

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 7 | 1998

Storm
Stephen Sundin

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STORM

A boy found an abalone shell on the beach, its soft insides washed away by the sea. He put it on his dresser, where it grew heavy with pennies and baseball cards, a small flashlight, and a knife he cleaned fish with. Once, he was sent home from school to wash the fish oil from his hands. Raindrops trembled like cells on his windowpane. He pulled the covers over his head, making a lighted cave, shining his flashlight to find the mother-of-pearl in his skin. He saw a woman swim against the sunset, heard the slap of water. Her salty breast against his tongue, she cried like a gull.