement of new woman

You cast out your wave,
try to catch her.

She's up in the dainty guava tree,
or out in the fields
up picking guavas, mango, white zapote
ah the yellow, gold, pale green
scents full, filling the air with scent of plump flesh.

Trying to catch her, wave-
playing music for her
so that she hears you playing it, hears it
from the fields but it is her, she is choosing
your music from the fields,

picking the golden fruits.

picking up waves
on the empty beach

Suddenly
You want her in your hand
in your unwitting hunger
you are alone, away from the house, away from the fields
alone and all that seems reasonable it to take her
out to a secret place,
curved coconut tree in moon
light
quietest strip
of sand
or waterfall sprouting
watercress

She won't come to you.

picking up waves
on the empty beach

She won't rest, never
taking your hand
your plan;

your plan, your way

picking up waves
as if you were their owner

She won't land in your palm,
picking the golden fruits.

You keep trying,
keep reaching out to pick her up
you pick her up

then she is gone.

Remember that last line
she hummed for you:

remember how she sounded
out in the fields, picking the golden fruits

go to sleep and wake up
to how she sounded, her throaty voice
a far rushing, like the waves, far but near
shaping the subtle sand

In your dream, you've left your wife,
and picked her,

wave,
up.

You've left your work,
and picked her,

wave,
up.

You've clean left everything
and picked her, wave, up.

Left picking up waves
on the empty beach
The golden fruits, as if you were their owner.

Nova Reeves, originally from Seattle, has made her home in the San Francisco Bay Area since 2006.

Guava. Photo from eBay