To think of water
Is to think of waves
Lines unfixing. dots untamed

What is it to think of a kayak?
A dot on blue paper
A weathered umbrella
A mariner stranded alone on the isle

Kaya, on the moonlit water, your shadow
Moved back and forth under my kayak
Forgetting your past, you managed to be born
Your life was dyed with bony corals

Kaya, I called you on the kayak
You did not answer.
I suppose it was not your name
I suppose there was no one else on the ocean

You hid yourself deep underneath
Yet I knew you were there
I saw your hair waving like seaweed
And your eyes through the refracted ripples
Onto the water, gazing at a kayak
Calling back by my name

Kaya is the genesis of water
The birth of fluids
The rice paper soaked in coral ink
Limning the travelers’ contemplations

Kaya, please keep me alive and company—
Sailing on the sea was a rough rock
Roiling over the hasty years.
Days were yonder—your phantom looms
Waving forward, waving backward
Lives on the kayaks push and shove
And embrace their inhabitance in water—
Kaya, you always bear an enchanting look.

I hardly remember—
before your contours were eroded blue
Gaia was your epithet;
You are never tired of reminding me
To perish is to preserve
When my kayak touches your arms.